

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

January

10¢

15 Cents
in Canada

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vely Lines
LAMOUR'S
d how she
eps 'em!

Dorothy
Lamour

"I HATE HOLLYWOOD!" SAYS FRED ALLEN—READ WHY
WHY CAN'T GLAMOR QUEENS HOLD THEIR MEN? See Page 26
How a Mormon Girl (Laraine Day) Conquered Hollywood by Faith!



"I didn't grow up 'til I was thirty-four . . . and there are countless women like me"

"Up in a dusty attic, beside a hope chest crowded with lovely things and Warren's old love letters about me, I sat facing a truth that no woman likes to admit:

"I was 34. I was lonely. I was single . . . and rapidly getting further back 'on the shelf.' Through my fingers I had let slip the little pearls of happiness, the warming jewels of love that make life worth living.

"It hadn't always been so. In college I had been popular, and later in business, men had found me interesting. Then, at 27, in the same year that Warren married another girl, romance stopped for me with appalling suddenness.

"Men would ask to call—and rarely come back. I had a feeling that even acquaintances of long standing were avoiding me. I simply couldn't understand it. I was still attractive, yet relentlessly I seemed to be crowded back into this new, drab existence. Out of pity, old school chums would occasionally ask me to their homes for dinner, to meet their husbands,

and admire their children. Perhaps, being true friends, they should have told me what my trouble* was. But alas, *good friends never do tell*. I had to learn the bitter truth from my doctor—as blunt and forthright a man as I ever knew. To this day I can't thank him enough . . . his advice gave me a fresh, new start.

"So at 34 I grew up . . . grew up with a vengeance too, trying to make up for the lonely years my stupidity had brought me. It has been a sort of second blooming, with gay new friends and attractive men providing the sunshine. One of them is in love with me . . . so it begins to look as if my hope chest won't be so hopeless after all."

How's Your Breath?

Don't be so foolish as to take it for granted that your breath is always sweet, as countless women do. In fact, you may be offending at this very moment *without even realizing it*. Remember: *halitosis (bad breath) is one of the most common

social offenses—and seldom notifies its victim of its presence. It's a barrier to friendship, success, love.

Why not take the easy and wholly delightful precaution which is the standby of so many popular and fastidious people? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before business or social engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Breath is Sweeter

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are caused by fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, mouth, and gum surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**For Halitosis (Bad Breath) Use
LISTERINE**

HIS EYES SAID:

"YOU'RE MY DREAM COME TRUE!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!

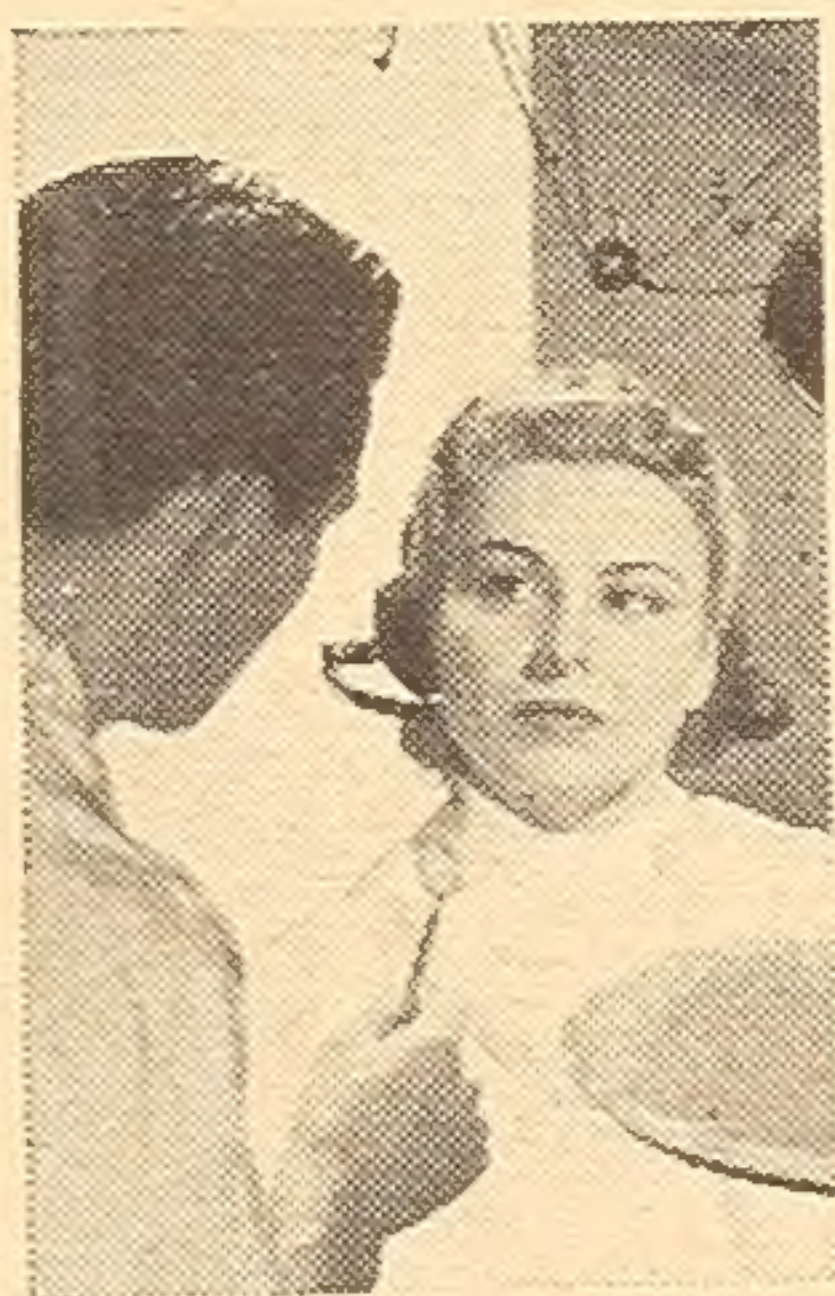


Don't risk the charm of your own precious smile. Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

IN HIS EYES she saw her hopes come true! And her heart beat fast to read his thoughts... "How lovely, how truly lovely you are"!

Her moment of magic!—but then she smiled...and lost! For dull teeth...a lifeless smile...are a poor invitation to love and romance.

YES, IT'S TRAGIC INDEED for a girl to let her beauty be dimmed by a dull and dingy smile! And often so needless! If you would make yours a smile that invites and never repels, heed this expert advice: Give your *gums* as well as your teeth regular daily care... and never ignore the warning



weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed to aid the gums to health as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that in-

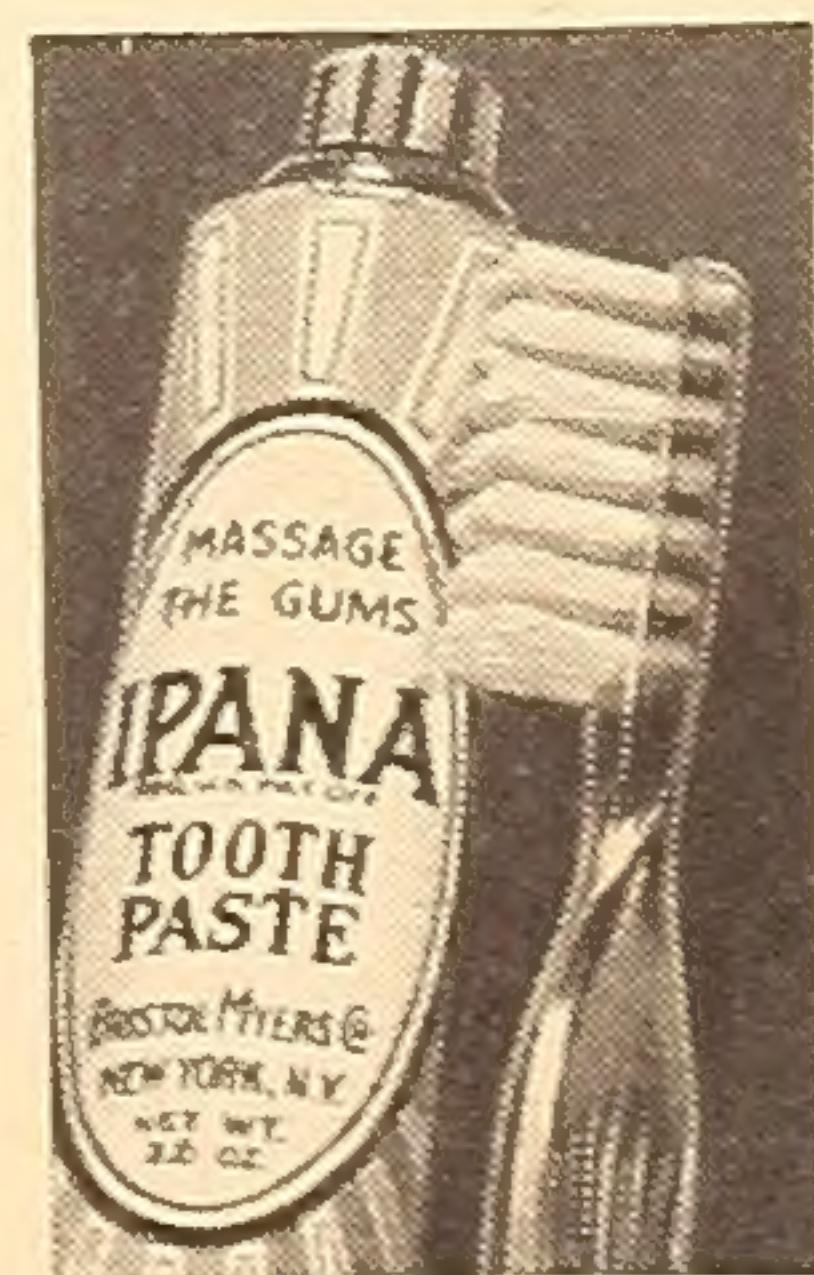
of "pink tooth brush"!

THAT TINGE OF "PINK" may not mean serious trouble... but the minute you see it, *see your dentist!* He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become

vigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

The grand total circulation of this column is 30,936,879. To every one of our readers in the twenty-nine national magazines, the lion roars a Merry Xmas.



As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

"Comrade X"—that's Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

He is caught smuggling Hedy.

The film is a confection of suspense, speed and merriment. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, has a pace that is Hechtic.

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.



An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

King Vidor, whose direction is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

It's a great job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X'es, say we all of us.

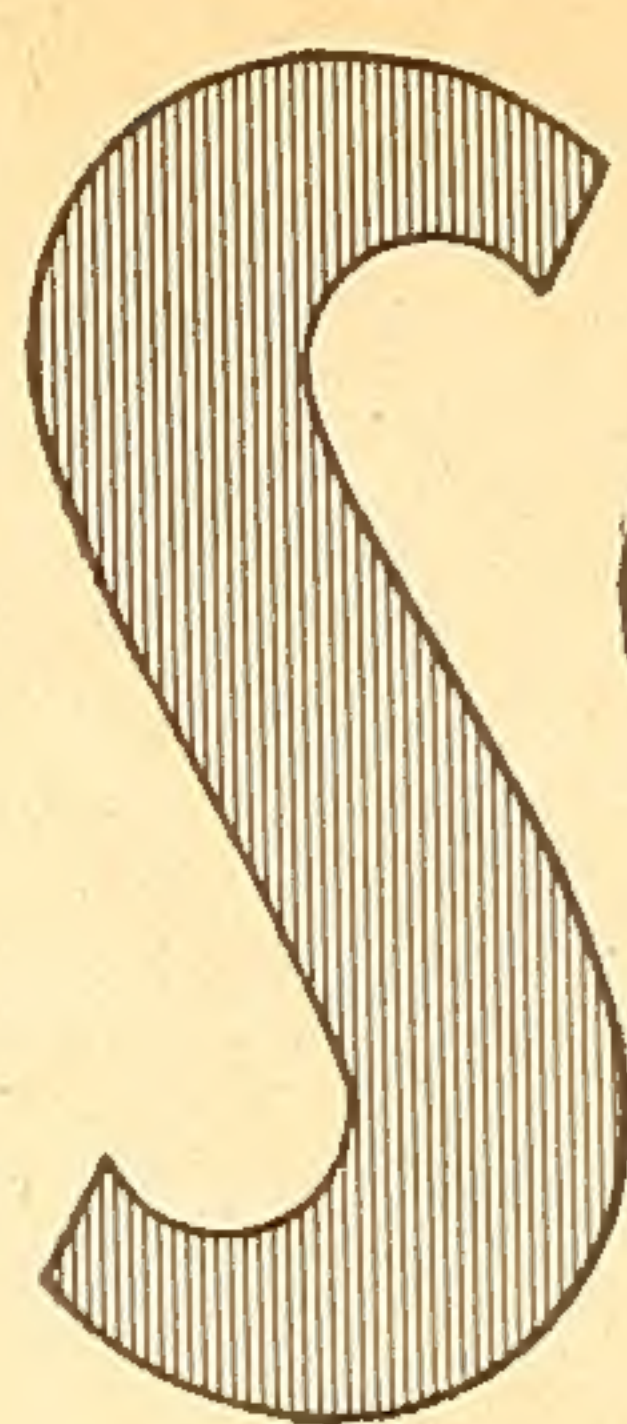
In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

They're thinking of calling it—

Comrade Xmas.

—Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

January, 1941

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Cover Portrait of DOROTHY LAMOUR by Eugene Robert Richee

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With the
Gratefully Acknowledged
Cooperation of the
★ UNITED STATES NAVY ★
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
presents

ROBERT TAYLOR FLIGHT COMMAND

THE FASTEST THING ON FILM!



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH!

Ever since M-G-M gave to the public its memorable production "Hell Divers", this famed studio has sought a drama equally thrilling and romantic, with a spectacular background of America's fighting ships of the air. Here it is, surpassing highest hopes for a successor! It is the story of the "Hell Cats" of the Navy's Armada of the skies...excitingly filmed at Pensacola, San Diego and Pearl Harbor... a romance of air-devils and the beauties who love them...a picture that will electrify America with its breath-taking unfolding!

WITH **RUTH HUSSEY** ★ **WALTER PIDGEON**
PAUL KELLY • SHEPPARD STRUDWICK • NAT PENDLETON

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip
Directed by Frank Borzage • Produced by J. Walter Ruben



WALTER PIDGEON
as the Commander
and...

RUTH HUSSEY
as the girl who made
the "Hell Cats" purr!





No, the alluring beauty above is not Paulette Goddard—but Margaret Lindsay, who is also pictured in the scene at right from "Magic in Music," in which she is romantically paired with Allan Jones.



Hot

from Hollywood

I'LL bet Clark Gable could have walloped that youngster who hung around the "Comrade X" company on location and shinnied up a telephone pole, gathered a crowd below him, and did a play-by-play broadcast of Clark's hurry-up change of clothes in his outside dressing room. The company was on location at Los Angeles harbor and Clark was dressing in a ceilingless enclosure. The youngster did a thorough job by shouting to his hilarious audience, "He's takin' off his left shoe—now he's takin' off his right—now he's putting on his shirt!" He didn't miss a trick, he even got in a lurid description of Gable's colored shorts.

DID you ever know a case more ironically annoying? With all of Southern California to choose from it now comes out that the new home Lana Turner picked and moved into is only a few doors down the hill from Artie Shaw's. . . . There was an awful to-do on the "Lady Hamilton" set the other day. Henry Wilcoxon was supposed to kiss Laurence Olivier for a very touching scene. The director cajoled, commanded, but Henry refused.

CARY GRANT has a favorite story that he likes to tell at the drop of a hat. It's all about a drunk who had been hearing and reading a lot about carrier pigeons. When he saw a flock in Times Square he cautiously approached on hands and knees and confidentially asked in a whisper, "Any message?" Cary likes to make a long and involved story of this silly tale and he made quite an impression acting the whole thing out at a big party not long ago. A few nights later while he was at dinner at the Victor Hugo with Barbara Hutton a huge silver salver was brought to his table. Cary was amazed and curious. When he lifted the cover there sat a live white pigeon with a large pink bow about its neck. Attached was a card that read, "Confidentially, Cary, no message." All the diners tittered and joined in the fun. If you really want to know, Cary, who gave you that bird, I can tell you.

TO GET it straight once and for all, it is Carl Brisson's son, not his brother, who is Rosalind Russell's constant companion. . . . Did you know that all the new swimming pools being built here will be partially financed by the government, if you care for the aid? They then hold the right to commandeer them for anti-aircraft gun emplacements in war time. Government officials insisted on certain specifications for Virginia Bruce's pool. It happens to be in a very advantageous spot overlooking Santa Monica Bay.

INNOVATIONS for the desert season this year strictly hark back to the wild west days. You should see Bette Davis out among the cacti on the desert near La Quinta practicing with her shootin' irons. She can make an empty beer can, at twenty paces, jump along the sand with every shot. She's practicing up to take the women's indoor target championship away from scenarist Claude Binyon's wife. A desert week-end these days is monopolized by demonstrating your prowess with firearms down at the local shooting emporiums. At every resort, shooting galleries have sprung up. The whole movie colony has gone slug-happy—22 caliber. It gives actors a feeling, somehow, of reliving the thrills of the real rootin'-tootin' days when heroes shot from the hip. However, I'll bet you can hear more gun-popping up and down the streets of our swanky resorts today than you ever could in the old days when all the shooting took place down at the Last Chance Saloon.

INSIDERS have been wondering just how long it would be before Sonja Henie's very determined influence would come cropping out in Dan Topping. Now, at last, the moment has arrived and they're viewing the results with a broad smile. Topping's recent agitated jumping about the country following Sonja on tour has them whispering, "I told you so!" When a gal can get a man to do that, she's got him—going!

"BUT, MY DEAR, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?"

...Paramount has actually got Jack Benny and Fred Allen to appear together on the screen for the first time in Paramount's big holiday show, "Love Thy Neighbor." Yes, and they've finally agreed to bury the hatchet . . . in each other's necks!

...Paramount has the first picture in which Paulette Goddard dances . . . and, do you know whom she's dancing with? Fred Astaire! Wait'll you see them do the "Dig It" in Paramount's big New Year's show, "Second Chorus."

... Yes, and did you know these big musicals are coming to your favorite theatre right in time for the Christmas holidays. You sure can do your Christmas movie shopping early!

Paramount presents
JACK BENNY • FRED ALLEN
in
"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"
with **MARY MARTIN • Verree Teasdale**
The Merry Macs • Virginia Dale
and **"ROCHESTER"**
Produced and Directed by
MARK SANDRICH

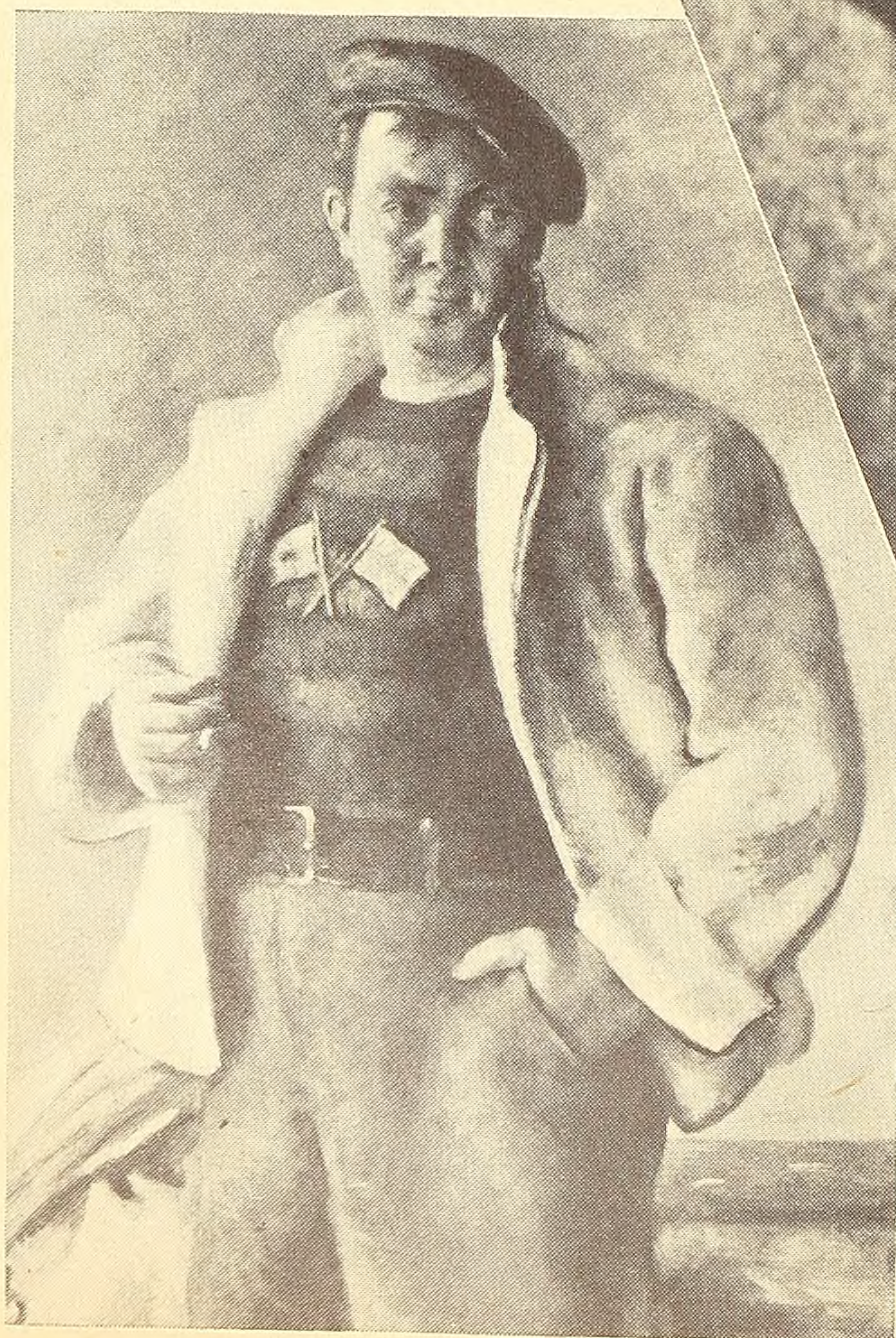
Paramount presents
FRED ASTAIRE • PAULETTE GODDARD
in
"Second Chorus"
with
ARTIE SHAW and his Band
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
BURGESS MEREDITH
Produced by Boris Morros
Directed by H. C. Potter

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

In this season of fine screen performances we select for our special tribute to all-round artistry not Chaplin the erratic genius, not Marlene the glamorous, not Tyrone Power the dashing hero — but Thomas Mitchell, for here is **AN ACTOR!**

Mitchell is magnificent as the rollicking Irish sailor in John Ford's film from plays by Eugene O'Neill, "The Long Voyage Home." He is equally honest and persuasive as the playwright in Ben Hecht's picture, "Angels over Broadway."

Of course he can't disguise that round and grinning face of his—you know it is Thomas Mitchell no matter what the makeup. But he can penetrate the heart and mind of the man he is playing as few other actors can, so that you are seldom conscious of Mitchell the personality, always keenly aware of the character he portrays. Below, a scene from "Angels over Broadway" with John Qualen, who also gives a splendid performance in both this month's Mitchell pictures. Lower left, Robert Philipp's painting of Thomas Mitchell in rôle of Driscoll from "The Long Voyage Home."



*Painting
by Robert
Philipp copyright 1940 by
Walter
Wanger*



It's Here!

The thundering story that
challenges all filmdom to
match its excitement!

"Iron Rails to Kansas . . .

Iron Nerves from there on!"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

ERROL FLYNN
OLIVIA DEHAVILLAND

in

Santa Fe Trail

A thousand miles of danger with a thousand thrills a mile!

with RAYMOND MASSEY
RONALD REAGAN • ALAN HALE

Wm. Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds
Henry O'Neill • Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams

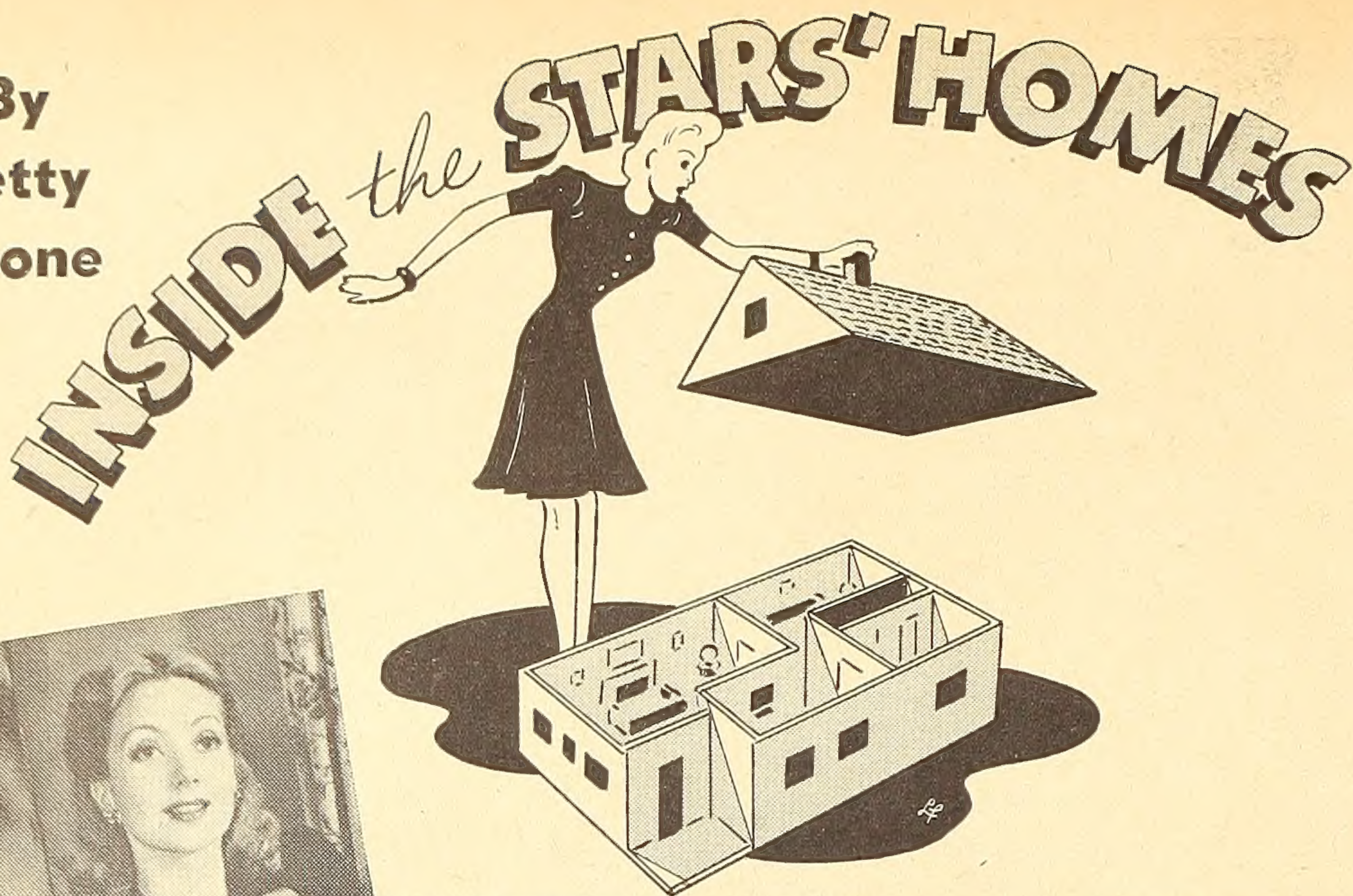
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

Original Screen Play
by Robert Buckner
Music by Max Steiner

WATCH!

The big hit right after
'Santa Fe Trail' will be
'FOUR MOTHERS'
It's the wonderful new
Warner Bros. picture
starring the 'Four
Daughters'!

By
Betty
Boone



Ann Sothern is very different from the wisecracking girl you know on the screen, as these exclusive pictures prove. The Georgian furnishings of her Beverly Hills home are enlivened by her humor and originality. Her glassware and favorite painting are pictured here.



She's Maisie and Dulcy to movie fans, but to her Hollywood friends she's Mrs. Roger Pryor, whose 18th century home shows exquisite taste and charm

THE inside of Ann Sothern's Beverly Hills home, according to Ann, is pure 18th century; the outside is just "hodge-podge." It's a most superior looking hodge-podge, however, white stucco with a gabled roof, set on a spacious corner, with Italian spruces guarding the door and a giant deodar, a rare cedar tree, and several poplars shading the lawn. There's a curving walk of red flagstones leading to the walnut door.

Ann wore a long-sleeved dress of black crepe with a blue bow at the neck and a cascade of blue ruffles down the skirt. Blue earrings to match the ruffles showed under her smooth long bob. She wears clothes well, and she gets a chance to show that she does in "Dulcy," her current picture, after months of "Maisie" rôles.

"The house was an old one, as houses go



in California, when we bought it," confided Ann. "The dark wood was depressing. The first thing I did was to have all the interior woodwork painted white, as all my furnishings are Georgian."

There is flowered wall-paper in the wide entrance hall; glass doors open from hall to patio, so that as you enter the house, you can see out to the sweep of green lawn, the flowers and pergolas beyond the

patio. There's an 18th century powder room and a gracefully curving stairway; archways on either side lead to living and dining rooms. Floors are carpeted in beige, and drapes in the living room are beige, too, most effective with the clear yellow of the walls. On the white mantel are the eight Chinese immortals, picked up for Ann by Bill Haines, who helped decorate the house. Bill used to be a movie star, remember?

"Anything Chinese blends beautifully with 18th century furniture," commented Ann. "You see, I have two priceless Meissens—I want the whole set, but all I've found so far are these two, representing Winter and Fall."

Ann has all the fervor of the collector. "The picture above the mantel is my favorite find," she gloated. "The frame is awful—don't notice it—it's to be framed properly soon. It's a Pittman! This is called *Quiet Evening*."

There's a flowered love seat on one side of the fireplace, a piecrust table beside it; opposite are two chairs in dull blue with a Georgian "library step" between. Underneath an Italian painting is a yellow sofa and near the window are two chairs in watermelon red.

"We're going to enlarge the sun-room," said Ann, displaying a sun-filled space with shining waxed floors and white bear rugs, an old spinet, and 18th century chairs, "so don't look at it. I hope to be as proud of it as I am of my breakfast room."

The breakfast room has white and gold walls, pink and white linoleum and drapes to match the floor covering. Three sides of the room are windows. The furniture is olive green and there are pink geraniums in the window boxes.

The dining room is a stately room with Georgian table and chairs in fine walnut, the blue chair seats matching the figured blue of the drapes. Mirrored screens, one by the butler's pantry and the other opposite, reflect the room and the elaborate crystal chandeliers.

(Please turn to page 75)



Dear White Collar Girls:
Here's the first real honest-to-Pitman
picture of you—you fighting for love
and a living in a man's world—you in
your slip and your hair in curlers, all
alone by a telephone that never seems to
ring. It's as candid as the Boss when he
bawls you out—as true-to-life as the talk
in the Ladies' Lounge. It's the big ro-
mance you've either had or dreamed about
—from the big best-seller of the year.
—Kitty Foyle

GINGER ROGERS

In the First Great Romance of the White Collar Girl

"KITTY FOYLE"

*Christopher Morley's Natural History of a Woman
With*

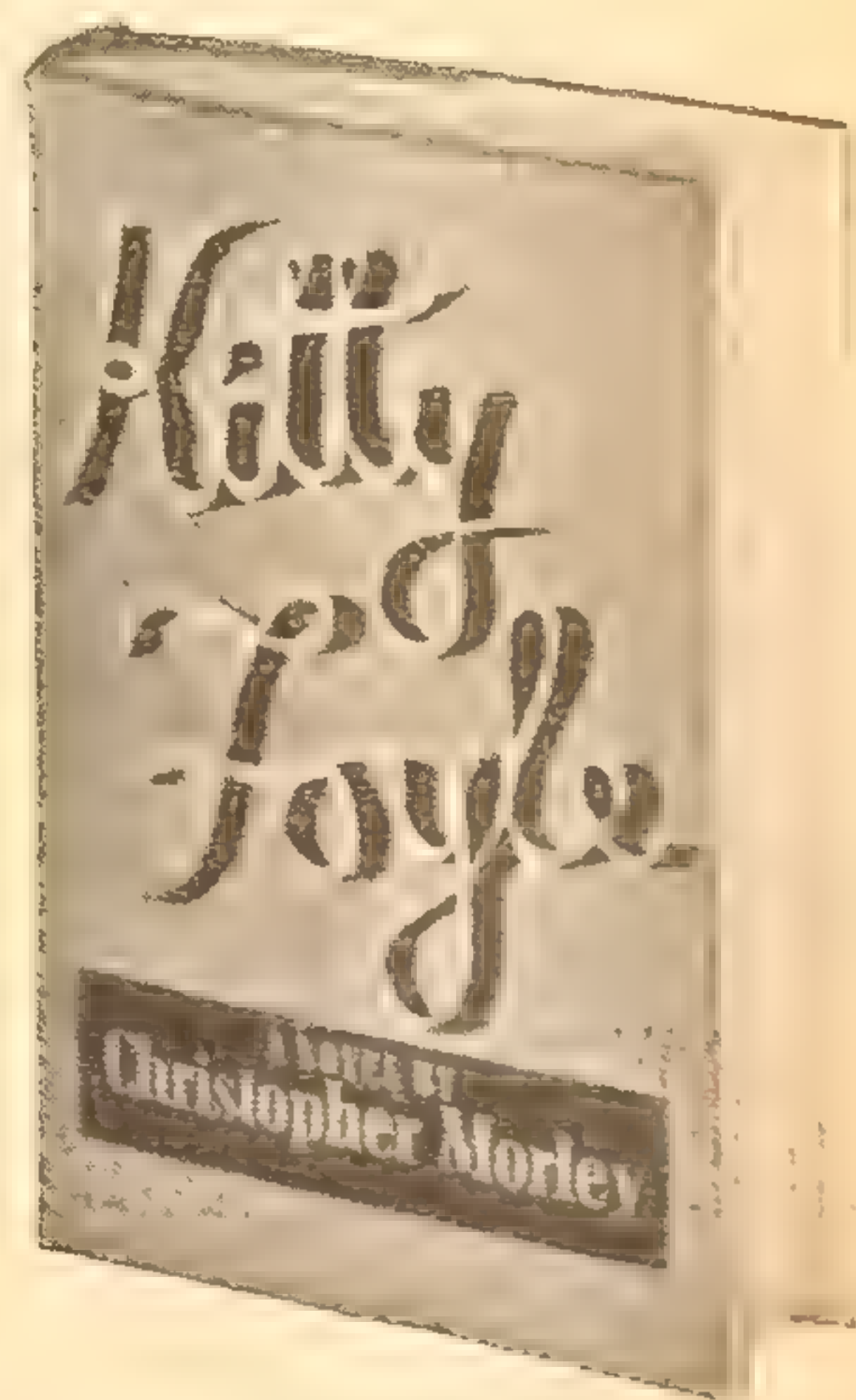
DENNIS MORGAN • JAMES CRAIG

Eduardo Ciannelli • Ernest Cossart • Gladys Cooper

Directed by SAM WOOD

Who Made "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"

RKO RADIO PICTURE



Produced by David Hempstead • Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart

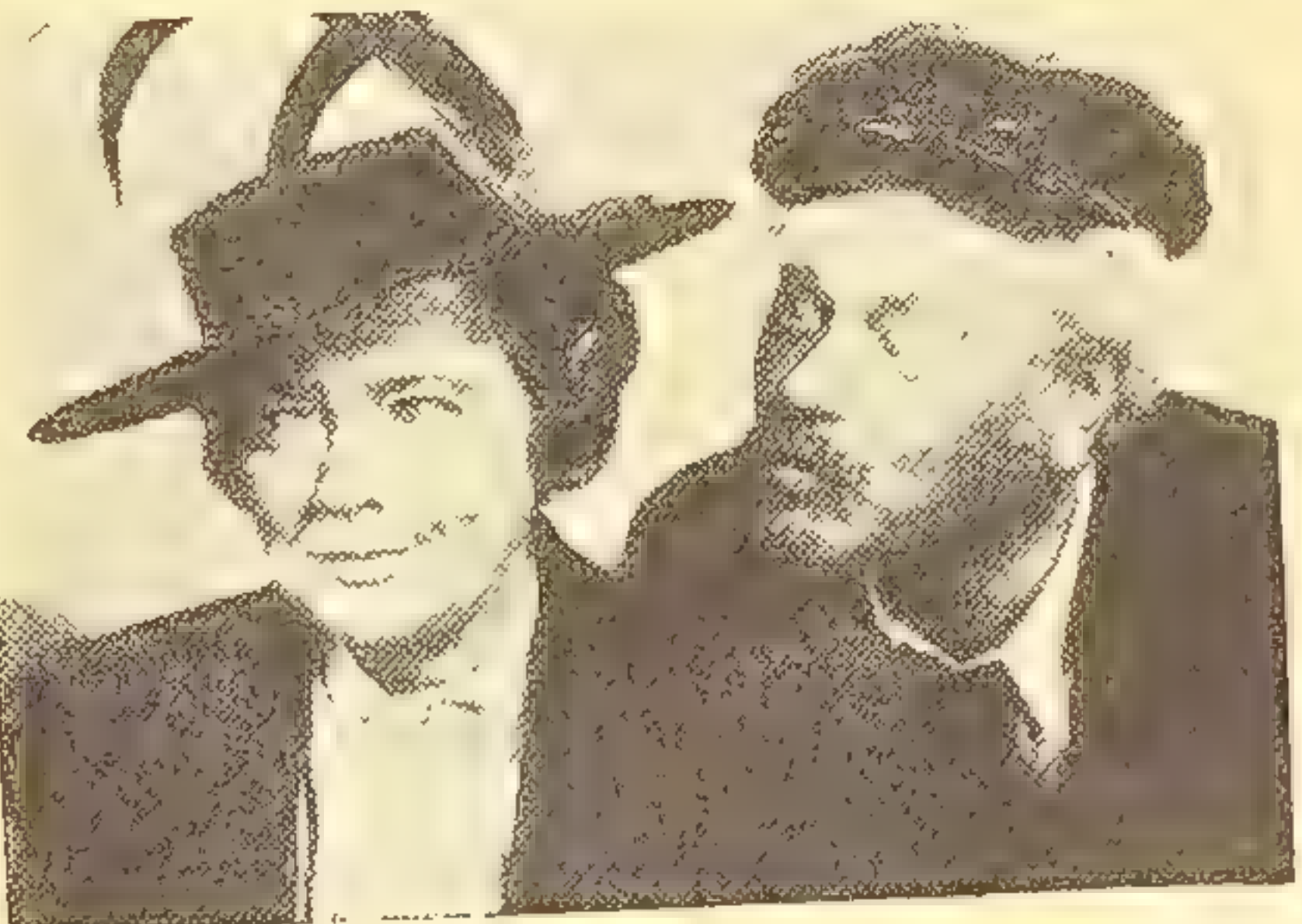
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Angels Over Broadway—Columbia

This film deals with the dramatic regeneration of a crooked gamblers' scout (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), a drunken playwright (Thomas Mitchell), a weakling on the verge of suicide (John Qualen), and a café entertainer who's ready to do anything to further her career (Rita Hayworth). It's a forceful, plausible tale, with compelling dialogue, taking place between dusk and dawn. Doug and Mitchell give splendid performances.



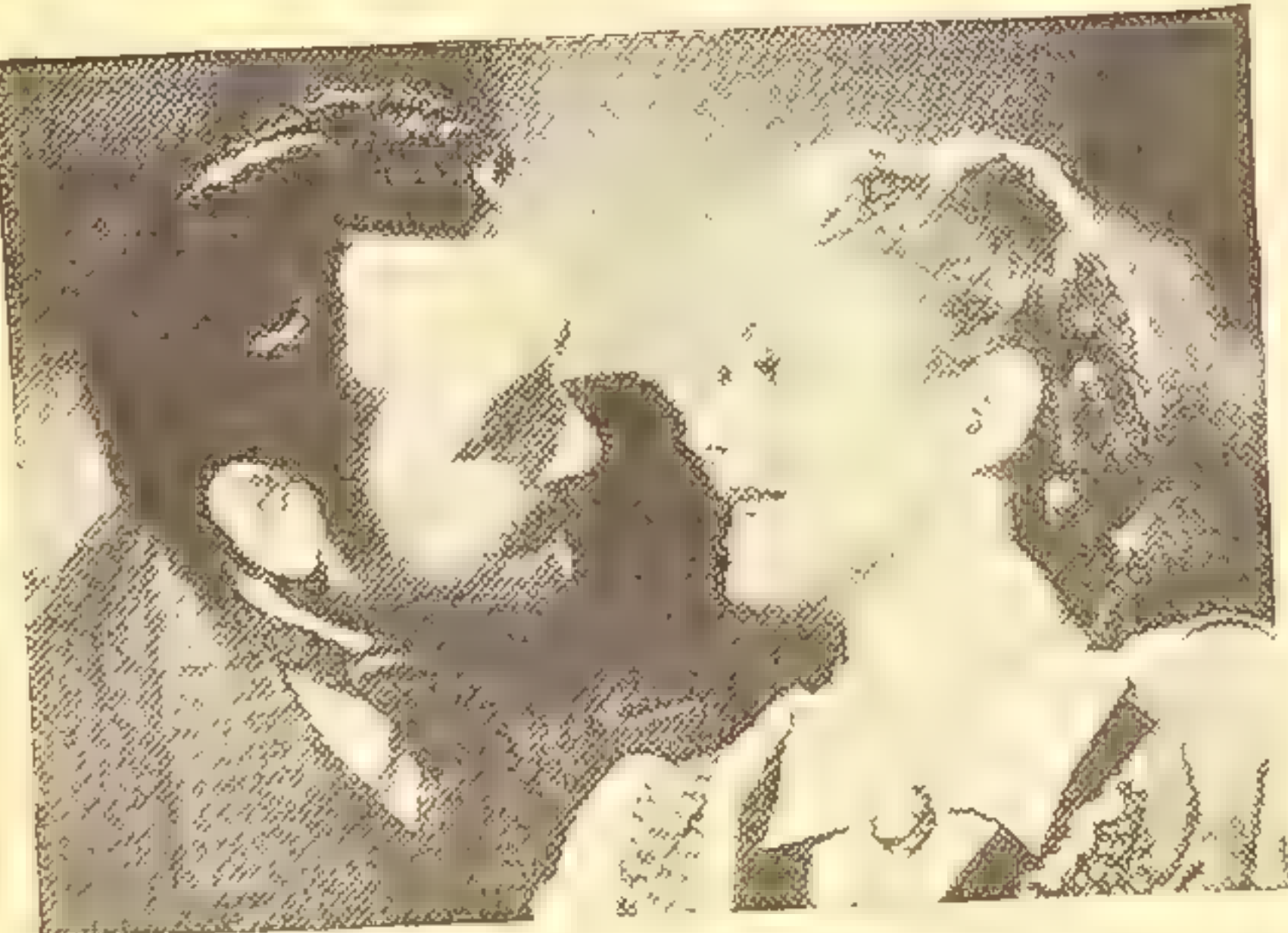
Tugboat Annie Sails Again—Warners

Those of you who recall the late Marie Dressler's *Tugboat Annie* characterizations will want to see this new one in the series which has Marjorie Rambeau as the femme senior captain of a tugboat company who triumphs over competing tugmasters. And you won't be disappointed because Miss Rambeau does a fine job of recreating the shrewd *Annie*. Alan Hale, good as a rival skipper. Its good salty humor affords many laughs.



They Knew What They Wanted—RKO-Radio

Charles Laughton gives a fine interpretation (accent and all) of Tony, middle-aged Italian grape-grower who falls in love at first sight with Amy (Carole Lombard), a waitress, courts her by mail, and sends her a picture of his handsome foreman, Joe, as a photo of himself. Amy falls for Joe (William Gargan). It's the best rôle Carole has had in a long time. It's a warmly human and stirring drama; adult entertainment.



A Dispatch from Reuters—Warners

This film traces the dramatic career of Baron Julius Reuter (Edward G. Robinson), founder of the first international news-gathering service. It tells of Reuter's struggles to establish the "pigeon post" for transmitting news, and later the sending of news by wire. It's an interesting picture and has a sweet love story woven through it. Robinson gives another one of his finely etched portrayals. All of cast give top-notch performances.



Down Argentine Way—20th Century-Fox

This gay and tuneful film musical is just what the doctor ordered. Its comedy, romance, songs and dances, presented in a joyous spirit, are cures for the doldrums. It's about horses and horse lovers, but the film's fine entertaining qualities make the story of secondary importance. Don Ameche, as the son of an Argentine horsebreeder, is at his best; Betty Grable, lavishly costumed, gives the best performance of her screen career. Carmen Miranda, singing in sultry style, an added treat.



Too Many Girls—RKO-Radio

Movie version of Broadway's smash-hit musical comedy has all the elements necessary to rate it as swell entertainment. With a college-football background, it boasts an imposing cast—Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Desi Arnaz, Ann Miller, Eddie Bracken, Frances Langford. Miss Ball and Carlson, good in romantic leads. Desi makes a pleasing début. It has spectacular dance routines, tuneful songs, bright dialogue. Well worth your time.



Third Finger, Left Hand—M-G-M

Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas, paired for the first time in this romantic farce, make an ideal screen team in this zany story about a fashion magazine editor (Myrna), who creates a fictitious husband in order to keep her boss and other admirers away. Complications set in when Douglas, whom she loves, learns about the "husband." It's fast-moving and has hilarious scenes, particularly that in which Myrna goes hard-boiled.



One Night in the Tropics—Universal

You'll have lots of fun at this one, a breezy musical romance which is loaded with laughs. It has Allan Jones, Nancy Kelly, Robert Cummings and Peggy Moran in the cast, plus Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, of radio and stage fame. The story is a bit of nonsense about "love insurance." Allan Jones and the girls entertain with new lilting melodies by Jerome Kern, and Abbott and Costello furnish some grand and rowdy clowning.



Posed by Lew Ayres and Rita Johnson, M-G-M

Write us about movies and stars and win a cash prize

This letter department, in which readers may tell about their likes and dislikes, is being revived by popular demand. So many of our readers have written in saying they would like to express their opinions and see them in print and SCREENLAND likes to give its readers what they want so—

Get busy and send in your letters and we'll not only publish the best ones, but award PRIZES, too—\$10.00 for the letter which, in our opinion, is the best one received; \$5.00 for the second best; and five awards of \$1.00 each for the next five in line. SCREENLAND reserves the right to use gratis the letters (or excerpts from them) submitted. All letters published become SCREENLAND property. Contributions cannot be returned.

What's your pet movie peeve? Here's where you can get it off your chest. Write about the movies you are crazy about or tell us of the ones which you rate as "awful." Do the same about the stars' performances. Your letters may contain constructive criticism or you may just want to register a good-natured howl for or against something or someone. Word limit, 150.

Now HURRY and send in your letters.

Address all letters to FANS' FORUM, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.



LAVENDER'S LOVELY!

The lovable fragrance of Yardley English Lavender holds enchantment in its cool, intriguing depths. Light and gay, it is a fragrance so exquisitely fresh that it may be worn for every informal occasion.

Yardley English Lavender Soap holds the same enchanting fragrance. It turns you out of the tub as fresh and sweet as a baby, and radiant from head to toe. The luxury soap of the world, in hard-milled and unbelievably long-lasting tablets, for face and bath.

You may purchase these luxurious Yardley products at any finer drug or department store. Or at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York. Lovely Yardley English Lavender is priced from \$1 to \$8.25. Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c the single tablet. Box of three, \$1.

Yardley **ENGLISH LAVENDER**



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**THE MUSICAL OF OUR EXCITING TIMES!
BIG AS ITS STARS! GREAT AS ITS SONGS!**

Alice FAYE

Surpassing her "Alexander's
Ragtime Band" success!

Betty GRABLE

The "Down Argentine Way" star
... more torchy, more dazzling!

TIN PAN ALLEY

... the
unbelievable
street where
songs are
born!

Jack OAKIE

The comic who's just
come into his own!

John PAYNE

A new romantic thrill
when he makes love
to K-K-Katy!

**Tin Pan Alley's
Greatest Songs!**

New —

"You Say the Sweetest Things (Baby)"
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Old —

"K-K-K-Katy", "When You Wore
A Tulip And I Wore A Big Red
Rose", "Moonlight Bay", "Good-
bye Broadway, Hello France",
"The Sheik of Araby", "America
I Love You"!

and
**Allen Jenkins • Esther Ralston
Nicholas Brothers • Ben Carter**

Directed by **Walter Lang**

Associate Producer **Kenneth Macgowan** • Screen Play
by **Robert Ellis and Helen Logan** • Based on a story
by **Pamela Harris** • Dances staged by **Seymour Felix**

Coming soon

From 20th Century-Fox!

**HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL**

in
"CHAD HANNA"

In Technicolor

PAUL MUNI

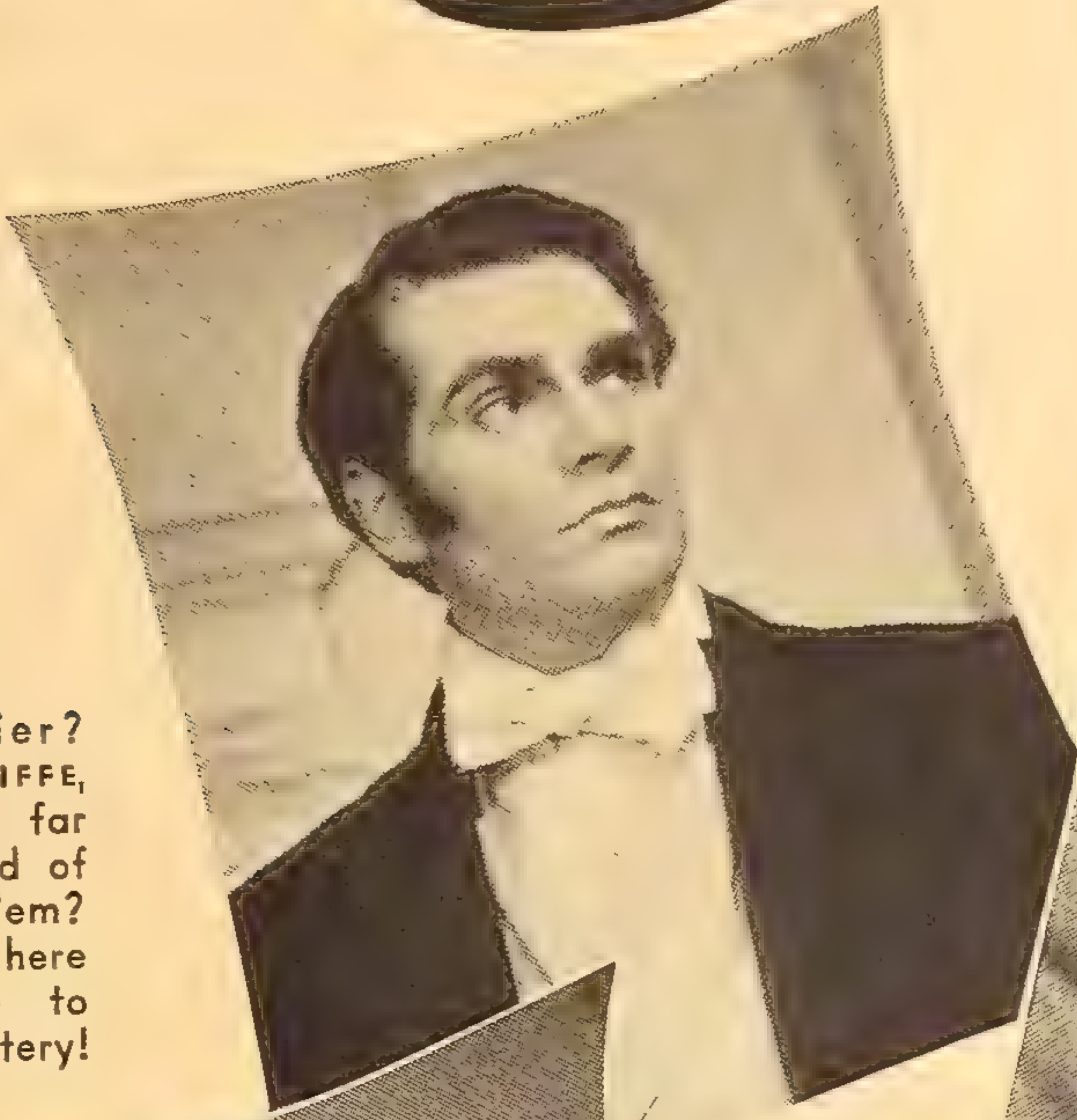
in
"HUDSON'S BAY"

with
Gene Tierney



The Editor's Page

Which one is Olivier? Glowering HEATHCLIFFE, right; genial "Larry," far right; devoted husband of Vivien Leigh? Or all of 'em? Read our Open Letter here for a possible clue to the Great Olivier Mystery!



An Open Letter to LAURENCE OLIVIER

DEAR LARRY:

I hope you're not in a *Heathcliffe* mood today? I'd hate to have those brooding eyes and John L. Lewis eyebrows turned in my direction, I really would. Oh, I know I've no right to call you "Larry"—I don't know you well enough; in fact, I hardly know you at all, having only been frightened by you once, on the set of "Wuthering Heights"—how well I remember. But since then, one Sunday evening, I met what I hope is the *real* Olivier—the original real, not the Joan Crawford real—on the Charlie McCarthy radio program; and *that* Olivier, bandying words with the Sublime Splinter with such grace and charm, not to mention dulcet voice, can be called Larry by any perfect stranger without fear of sinister consequences, not even a raised eyebrow.

It worries me about which Olivier you are for the simple reason that people keep asking me, and I don't know what to answer. Is he a sourpuss, they want to know?—is he just Vivien Leigh's shadow?—a stooge for Shakespeare? Is he honestly *Heathcliffe* or *Max de Winter* at heart? Any way at all, of course, he's divine, they make that plain; but they do want to know the truth. Trouble is, you're so allergic to interviews nobody can just march up and ask you. You're in hiding from reporters for the rather noble reason that you

feel, as an English actor in Hollywood, that it is bad taste to be over-publicized at this time. We can all appreciate your feelings and your lovely wife's—but we wish you'd realize our interest is friendly and inevitable, and that your grand performance on the Bergen air show left us pretty confused. We know that an actor is to be judged by his work and not by the parts he plays; that he should be able to play many rôles, none of them himself, if he's a good actor. And you are. But consider our feelings. We're waiting for you and Vivien in "Lady Hamilton" or whatever the Korda film will be called by the time it reaches the screen; and now we're hearing you, meanwhile, revealing yourself via the air waves to be as humorous and ingratiating and human a fellow as we've ever met. Now we know you can unbend and be gay. But then, there are those menacing memories of *Heathcliffe* and *Max*—can you blame us for wondering? Or for quoting Shakespeare right back at you: "To thine own self be true?"

Delight Evans



HOLLYWOOD

Jack Benny was master of ceremonies at big party in Coconut Grove to raise funds for the League of Crippled Children. Best fun was men's hat-trimming contest, won by Spencer Tracy, shown wearing his own chapeau creation, above. Next was fashion show with Rosalind Russell and other femme stars popping out of huge hat boxes wearing "mad hats" designed by Vicki Lynn. Roz kisses Benny, right above. Below, Herbert Marshall, director Eddie Sutherland and Spencer Tracy struggling with their hat-trimming.

Noted screen stars cut up like kids for sweet charity's sake





WHIRL

Len Weissman's pictures of month's most hilarious high jinks

Closeup above shows Herbert Marshall in the midst of his hat-trimming. Left above, taking bows with Sutherland and Tracy. Below, Rosalind Russell in big hat box being applauded by her escort, Gene Markey, Mary Martin and her husband, Dick Halliday, among others. Party was great success, with Vicki Lynn's "mad hats" scoring, stars having fun—and most important, funds for a good cause. Interesting sidelight is that Vicki Lynn, "The Mad Hatter" of Hollywood, in private life is wife of our photographer, Len Weissman.





All photos by Len Weissman

Two torrid Hollywood couples chat on the dance floor at smart Ciro's—top, Tony Martin with Lana Turner, Judy Garland with David Rose. Said to be seriously romantic, but we think it's all in fun—so, on with the dance!

Remember the Wampas Baby Stars? Well, above are four of the prettiest: Anita Louise, Sally Blane (Loretta Young's sister and Norman Foster's wife), Janet Gaynor and Dolores del Rio, at a get-together at Town House.

He's only twenty, she's even younger—so it's nothing to be serious about when Mickey Rooney escorts beautiful Linda Darnell to the lively opening of the new Palm Room at the popular Beverly Hills Hotel.



Three noted beauties, and best chums, Merle Oberon, Sylvia Fairbanks (widow of Douglas, Sr.) and Norma Shearer chatting while waiting for the curtain to rise at the opening of Jesse Lasky's play, "Quiet, Please."

Above, Ronald Colman and his wife, Benita Hume, with Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, show the strain of their hard work for the British Aid and the Red Cross Relief Fund drives conducted in Hollywood.

Here they are again! Lana Turner isn't dancing with anybody but Tony Martin these days and they certainly look happy about it. And they'll be together on the screen, too, in M-G-M's musical, "Ziegfeld Girl."

"I've always believed! I've never had any reason to doubt!" Read this inspiring declaration of faith from the screen's most promising young actress

By May Mann

"I've always believed in God," the girl's fresh young voice rang with sincerity. "I've never had any reason to doubt Him. I have faith! Even when I have prayed and things have not been immediately given me—even taken away—there has always been something so much better for me, after disappointment."

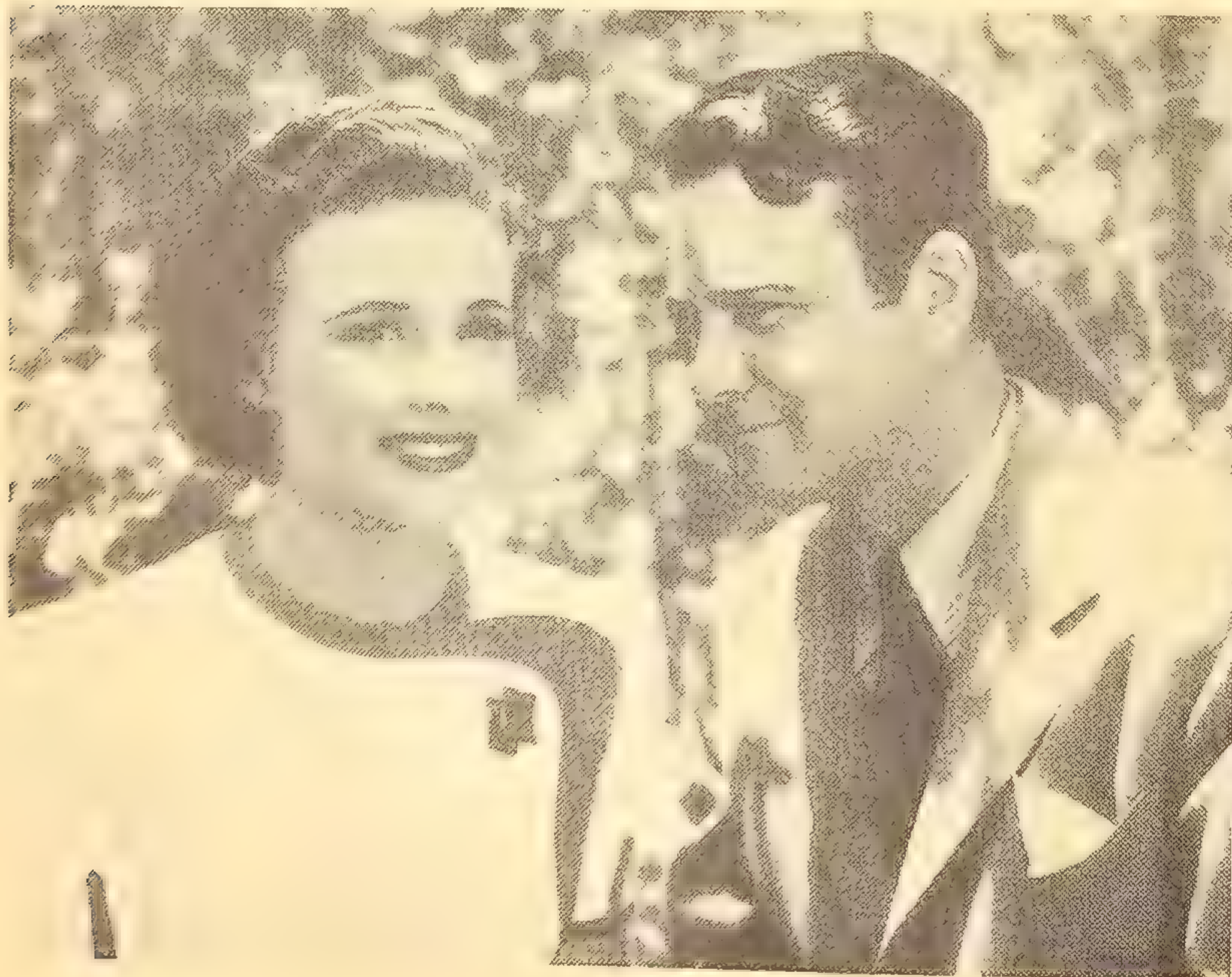
The early morning sunshine cascaded a stream of light through the stained glass of the Beverly Hills church window—softening a glow on the girl's fair head, held erect on straight young shoulders. Even before you turned to look at her you knew she was a beautiful girl—there was so much of it in her voice. A voice trained with poise and assurance. Her blue eyes, her clear skin and slender graceful figure conveyed charm of personality. But the voice held strength of character. Quietly she con-

cluded, "Prayer has meant much to me. Amen."—and she sat down.

Another girl arose to give her testimony of faith, visibly shaken, even frightened, but within her a conviction that also sought expression. After the service, the two girls, because they were new in this ritual, were introduced: "Laraine Day, meet May Mann."

So Laraine Day and I met in church. Each Sunday morning we find ourselves together, since we have so many mutual interests—not only the same religion, but Hollywood being our work—and yes, even similar tastes. To our amazement we discovered we drive the same make of cars—coupés, light gray with chrome trimmings and red leather and gray upholstering.

"Some people have the im- (Please turn to page 78)



Mormon Girl, Laraine Day, Conquered Hollywood By Faith!



Laraine Day and May Mann, top, leave the Mormon Church in Beverly Hills after the Sunday service. At left, Laraine, the actress, shows May, the reporter, her plans for a new play which the starlet will direct for her drama group. At far left, Laraine Day and Lew Ayres in a scene from one of the "Dr. Kildare" pictures.

Charlie + Movie Mystery

While Hollywood was saying that Chaplin "carried the torch" for Paulette, we were getting you the real lowdown on the private life of "The Great Dictator"—presented here in a startling scoop

Genius and Beauty: Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. At left, Paulette is wearing her fabulous necklace of blue and yellow sapphires, last important piece of jewelry to come to this country from Cartier's in Paris. Below, a scene from "The Great Dictator." Facing page, Chaplin follows Goddard into theater for a pre-view; and—the famous figure envied by all other women in Hollywood.



WHEN Hollywood heard that Charlie Chaplin, following the plush premiere of "The Great Dictator" at the Astor Theatre in New York, had risen from his seat in the orchestra and graciously thanked the audience in behalf of himself and his wife, Hollywood was so completely baffled that it figuratively bit its nails. For years now Hollywood has amused itself at dull dinner parties by speculating on "the Chaplin situation." Paulette's status in the Chaplin ménage has pepped up many an otherwise listless story conference at the studio, and given quite a lift to many a boring afternoon under the dryers at Westmore's.

Some people who claim to be "in the know" are ready to swear on their mother's head that Paulette and Charlie are not married. And other people who equally claim to be "in the know" are ready to swear on *their* mother's head that Paulette and Charlie *are* married. Paulette and Charlie have been provokingly silent about the whole thing.

Naturally every reporter on the movie beat would give his next month's pay check to get Paulette to commit herself one way or another. About everything else under the sun the Goddard girl will talk paragraphs, rather brilliant and amusing paragraphs, too, but about her marital status she won't give out with even a simple "yes" or "no." She ducks the question so smoothly, however, (she's an old smoothie, that Paulette) that every newshound, no matter how ferocious, comes away from a Goddard interview completely enslaved. About a year ago I too tried my hand at solving "the Chaplin situation." It was at one of those rare Hollywood parties that go on and on, and from ten one evening until five the next morning I, subtly I hoped, did my utmost to break

Paulette= Number One!

By Liza

down the Goddard reserve. When a sleepy host finally suggested that his guests go home, I recall that little Miss Paulette had dragged all kinds of trade secrets out of *me*, but that I hadn't been able to drag a thing out of *her*. But instead of disliking her intensely the next day, as I fully intended doing, I have been raving about her ever since.

But during the past few weeks in Hollywood the "some people" who swear she isn't married, and the "other people" who swear she is married, have arrived very definitely at the same conclusion. And that is, that no matter what "the Chaplin situation" was before, it isn't any more. All Hollywood believes that Paulette and Charlie have separated. There have been rifts before, dozens of them, for Paulette can get awfully mad when she doesn't have her way, and Charlie can be as stubborn as all get-out when he wants to be, but this rift is the real break. Or so Hollywood believes. Hollywood, however, has been all wet before, and can be again. Anyway, it is a known fact that Paulette moved her clothes and her personal belongings out of the Chaplin home in Beverly Hills before she left on her trip to Mexico, and thence to New York City. It is a known fact that she and Charlie stopped in different hotels in New York when they both attended the Broadway opening of "The Great Dictator." It is also a known fact that after finishing "Second Chorus" (a terribly strenuous picture, and Paulette takes her pictures very seriously) Paulette felt the need of relaxation and took (*Please turn to page 79*)

Weissman





"I Hate Hollywood!"

says

**FRED
ALLEN**

By
Louis
Reid



FRED ALLEN hates Hollywood. He admits it without any beating around a diplomatic bush. It isn't an all-consuming, long-growing hate nursed upon revenge, upon fears and frustrations, the kind that sends people reaching for a stiletto or a bottle of arsenic. Rather, it's a cool, rancor-free, instinctive hate, the kind that causes people to say: "I hate the Midway," or "I hate the Boston Post Road," or "I hate bread pudding."

Fred has been to Hollywood three times to make a picture. He hopes there'll be no fourth. With each visit his dislike of the place has increased until today not even the presence there of Jack Benny and his violin, to say nothing of his barbecue pit, can alter his feeling. His feeling toward the film capital is based upon his sense for the fitness of things. As a fellow who strives continuously to find order in his life and his fun, who likes to know where he's going and what he's going to do when he gets there, Hollywood "just doesn't make sense."

"Life revolves about a camera out there, but Hollywood is out of focus," is the way he puts it. "Take this newest craze, the barbecue pit. People can't be satisfied with a swimming pool or a racing stable. No, they've got to have a barbecue pit in their back yard. And it's always the best and biggest barbecue pit until the next one is built day after tomorrow."

Fred relates that he was invited to a barbecue party in Jack Benny's back yard. He had been seeing Jack Benny all day long at the Paramount studio, had gone over and over and over again some lines, some business in their new co-starring picture, "Love Thy Neighbor." But that wasn't enough. He was supposed to spend an evening, too, with Benny—in the latter's back yard.

"Jack told me there would be about eighty persons present and that it would be formal. I should dress for it. I said, 'You mean I

The famous radio star and Benny-baiter breaks down and tells us, in the season's most hilarious and shocking interview, his real reasons for hurrying out of Hollywood as fast as final scenes were finished for "Love Thy Neighbor"

Fred Allen may hate Hollywood, and feud with Jack Benny—but somehow the boys have turned out a howlingly funny film in "Love Thy Neighbor." Mary Martin, who's pictured with them at right, is their intrepid heroine.

dress formal to horse around in a back yard among smudge pots and steaks and flies and ketchup?' He said, 'Certainly.' I didn't go. You can see how topsy-turvy it all is, how reverse to sensibleness. People used to eat indoors and go out to the back yard for, well, other things. But in Hollywood they eat out in the back yard and go indoors for, well, they have been known to use the telephone, too."

One of his pet aversions to Hollywood is "the appalling lack of opportunity at night for diversified entertainment." There's no place to go but a preview or a restaurant. "So what do you do? You go to a preview or to Ciro's and look at the same people you looked at the night before. There's only one word for it—monotonous. At least, that's the word that comes to me. Out there, they go in for the superlatives. Enthusiasm is a commodity, and last night's preview is always the *biggest* preview Hollywood has ever had. Hollywood is always steamed up. It talks always in press agent terms."

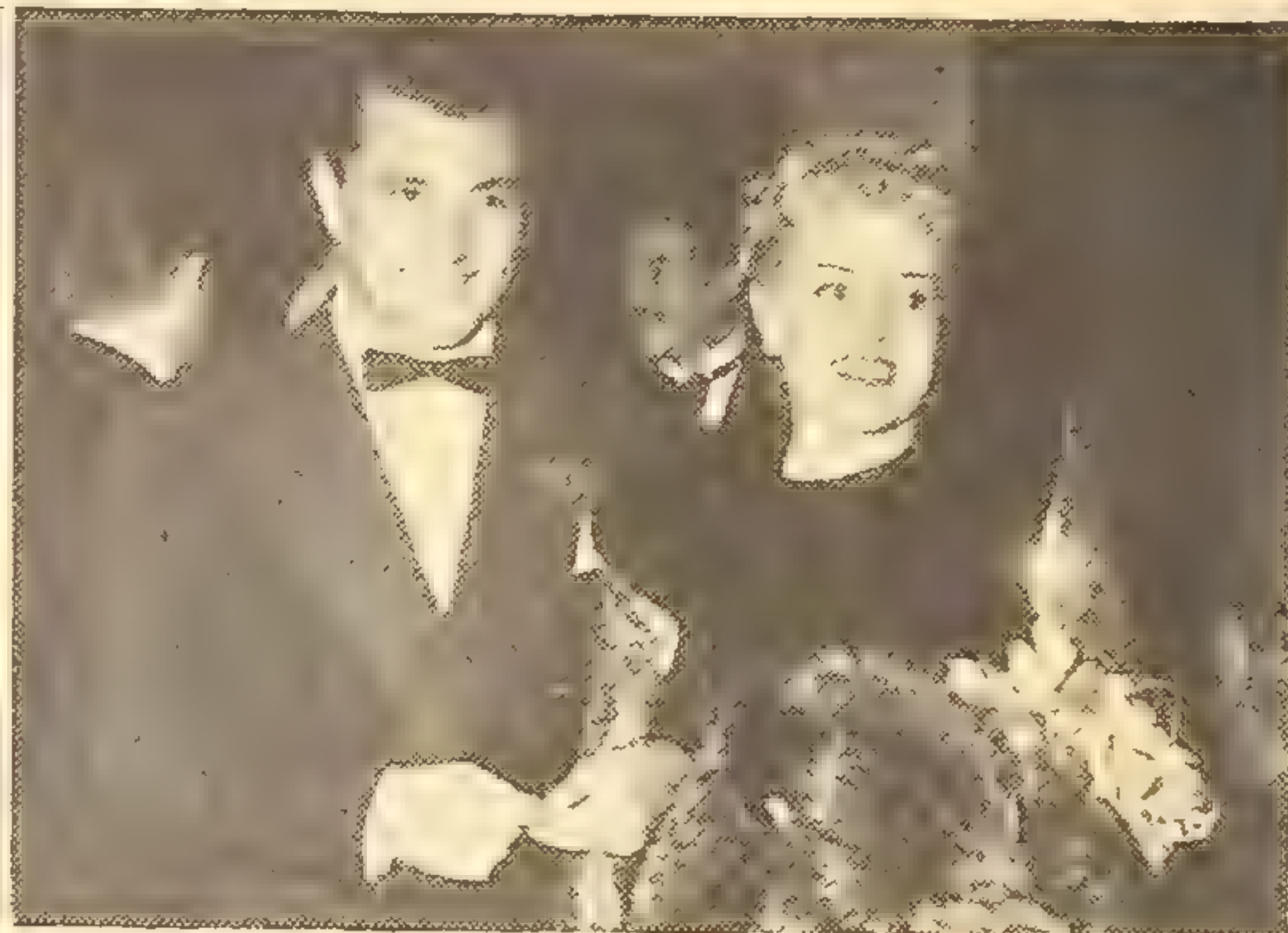
He explained that he and Portland Hoffa—Mrs. Allen—were criticized because they stayed home. They didn't keep a car and they seldom went out to eat. They would have gone out to plays and concerts had there been any to go out to.

"A preview is Hollywood's nightly institution," he said. "Hardly would I get settled down for the night to see what the headlines were about when I'd be distracted by the beams of powerful searchlights crisscrossing in the sky. Usually it (*Please turn to page 82*)





Hedy Lamarr herself admitted, right out in court, that she couldn't keep Gene Markey home nights! At right, Hedy and Gene in one of the happier moments of their brief married life.



Alice Faye—blonde, gorgeous, famous—couldn't make her marriage to Tony Martin last, even though she was deeply in love. Carole Landis, facing page, is now husbandless.

WHEN Hedy Lamarr herself admitted, right out in court, that she couldn't keep Gene Markey home nights, that tied it! I don't know what your reaction was, girls, but me, I decided to enter a nunnery.

When I heard that Lana Turner and Artie Shaw had rifted; that Myrna Loy, the "Perfect Wife," was rumored having marital difficulties (even though the difficulties were firmly and consistently denied)—well, I thought, now we've *really* heard everything! Now *no* woman can boast a year's lease on a man. For, let's face it, if a Hedy Lamarr can't hold her man, nor a Lana Turner; if the marriage of a Perfect Wife may have its imperfections—what hope is there for the less luscious rest of us? Or is there?

Before I go any further, before I draw such fire from the Glamor Girls that they tear me limb from limb, let me pause here to remark that the phrase "can't hold their men" is, in most cases, purely rhetorical. I mean, there are many of the girls, of course, who don't *want* to hold their men; who wouldn't raise their little fingers with the star sapphires on them, to keep the boys in the

patio. Can you imagine Hedy taking a strangle-hold on Gene to keep him within her arms and heart and home? Don't be ridiculous! Can you visualize Lana Turner hoisting Artie on his own clarinet lest he wander from the new-made fold? Certainly not. But what *does* astonish me, what I constantly marvel at is the way the men don't seem to care, particularly, whether they are "held" or not. They seem able to take or leave the Lovelies with the greatest of ease.

No man, so far as I know, has ever done a "Dying, Egypt, dying," over any one of our stars. True, it was said that an Austrian officer committed suicide for love of Hedy Lamarr. A similar story was circulated about Ilona Massey. But Hedy denied it, in her case. Maybe Hedy is too honest. Maybe the sticky, slippery, slithery Glamor Girls are all nice and folksy and human inside—and who wants a siren to be human, let alone honest?

So, *why* can't the Hollywood Glamor Girls hold their men? Or why do the men take their dismissals so blithely, so gaily, really, so shruggingly? WHY? Because, whether the G. Gs. can hold their men, or not, the fact remains that they *don't*. And Hedy is not the excep-

Why Can't Glamor Queens

Girls! Ask yourselves: what have YOU got that THEY haven't got? THEY are Hollywood's fabulously famous and beautiful women who have the world at their feet—when they'd rather have—a Man!

By Gladys Hall

tion. Nor is Lana. Let's get right down to cases, lots of cases, and when I recall to you how many there are who have lost or shed their husbands and their boy friends, you'll perceive that the question I'm posing yammers for an answer:

It was the Strange Case of Hedy Lamarr-Losing a Husband that raised the question in my mind, granted. But once it was raised, the many that came to my mind to keep Hedy company were legion and rather appalling.

Lana and Artie, as I've mentioned. The question mark that still hovers, in Hollywood, around the marriage of Myrna and Arthur Hornblow. They deny, emphatically, there is any truth in the rumor of a rift. The chances are good that there is no truth to it. But is nothing sacred? And while I must repeat that the term "can't hold" is an expedient one, while in many instances the girls have not held their men because any such wish was farthest from their hearts, the fact remains that, for one reason or another, by one means or another, they have NOT held their men—but let's get down to the cases:

Carole Landis, "Ping" and (*Please turn to page 74*)



Hold Their

MEN?



Proudly we present this stirring fiction story of the season's most powerful new film, which with rare courage depicts the tragedy of today's oppression in the lives of innocent people. Starring Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan, Frances Dee



Starkly dramatic is "Flotsam," as it records the struggles of the refugees to escape the tyranny of dictatorship. These scenes show star Fredric March, Frances Dee who plays his wife, newcomer Glenn Ford with star Margaret Sullavan, and the menace, Erich von Stroheim, in highlights from the powerful picture.

David Loew and Albert Lewin present "Flotsam," from story by Erich Maria Remarque, adapted for the screen by Talbot Jennings, directed by John Cromwell, released through United Artists. See page 65 for complete cast.

THIS waiting was worse than the escape from the prison camp at Dachau had been. Then there had been things to do. Danger had been a vital, living thing, not this slow torture of doing nothing, caged in a dark attic room. Only thinking, in this quiet desperation of the things that had been, the things that were and the things that might have been.

Once, it would not have seemed too much to ask for those things that might have been. Only Marie and the two of them together, growing old as they had been

**Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen**



young in safety and love and laughter. Now only the love was left, tearing at Joseph Steiner's heart as he waited.

For four days he had waited like this hoping against hope that his friends who had given him shelter would be able to deliver his letter to Marie. But she had been so closely watched they had not dared. The Gestapo which discovered all things knew about that love Marie and Joseph shared and they felt that one day it would draw him back to her. And then there would be Dachau again.

Now even the hope of seeing her was to be taken away from him. There had been inquiries drawing nearer and nearer to the friends who had risked so much for him. So there were the clothes waiting for him, the rough, laborer's clothes to disguise the trim lines of his figure, and the (Please turn to page 64)



Decorations by Leonard Frank



She has what it takes to keep 'em fascinated, both at the movie box offices and in her private life. Lamour, below, as she lures Robert Preston and Preston Foster in a scene from her latest picture, "Moon Over Burma." At right below, with steady beau Greg Bautzer, on one of her evenings of fun.



"CAN you imagine what he sees in her?" is one of earth's oldest questions.

Well, you never saw a girl with a nice silhouette who lacked romances, and certainly *I* never did.

"Men like lovely lines," admitted Dorothy Lamour, owner of the best ones in Hollywood, "but they also like to think they're natural. 'She's perfection—she was born that way—she doesn't do anything about it!' is the way they want to feel about a girl. The first boy who ever dated me taught me that. I was terribly young and I had on my first lipstick and rouge. I was so thrilled over them that I kept looking in my make-up mirror to see if they were still there. At length the boy friend said: 'Dotty, I thought you were *real*!' Romance faded!

"Men hate to watch a girl repair her face, comb her hair or draw attention to any imperfection. They want to be proud of her. It disillusioned any man to discover that his girl has to work hard to keep slim. If you must exercise or diet or take massage or wear a special foundation to get that streamlined look, for goodness' sake don't

tell him! Let him think you play tennis or softball because you adore them, you drink fruit juice instead of milk because you prefer it, you're too busy talking or dancing to finish what's on your plate—but never, never hint that you are less than marvelous and something should be done about it—I mean, if it's incipient romance.

"A definite end to a budding romance came under my eye last week. I know the two quite well. The man is a sophisticated screen star who takes great pride in his ability to order a perfect dinner. The girl is rather new, under studio contract and probably awed by studio rules. He ordered the dinner, and it was really *something* with unusual dishes made from special recipes and wines that are spoken of by number and date. The girl kept refusing courses or merely sipping or nibbling, worrying about her diet and how much she weighed. When the meal began, he was prepared to think of her as the future Mrs. Star. When it ended, he didn't care if he never saw her again.

"You need a technique! A man may expect a girl to eat his selected dinners and then have a fit because she begins to bulge here and there. No matter whose fault it is, losing that alluring outline is death to romance."

Dorothy is five feet, five inches, weighs 118 pounds, and a complaint has yet to be entered about her silhouette. "I don't go on diets—I eat as I please. I don't go in for sports—I'm not athletic. (*Please turn to page 68*)

OF LAMOUR'S



AND HOW SHE KEEPS 'EM!

You girls who envy Dottie's curves and charm and success with men—let her tell you her technique in this frank interview for ladies only!

By
Ruth Tildesley



Judy's dream of a beautiful home of her own has at last come true. See our pictures of the Garland home where Judy lives with her mother.



PART II

"MY PAST—and PRESENT!"

WELL, as I said in Part 1 of MY LIFE, you may imagine my embarrassment, me answering Mickey's love note, my first love note, too, with words copied right out of a movie heroine's mouth! I guess that was the first time in my life, speaking of firsts, I was ever acutely embarrassed, so embarrassed





Garland's



By
Judy Garland
 as told to Gladys Hall

Highlights of Judy's career are illustrated on facing page, lower left: as DOROTHY in "The Wizard of Oz"; receiving the Junior Academy Award from Mickey Rooney; autographing in cement of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, with her mother and Mickey looking on; and closeup with George Murphy in new film, "Little Nellie Kelly."



I wanted to die. And, of course, being young, I thought I would, most any moment. But Mickey is a very understanding boy, as boys go. After about two days, he didn't hold it against me any more.

As a matter of fact, Mickey was the first boy I ever let kiss me without slapping him down. It was a birthday party kiss, only a kind of a kid kiss, but still—gosh, though, when I remember how we used to talk at Lawlor's Professional School, about how we'd be big stars on the stage someday and about how rich and famous and glamorous we would be—well, that's what's so amazing that we wound up together like this! Anyway, Mickey is my best pal. He always was, even when he teased me, he always will be, even if I do have to listen to him rave about other girls.

Right about now, along comes my first big break! Both my sisters got married, as girls will, and although I worked hard at school, was on the baseball, volley ball and basketball teams, had a lot of friends now, who didn't snoot me, still and all, I was lonely. I missed the girls. I missed the days when we were all in the theater together, so warm and cosy. Daddy sensed the way I felt. So he sent Mother and me to Lake Tahoe for a

little vacation. I really do owe my break to Daddy. Because if he hadn't been thoughtful, if he hadn't sent us on that vacation—when I think—!

Well, so one night we were sitting around the campfire and I sang for the bunch. As Fate would have it, a talent scout was among the guests. He told Mother he wanted to take me to the M-G-M Studios. He said I should be in the movies. Well, (*Please turn to page 69*)

The DICE are Rolling for Dennis Morgan



Six feet two, eyes of blue, curly hair—and he can sing, too! But don't push, girls, he's married

By S. R. Mook

IN A town where paradoxes are the rule rather than the exception, Dennis Morgan stands out. Six feet, two inches tall, weighing 190 pounds, with curly brown hair and blue eyes, he looks like a babe in the woods, groping his way through life. But looking like one is about as far as it goes.

I can recall when I was little, every time we would hear a bit of gossip about some boy who looked as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth but whose breath smelled of gin rather than butter, my old negro mammy would say, "Doan' go stickin' yo' fingah in *his* mouf." When pressed for an explanation, she would say, "Waal, he *look* lak a baby but he done cut his wisdom teef."

That's Dennis. He *looks* like a baby—but there's a baby who's been around. He's not only been places, he's done things—all kinds of things. He *looks* like a college sophomore whose only interest in life is girls and dances.

Actually, he's married, has a half-grown son and another not so grown, and instead of girls and dances he's interested in everything else under the sun.

He's been kicked around from pillar to post—and laughs as he tells about it. The only time I have ever heard him rail against Fate was when I mentioned "The Great Ziegfeld." He'd been in Hollywood, under contract to M-G-M, for almost two years, looking as persistently optimistic and cheerful as only an unrecognized stock player at a small salary *can* look, and feeling as discouraged as only an unrecognized stock player, sure of his ability to deliver the goods if given the opportunity (as yet unforthcoming) *can* feel, when M-G-M produced that epic.

The most pretentious number in that pretentious picture was *A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody*. Dennis had been signed by them because of his singing voice, but nothing had ever been done (*Please turn to page 72*)

Swing It, Sisters!



Alice Faye and Betty Grable do a sister-act in big new musical movie, "Tin Pan Alley."

Sweet AND Hot!

Fred Astaire has a sprightly new dancing partner, Paulette Goddard, (right) in "Second Chorus."

Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr (below) make a torrid team in new romantic comedy, "Comrade X."







Coburn-United A



For romantic appeal we recommend the forthcoming Olivier-Leigh co-starring film — for it offers Olivier his strongest rôle since “Wuthering Heights,” and affords the lovely Mrs. O. another opportunity to show how gorgeous she can be in costume drama. Her beauty is seen undimmed in the Lady Hamilton part, but Olivier grows old before your eyes as Lord Nelson, indomitable hero of the Battle of Trafalgar.

Great Lovers of History— and Hollywood!

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier
portray Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson
in Korda's big, colorful new movie



MORE



ROMANCE!

Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas, on facing page, make an interesting team in "This Thing Called Love"

Pat O'Brien and Constance Bennett offer a piquant conflict of stellar personalities in new film, "Escape To Glory"



Photos by A. L. Whitey Schafer, Columbia Pictures

SPOTTED

Before Your Eyes



"What fur?" the Hollywood girls are asking—and deciding the answer for themselves: any fur so long as it's spotted! Mary Martin, above, and Lillian Cornell, at right, are eye-catching in leopard. You're seeing Mary with Jack Benny and Fred Allen—together on screen for the first time—in "Love Thy Neighbor"; while you'll find Lillian in the Orrin Tucker-Bonnie Baker comedy "You're the One."

Hal A. McAlpin



Ray Jones



Eugene Robert Riches

Since Virginia Bruce bravely accepted the title rôle in "The Invisible Woman" with John Barrymore, she has assembled her most dashing screen wardrobe—for in this film she's visible only when completely—ahem!—clothed. So you'll see her in such striking costumes as the ensemble she wears above: combining ocelot fur shawl and pompadour hat with suede frock. At left, Mary Martin in ocelot.

WATCH HER

Smoke

Dietrich does her glamor-act again in the new film, "Seven Sinners," with Broderick Crawford, at left, supplying the masculine menace. Bing Crosby and George Brent have never appeared with Marlene on, or off, the screen — but that doesn't mean they mightn't be willin'!



Ray Jones, Universal



Yvonne DeLoe





William Wallace, United Artists

OLD-FASHIONED BRIDE

All the wistful charm of an old family portrait is expressed by Martha Scott in her wedding gown for "Cheers for Miss Bishop," Miss Scott's third film, and certain to interest those audiences who applauded her in "Our Town" and "The Howards of Virginia."

CIRCUS QUEEN

All the glitter and gaiety of that great American institution, the circus, is illustrated here by Linda Darnell, who has the prize rôle of her short but brilliant screen career in picturization of Walter Edmonds' "Chad Hanna," opposite Henry Fonda.





CATCHING UP
with JOHN CARROLL!

He's sailed the seven seas; has been a steeplejack, pearl hunter, and all-round soldier of fortune. Now John Carroll has a movie contract to keep him in Hollywood — for a while.

Lucky 13 GIRL!

It's not enough to be a beauty, in Hollywood. You must be lucky—and smart—like Mary Beth Hughes

By

Charles Darnton

IT HAPPENED on the night of Friday, the thirteenth. Out of the old Warner Brothers Studio on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood fluttered some twenty girls who had just gone through dancing tests for an Earl Carroll show at his eat-and-see place. Beside a glossy limousine at the curb stood a fittingly sleek man. His appraising eye ran expertly over the emerging group to fix upon a crashing blonde. With practiced step in her direction, he raised his hat above patent-leather hair and said, "Good evening." In return, the fair object of his attention gave him nothing but a startled glance, then quickened her pace. She had heard about these Hollywood men—they were up to no good. "Just a moment, honey!" He was striding after her. She eased into a sprint. He leapt towards her. She broke into a run. No match for her, the discomfited stranger muttered impatiently, swung about, and hurriedly backtracked to his car.

In a two-room apartment a mile away a disheartened woman was down on her knees packing a trunk. For six months or more her daughter had been in Hollywood trying her luck—there wasn't any. This Carroll try was sure to be the same old story over again. That would settle it. Tomorrow would see them leaving for home. They couldn't afford to wait any longer. There was just enough money left to take them back to St. Louis. Well, that was Hollywood!

Of a sudden the door burst open. Flinging up her head, the woman on the floor saw the breathless girl who had scarcely stopped running since legging it from Sunset. "A man in a car chased me all the way and . . ."



The bell rang. The woman got up from the floor. "Don't answer it!" warned the girl. Her mother stood silent, irresolute. Again the bell was heard. "Please!" was the daughter's whispered plea. For the third time the insistent bell sounded. On the maternal side there was a thoughtful moment, then the cryptic question, "What day of the month is this?" "The thirteenth," she was told. "I'll let him in," decided the mother, going to the door.

That door opened upon an unexpected career for Mary Beth Hughes. The man who came through it was the one who had come a cropper on distant Sunset. He was not a "chaser" in the slang sense of the word. Once over the threshold, he lost no time in identifying himself as an actors' agent. He gave studio references, then proceeded to talk business. Both mother and daughter listened as with a single ear. Next day Mary Beth—let's forget the Hughes part—was taken over to M-G-M for an interview. The result was a place in its stock company, really a studio school of acting. During the nine months she was there, (*Please turn to page 67*)

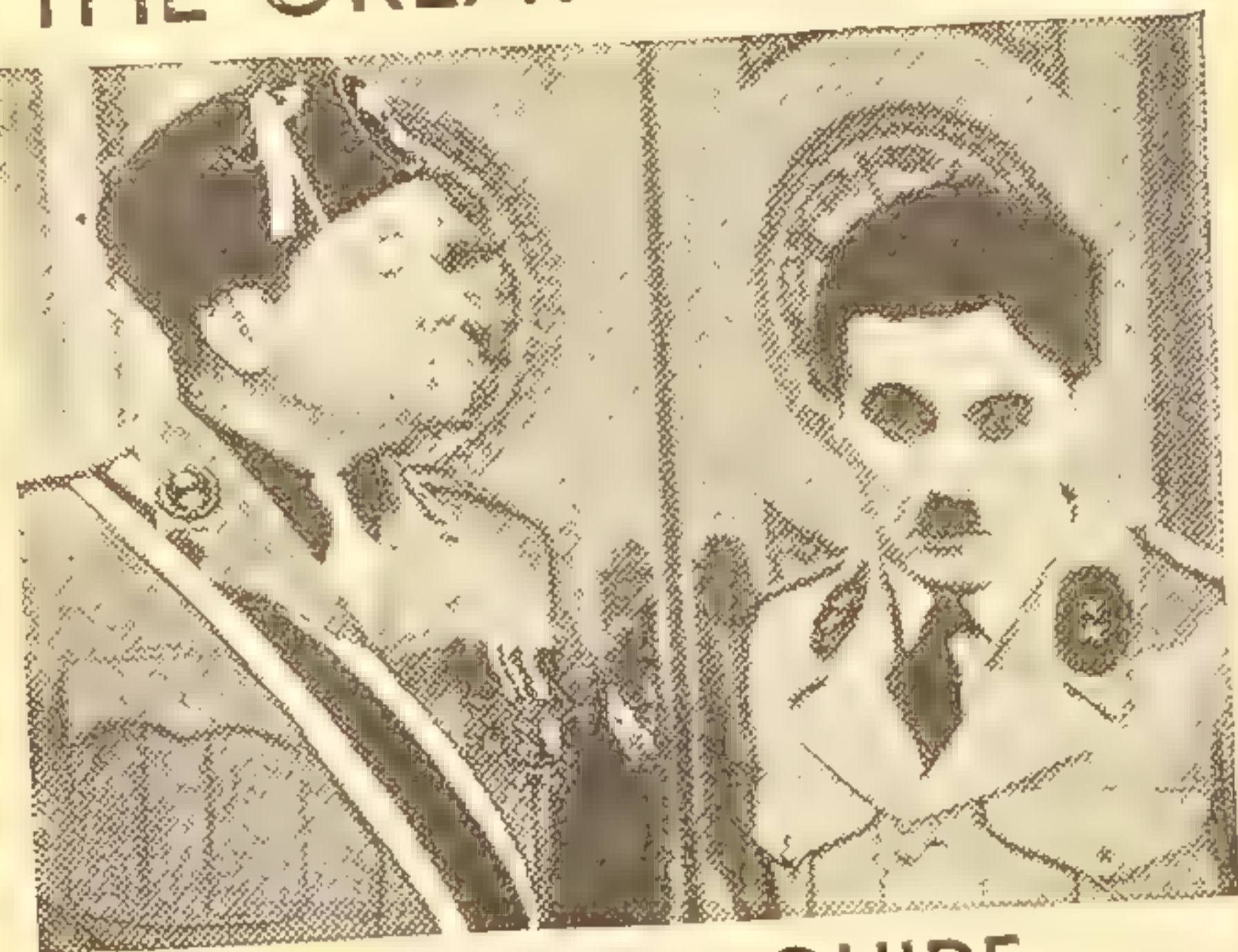


Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"THE GREAT DICTATOR"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
UNIQUE!

APPEAL: You can't miss it!

PLOT: By now you all know this is the long-awaited Chaplin tirade against the dictators, produced, written, directed by the great man himself, starring himself in dual rôle of little Jewish barber and arch-dictator *Hynkel*.

PRODUCTION: Chaplin, that's all—same in 1940-41 as in 1924 except for sound, but you won't miss modern improvements in technique for your intense interest in controversial subject. You may not find it enormously funny, but somehow you'll be glad that he made it at all, and how you'll enjoy arguing over that final speech.

ACTING: The beloved little man with baggy pants, derby hat, big shoes is back again—but in too few scenes does he approach his remembered greatness. As dictator *Hynkel*, Chaplin has some inspired moments. Jack Oakie is hilarious if obvious as the "other" dictator. For once a woman plays important part in a Chaplin film—and Paulette Goddard makes most of it.

Chaplin-United Artists

"SEVEN SINNERS"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ENTERTAINING!

APPEAL: If you're a Dietrich fan—and even if you aren't you will be, after this.

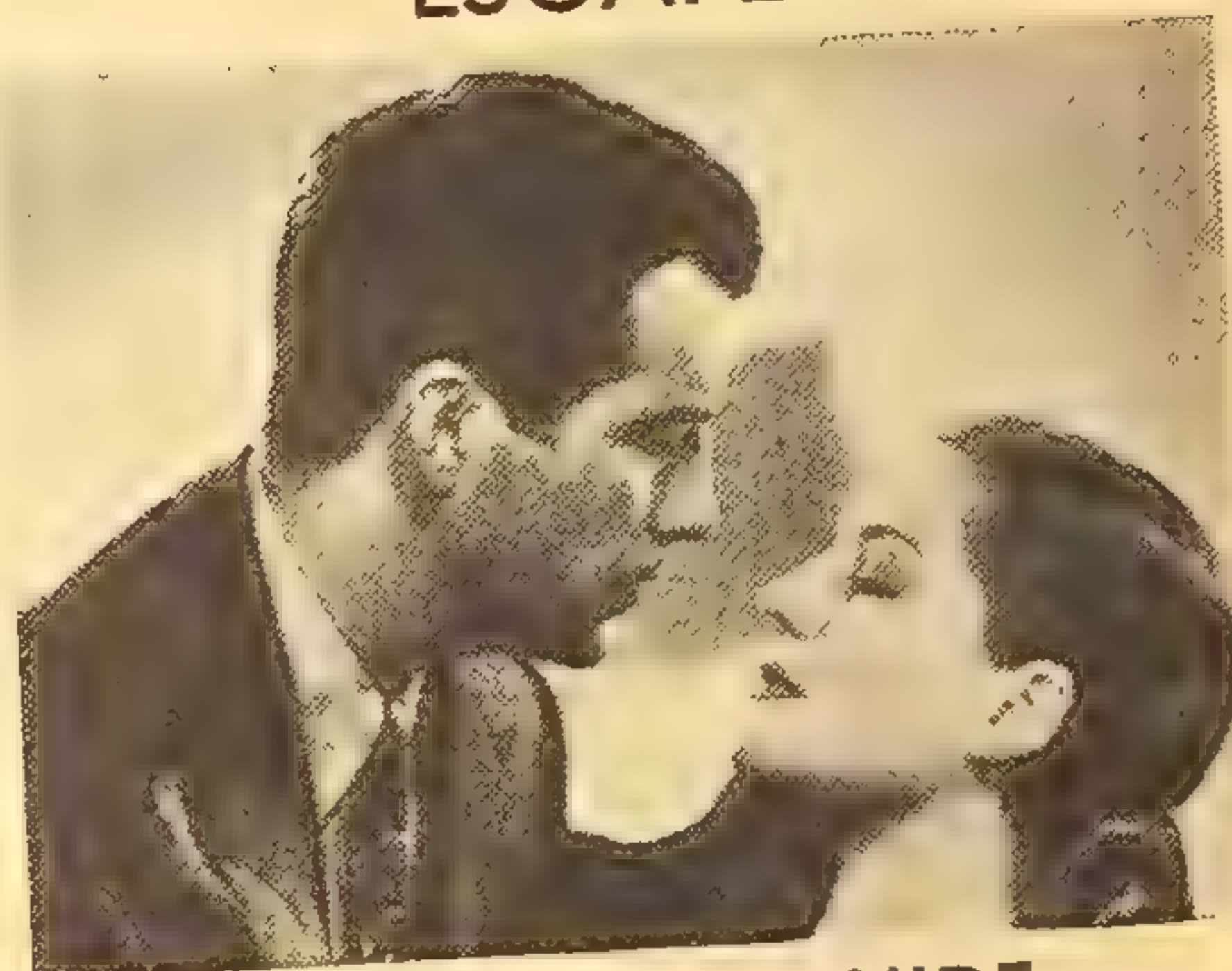
PLOT: Amorous adventures of one *Bijou*, siren of the South Sea Islands and sailors' pet, as she roams from café to café crooning torch songs and causing riots—and how this little number ever slipped past the Hays office I don't know.

PRODUCTION: It's a Pasternak piece with all the slick sophistication and glitter, combined with robust humor, that you've come to expect of this ace producer. Tay Garnett's racy direction, Dietrich's incredible gowns, realistic "atmosphere" make a grand, gay show—for adults.

ACTING: Marlene Dietrich is a young, streamlined Mae West here, tossing off quips and kisses with rare abandon and always looking beautiful even when she's being funny—try it some time. John Wayne surprises with a dynamic performance as the lad she loves and leaves. Broderick Crawford, Albert Dekker, Mischa Auer, Billy Gilbert—grand.

Universal

"ESCAPE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POWERFUL!

APPEAL: To every adult movie fan.

PLOT: From famous novel by Ethel Vance about the plight of a famous actress who returns to Germany and is enmeshed in Nazi toils until her son, aided by a charming Countess, effects her escape to freedom—intensely dramatic and exciting all the way.

PRODUCTION: Brilliant, with fine script by Arch Oboler, noted radio dramatist, and Marguerite Roberts; expert direction by Mervyn LeRoy; good taste and quiet conviction in every department—it's what the trade calls "class" but with plenty of appeal for the "mass."

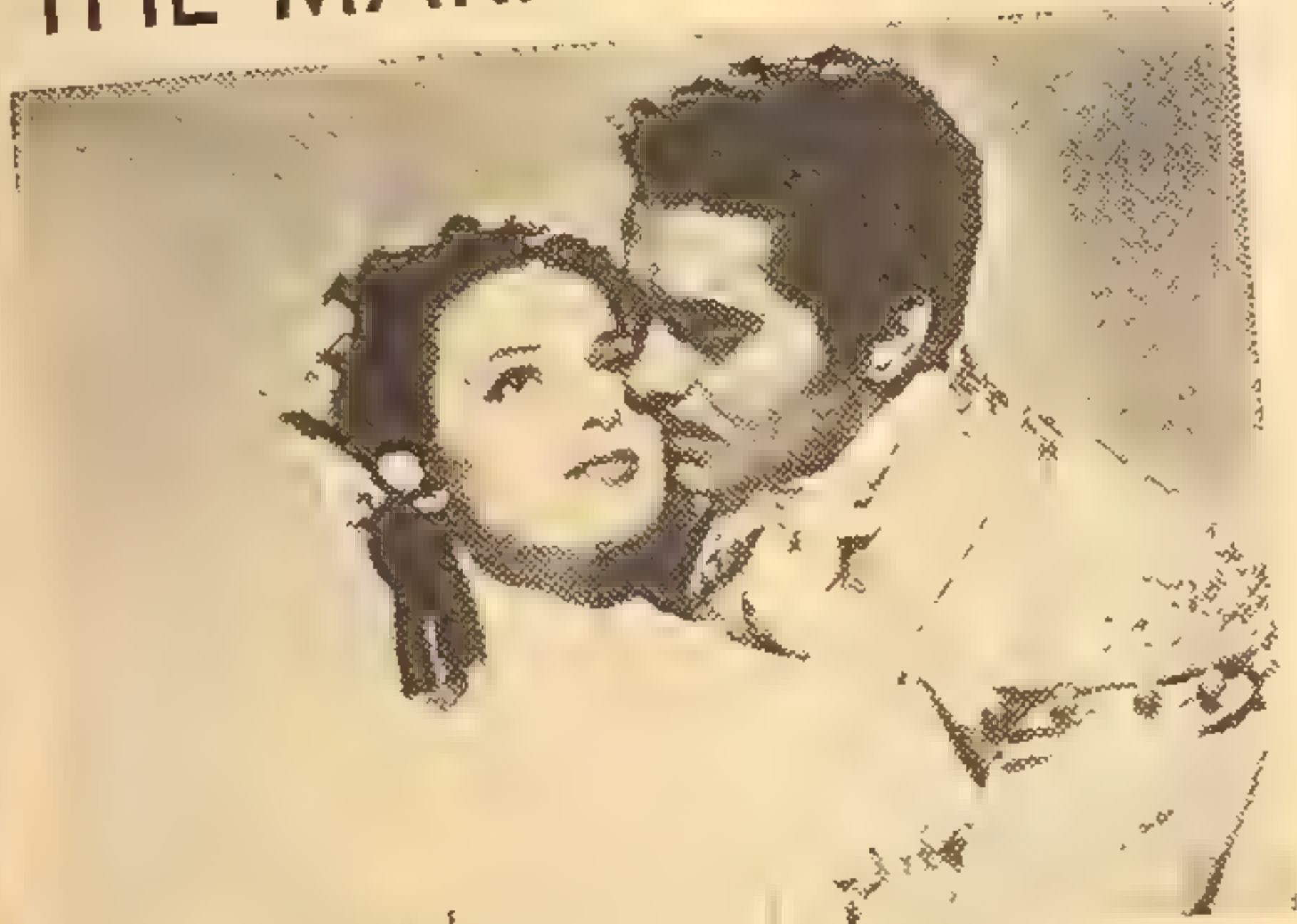
ACTING: Superb! Robert Taylor gives a fine, restrained performance—always trying to submerge Taylor in his rôle and doing a creditable job. Nazimova as his mother has most exacting rôle, which she performs nobly. Norma Shearer is a poised and decorative Countess—but she is overshadowed by the supporting cast, particularly Philip Dorn.

M-G-M

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"THE MARK OF ZORRO"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
EXCITING!

APPEAL: If you're not above indulging in a bit of swash-buckling—with Tyrone Power.

PLOT: Same old "Mark of Zorro" with expensive new wardrobe—and, girls, how becoming! He's still Robin Hood in old California, but there's more romantic action than oldsters will remember in original Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., version of 20 years ago.

PRODUCTION: Laid on with lavish hand, but Rouben Mamoulian's Class-A direction keeps things moving so fast you haven't much time to concentrate on the scenery. You'll enjoy the swordplay and the byplay, both in the good old romantic manner, with not a trace of satire, but that's as it should be.

ACTING: Don't think Tyrone Power tries to do a Fairbanks, for he's very much himself here, though handsomer than usual in his dashing costumes. He's more than equal to the gymnastics required by the plot, but the important thing is the true romantic mood which he sustains admirably. Linda Darnell is exquisite.

20th Century-Fox

"THE LONG VOYAGE HOME"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
TERRIFIC!

APPEAL: To those who believe that motion pictures can be art.

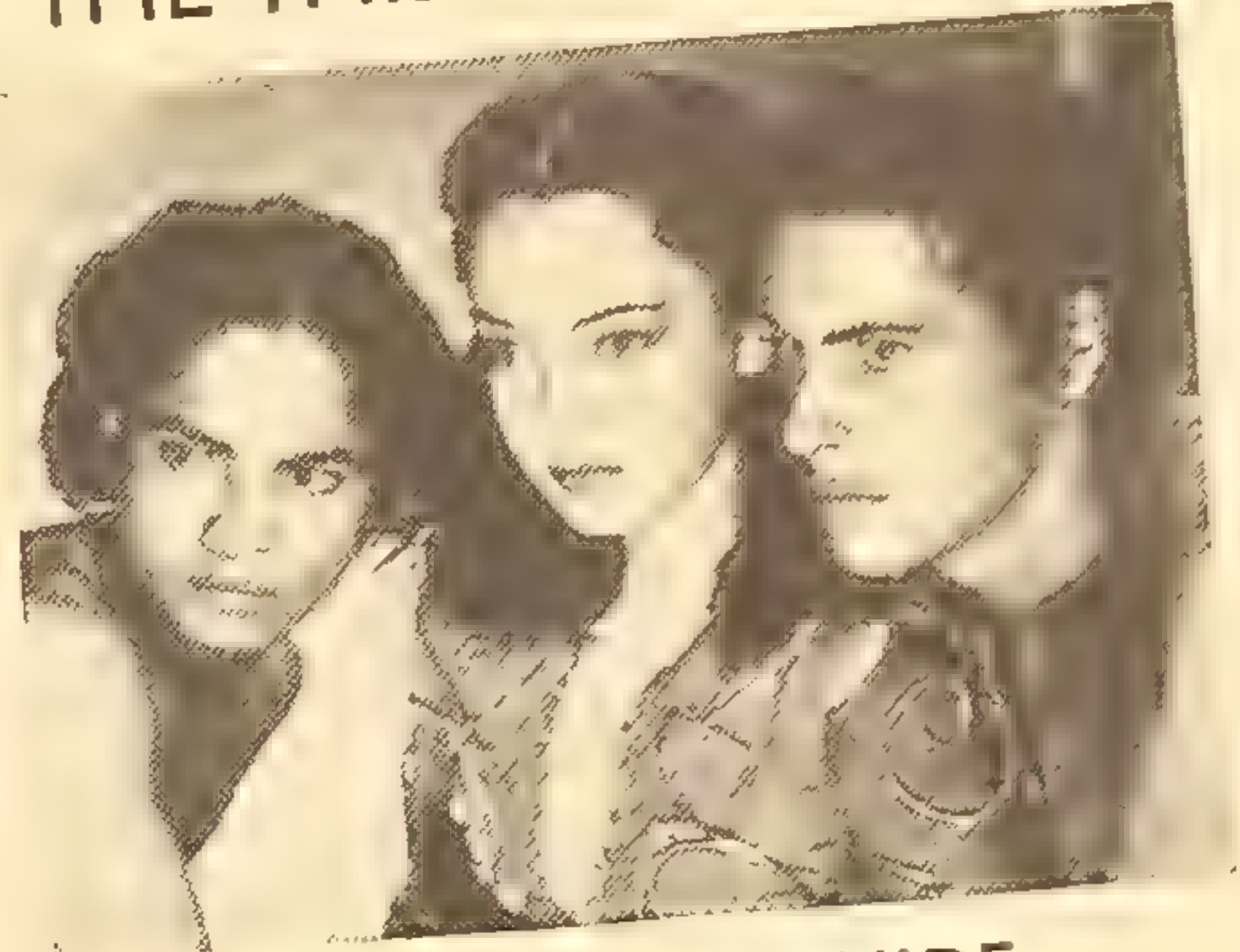
PLOT: From four short plays by Eugene O'Neill, Dudley Nichols has fashioned a fine, tempestuous screen story of the men who go down to the sea in ships, their escapades on shore leave, their heroisms and their hangovers. It's strong and salty, but it's the stuff of life.

PRODUCTION: By John Ford, meaning great and uncompromising direction, with few concessions to so-called popular appeal. In only one scene, the long-drawn-out death scene, does he seem to descend to pathos—but even here, he saves the scene in time. Sea stuff is thrilling.

ACTING: Extraordinary, with Thomas Mitchell in rare form, John Qualen and Barry Fitzgerald unforgettably good, John Wayne as the "baby" of the crew completely in character, Ward Bond and Ian Hunter fine, Mildred Natwick excellent.

Argosy-United Artists

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ENCHANTING!

APPEAL: To the young in heart no matter what your age.

PLOT: Glorified Arabian Nights adventure complete with beautiful princess, wicked grand vizier, silly sultan, handsome prince, djinni, and little thief himself—not to mention a pink elephant—against a gorgeous background of oriental splendor.

PRODUCTION: A feast for the eye, with fancifully lovely or fantastically weird scenes in Technicolor; amazing camera tricks which will keep you wide-eyed with wonder; deft direction which never for an instant loses the fairytale touch—it's a triumph technically and artistically.

ACTING: Perfection, with the engaging young Sabu just right in the title rôle; Conrad Veidt a properly sinister grand vizier; June Duprez a very lovely princess; John Justin her manly lover, Rex Ingram a joy as djinni—each playing with the grace and dignity of a Dulac drawing.

Korda-United Artists

Have A Merrier Christmas!

Symbols of the season for glitter and for glamor. For where to buy, see list, Page 76

By Courtenay Marvin



Above: Wear a cascade of jewels worthy of Salome. Gold-finished with simulated pearls and nuggets of jade. By Nat Levy-Urie Mandle. The necklace is \$5; bracelet is \$2.

Left: After "Rhythm on the River" and "Love Thy Neighbor," Mary Martin and Jerry wonder what more a girl could possibly ask. But pages of lovely ideas follow!

Below: Set a simple frock aglitter with the Monte Cristo jewelry, worn by Joan Bennett, in dull gold-finish with rhinestones. By Silson & Co. Pin, \$3; bracelet, \$5; earrings, \$2.





Above: Trot out to admire your Christmas tree in corduroy scuffs by Kleinert. The mother-and-daughter combination is timely, but you may buy them separately. They come in red or royal blue with white trimming. Most stores have monogramming facilities at a slight additional charge. They're cunning and so cozy and comfortable. Adult sizes, \$2; juniors, \$1.65.

Right: Look winsome in Miss Swank pajamas. Wonderful for the nonchalance of lounging time. They're made of Ma Chere pebble rayon crepe. New yoke treatment on that shirt to go in or out. Beige with brown; porcelain blue with royal or fuchsia, or all pink with blue trimming. And most pleasingly priced at \$3.95. A school girl or business girl "special."

Center right: Own a bag wardrobe for the usual price of one. Leading Lady handbags are nicely done for \$1 each. A soft, canoe shaped bag in suede fabric is roomy for day use. For sports and casual wear, a corduroy envelope zips on three sides, and for more formal occasions, choose that faille with handsome clasp.

Lower right: Play up the flair for glitter and gleam with jeweled gloves. Shown, are Queen Elizabeth from the Smart Set collection, four button, in Arabian mocha with lavish jewel embroidery, resembling bracelets. Just the accent with a simple gown for afternoon or dinner. These have the fine details of the "made in America" gloves, and are priced at about \$5.50.

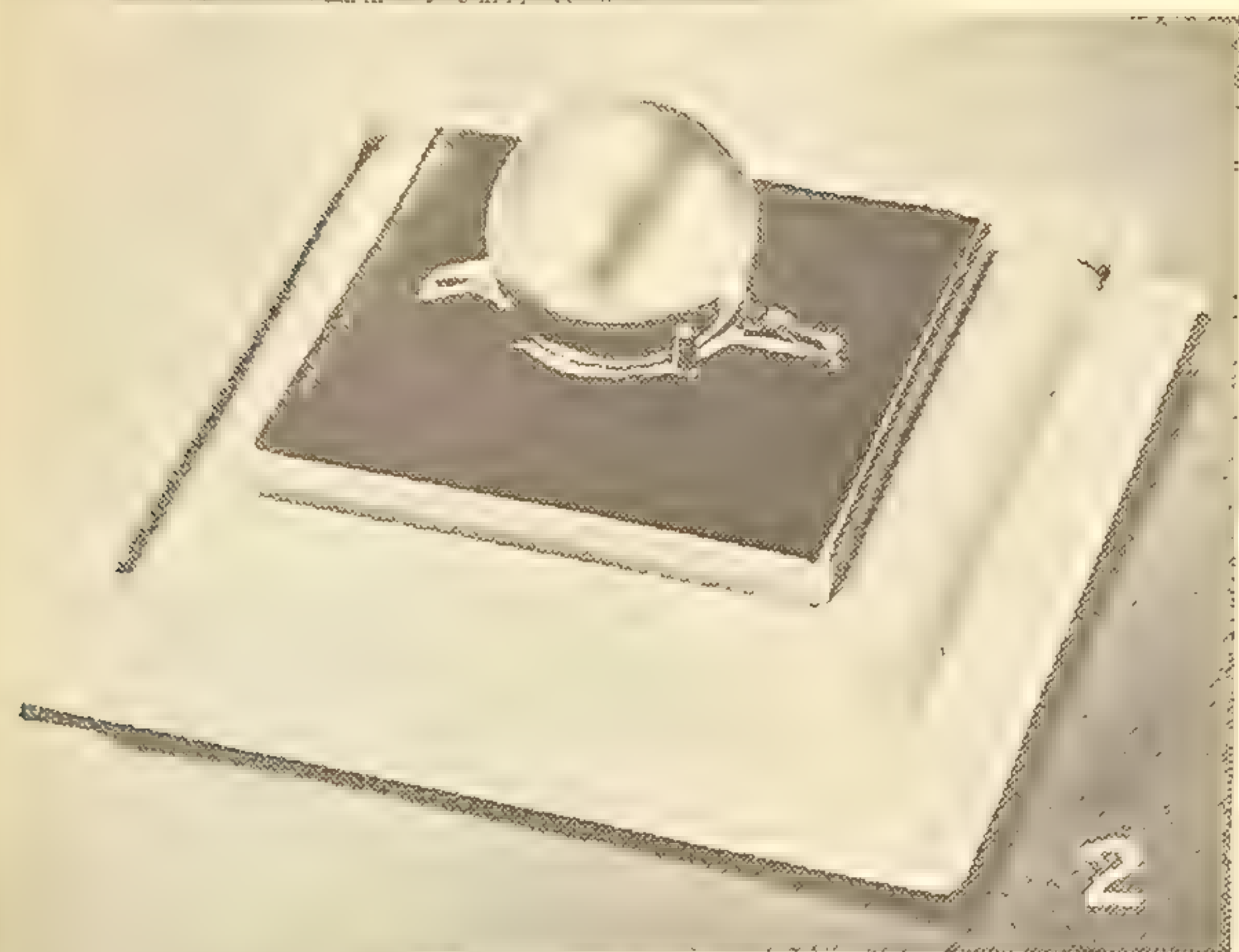
Below: Dance in glass step-ins! Actually, they're Vinylite, transparent, reminiscent of the Cinderella fable. Beautiful, light, this high-riding step-in remains snug and sure for your rumba. Tiny perforations all over and combined with gold or silver kid. They come in a clear Vinylite or may be dyed. By Ansonia, at about \$5.98.



Pamper Her with Perfume

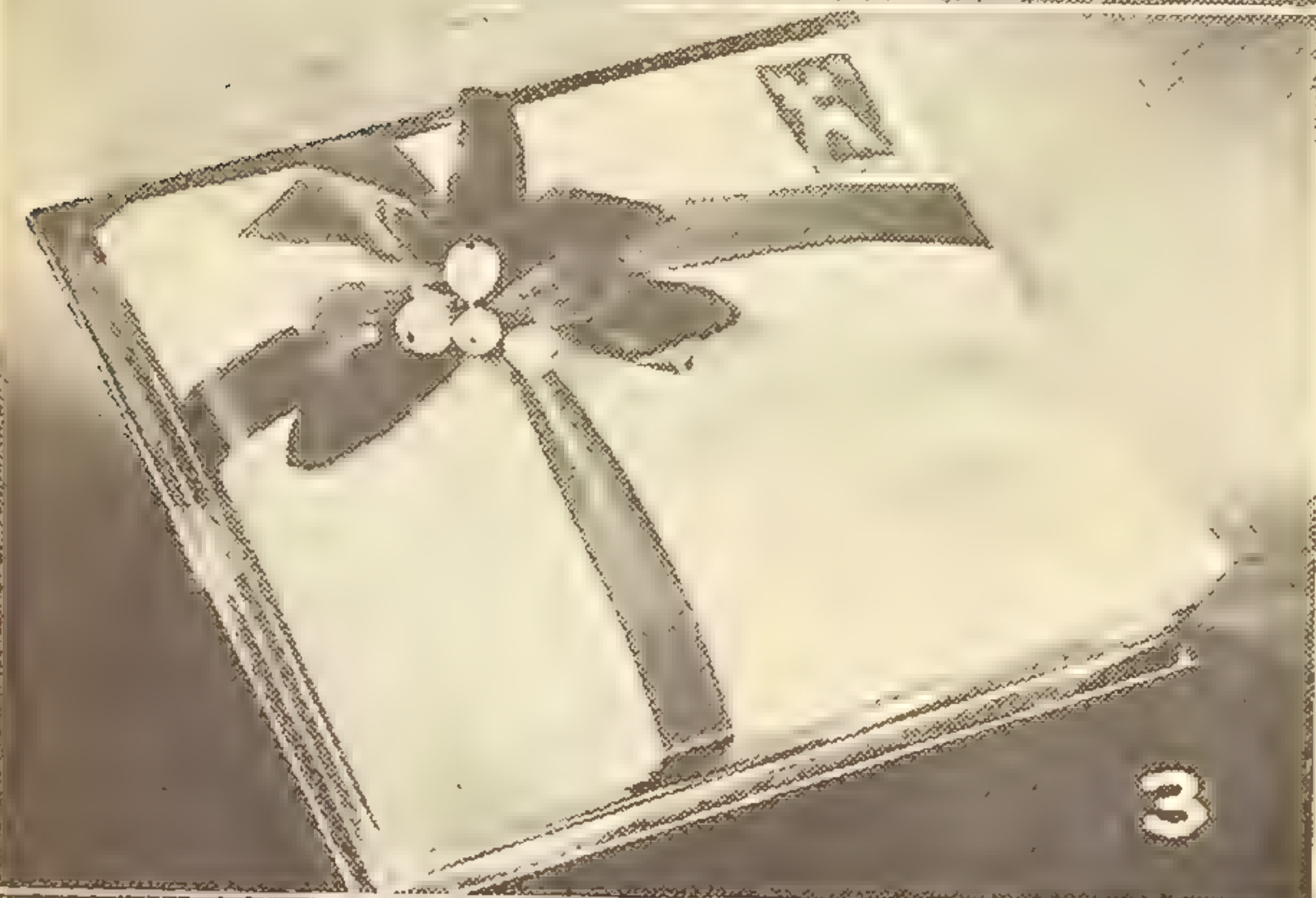


Below: Joan Leslie smiles happily over Lucien Lelong's dramatic perfume, *Impromptu*, which she would adore for herself, but is wrapping for another. Virtually swimming in a sea of shimmering paper, ribbon and the flora of Christmas, Joan is having a wonderful time. Give and give this Christmas!



1. Stocking-fillers from Helena Rubinstein. The column of Apple Blossoms talcum gets a head of Apple Blossoms soap, with garland and collar thrown in. A perfume bell holds two of any of Madame Rubinstein's perfumes, while little bottles of Town and Country, each, meet more formal or casual needs.

2. "The Jewel of Perfumes"—*Suivez Moi* (follow me), by Varva. The large pearl is actually the bottle, resting in a mammoth ring set with baguettes. Lift the pearl, and its stopper is at the bottom. The ring setting remains a base for the bottle. This is a perfume conversation-piece, new and exciting.



3. Christmas love letter sachets by Elizabeth Arden. A collection of pastel envelopes containing Blue Grass, packaged in holiday spirit. For the very fastidious, for the hard-to-please and for the girl who has everything, these sweet, imaginative sachets incorporate the elements of surprise, delight and infallible taste.

4. Twin dressing-table set of cologne atomizer and perfume dropper bottle by DeVilbiss. These are but typical of the many "perfume savers" perfected by this famous name, to make that precious fragrance last, do double duty, to protect clothing. From school-girl to grandmother, these sets truly will be cherished.

5. Lenthéric's Family Album of perfume was inspired by that old beau-catcher, the family album. The little perfume masterpiece is fashioned in fuchsia with a blue bow and gold lettering. It holds Little Tweed, Baby A Bientot and Baby Confetti, three of Lenthéric's loveliest, and will cause much happy comment.



For All Fragrance Fans

6. "The perfume not only of the immediate moment, but of all throbbing, complete moments,"—the cup of life full to the brim—that's Madame Suzanne's new Tout de Suite perfume. Brilliant, with the thrills of the motion and emotion of life, a memorable scent.

7. "Say it with flowers" is the Cheramy way of offering muguet, carnation, violette and gardenia all under one roof. To help indulge whims—to build up a mood from glamor to the pensive, here are four flowers to aid this very worthy feminine cause.

8. Stars of April Showers will rain down on some fortunates who like to coordinate their perfumes. This nice, big one holds April Showers perfume, perfume applicator, eau de toilette and face powder. For an April lift in December, concentrate on this star.

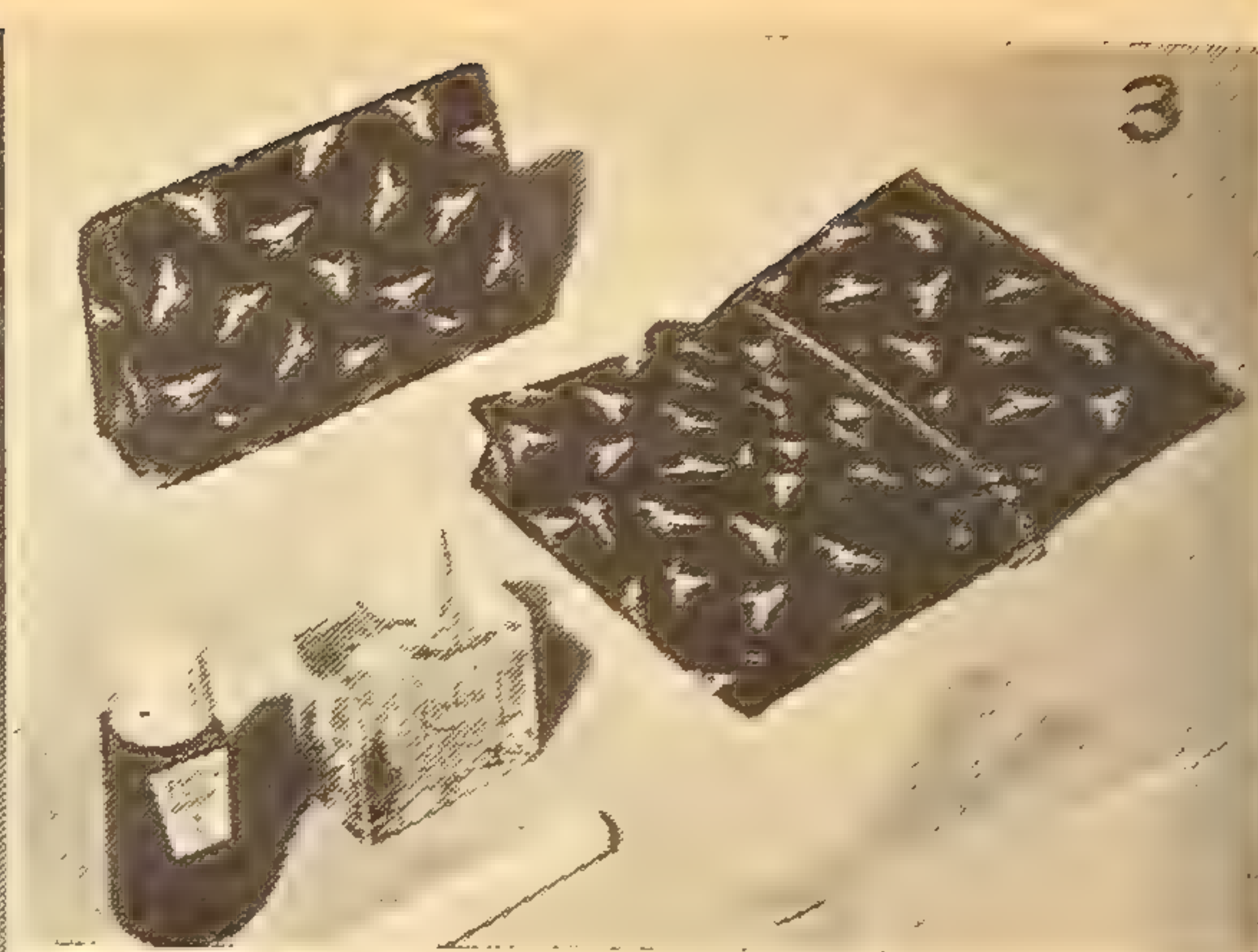
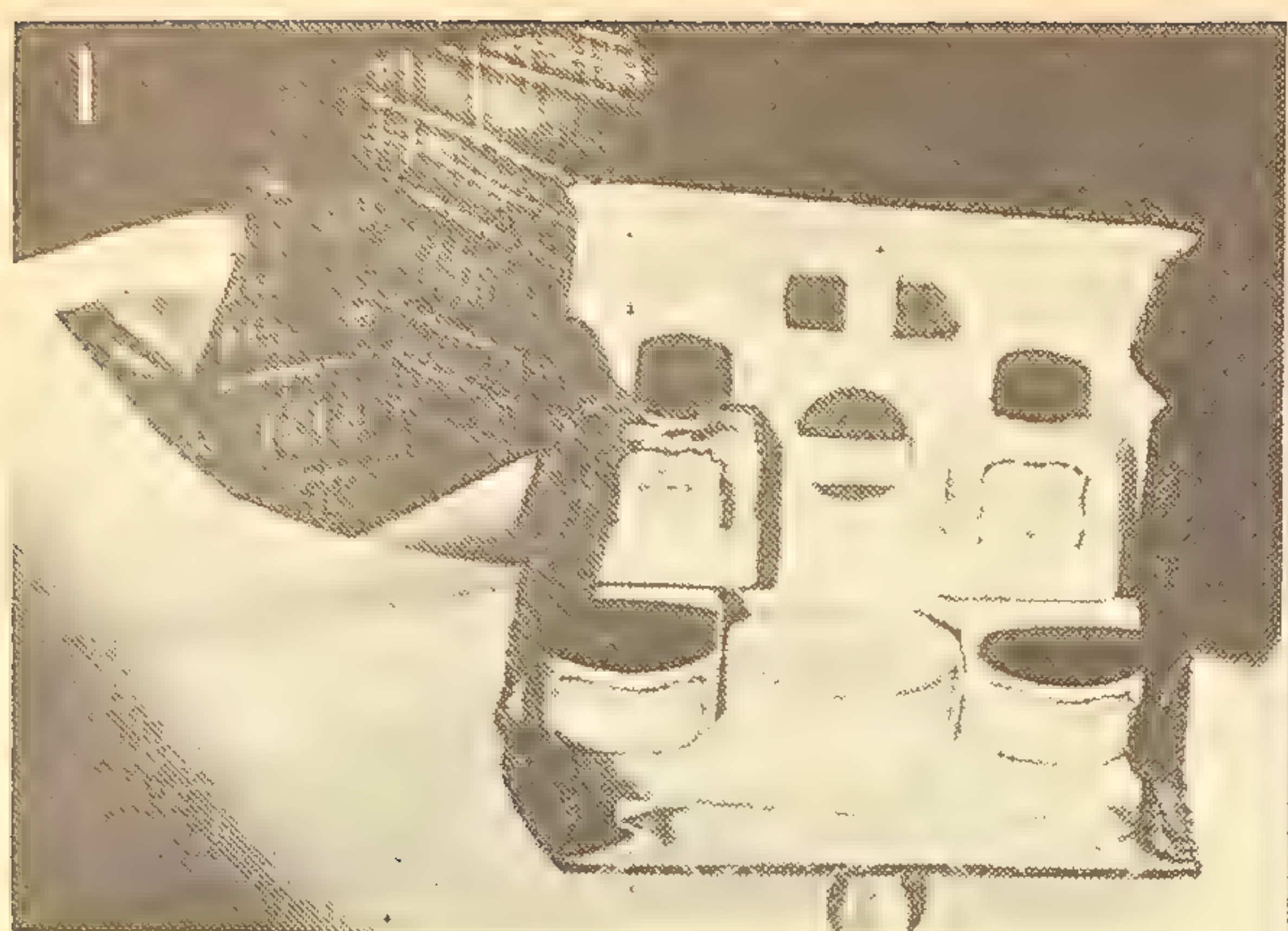
9. This winged bird is the famous Orloff eagle, and it holds a good quantity of cologne in a variety of distinctive odeurs. It will make someone feel elegant and important, of being able, practically, to bathe in a sea of cologne. Effective for dressing table décor.

10. The "Cavalier's Gift," Les Plumes by Lucien Lelong, is extravagantly beautiful to the senses but very kind to the pocketbook. In crystal plumes, with gold-finishd stoppers, are that zippy Tailspin, mysterious Indiscret, and Whisper—a perfume trilogy!

11. Mais Oui (but yes), by Bourjois, is thrillingly disturbing. It's so gay, so provocative and frankly flirtatious that it seems an intimate part of Christmas. It calls for a pretty face, a glamorous gown, and plenty of male attention, too. It usually works!

12. Inspired by Pan-America, L'Orle conceived beautiful containers for scents redundant of the tropics. The large pastel cameo bottle holds spirits of perfume, heavier than a cologne, lighter than a perfume. The bud vase bottles are charming decorations when contents are gone. They are only two of a group of rare floral combinations, each designated by the vase color. The spur bottle is for *him*—a he-man fragrance, done in man fashion with a smart cord finish.





Dedicated to the Young in Heart

1. Scottie Kit by Primrose House is aptly named. It took a good Scotch sense to assemble so much make-up and basic beauty in clan plaids at a mere song. In the historic MacGregor, MacPherson, Cameron and Prince Charles Edward plaids.

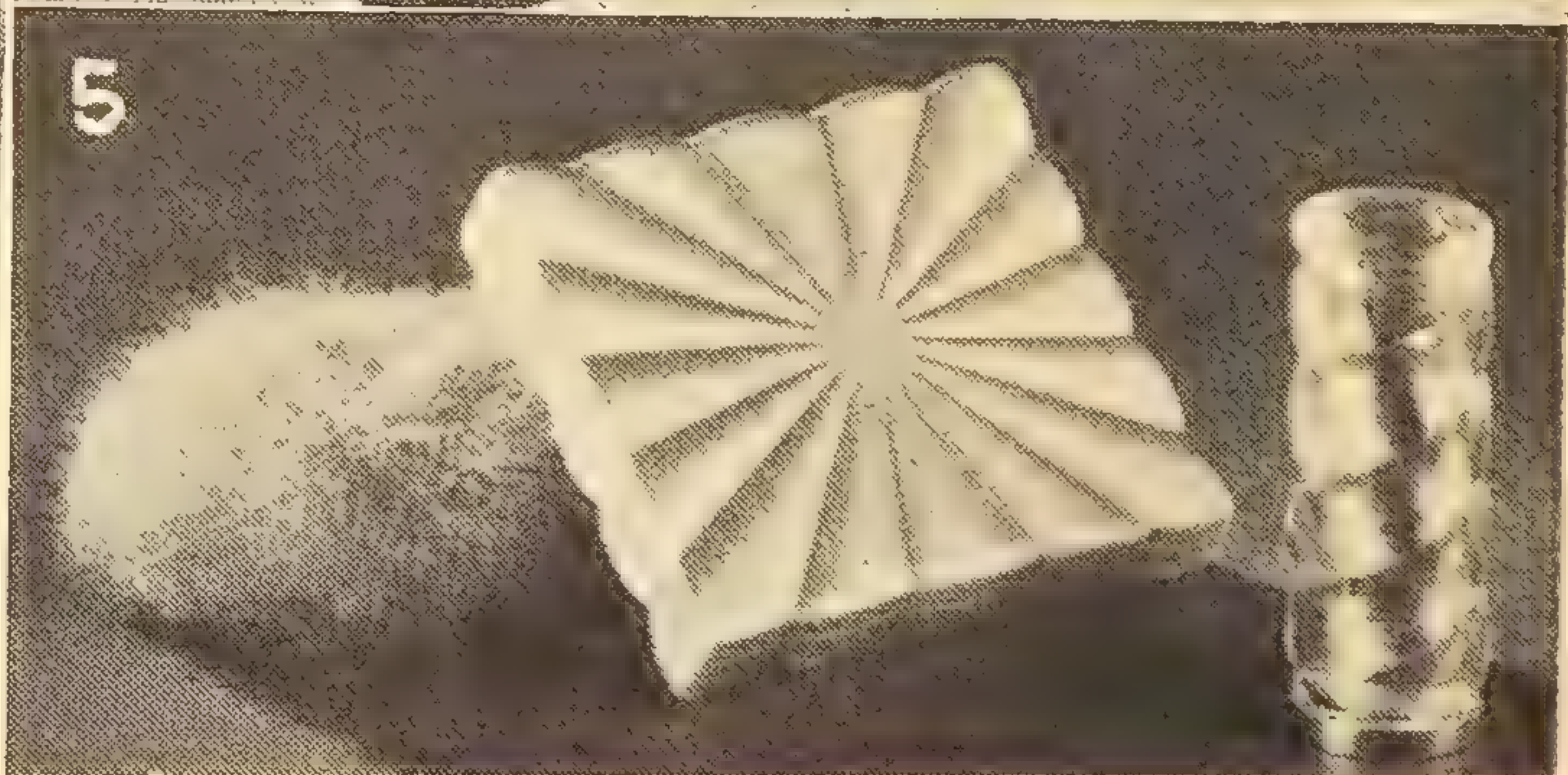
2. For the explorer at heart, give this Early American Friendship's Garden treasure box. Exploration uncovers dew-drenched blossoms in toilet soap, toilet water, talcum and compact sachet. The packaging is quaint and precious.

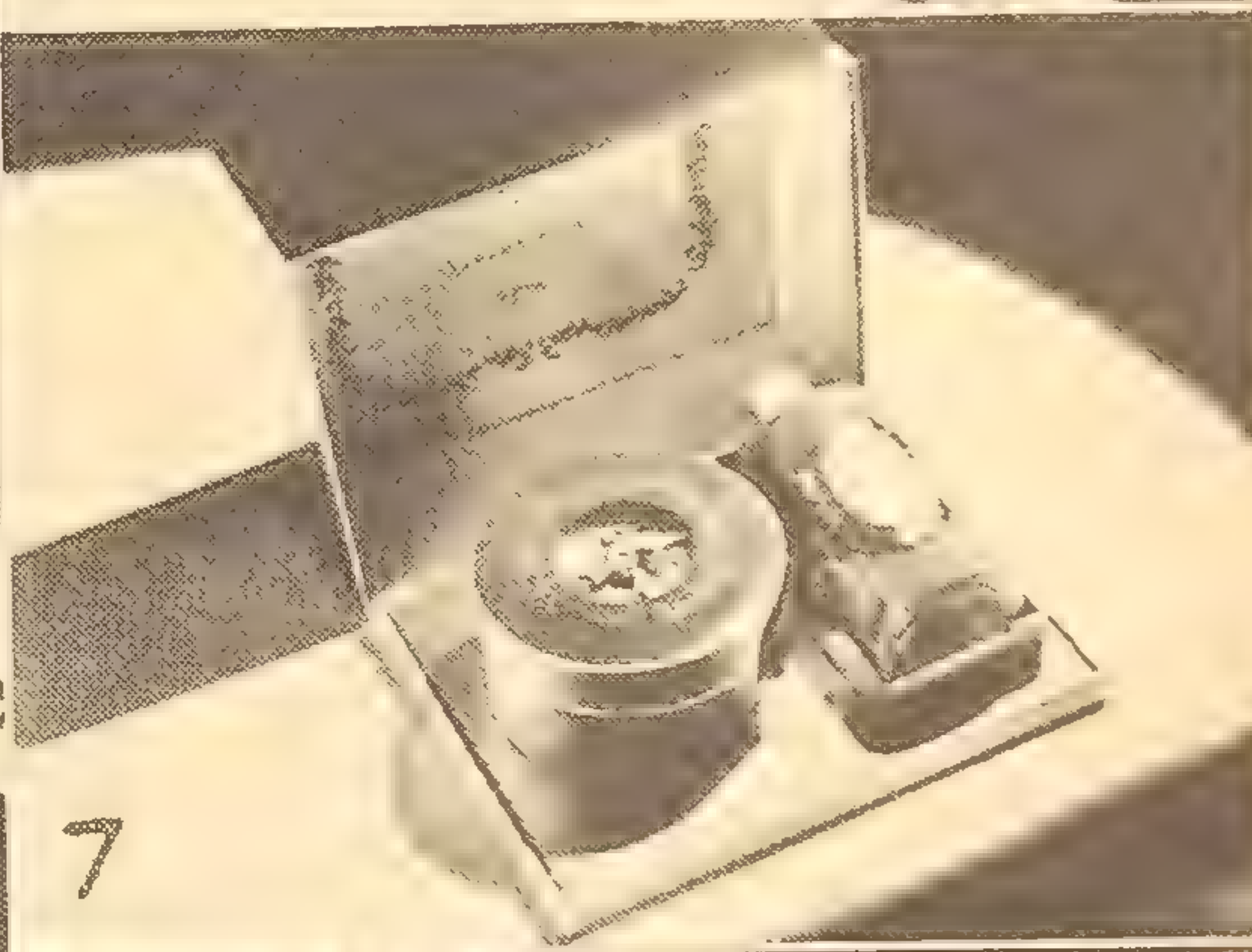
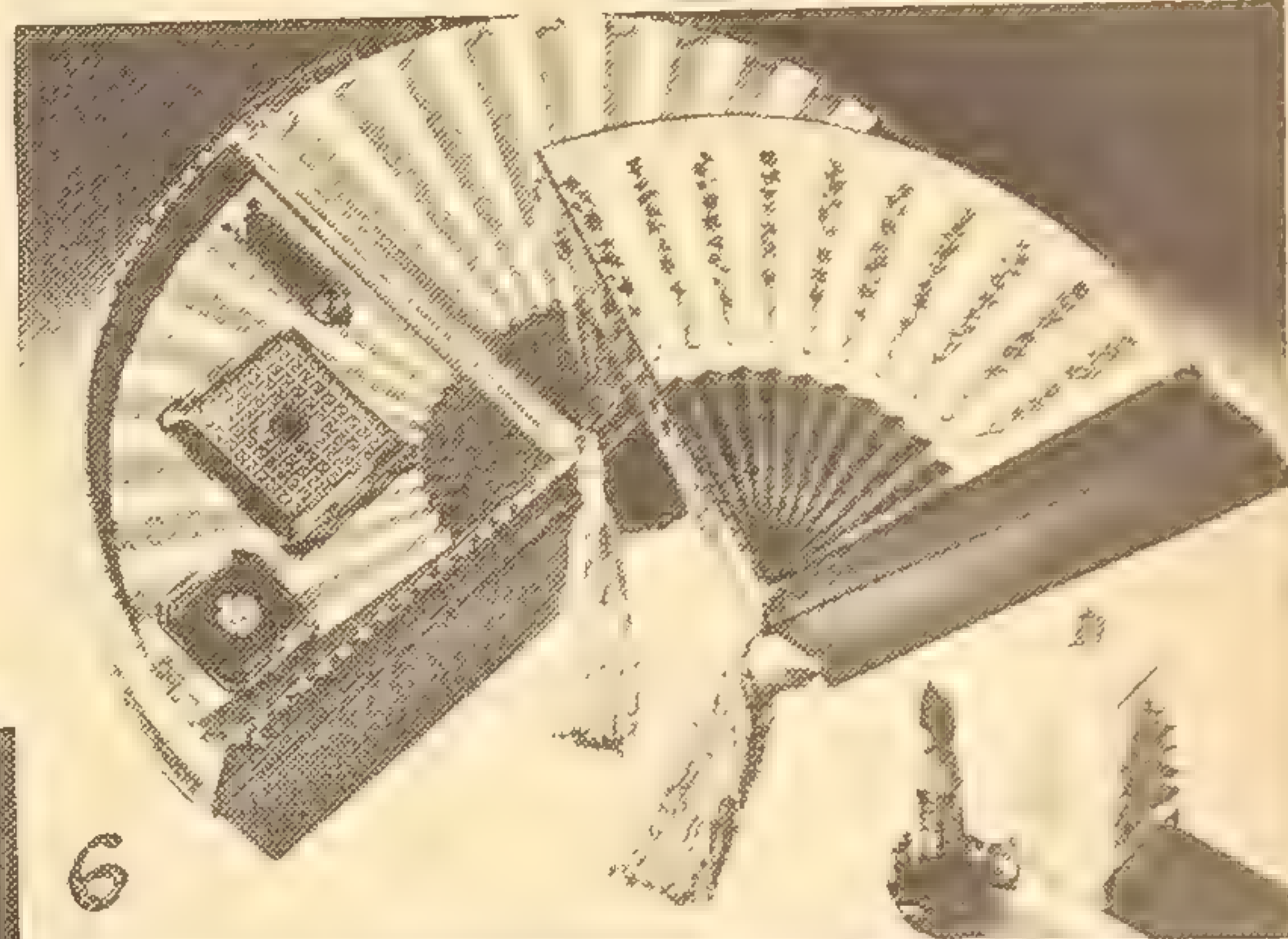
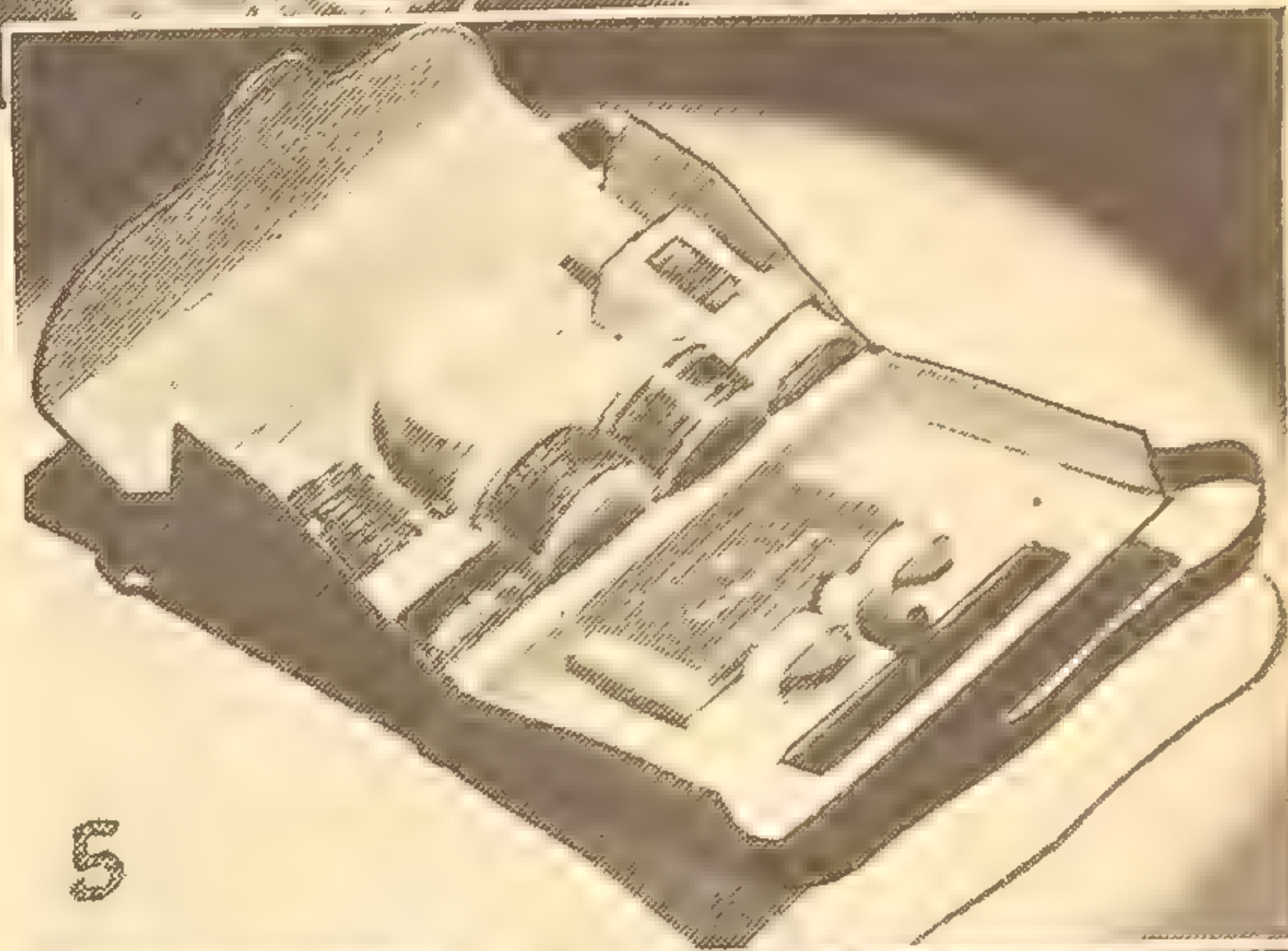
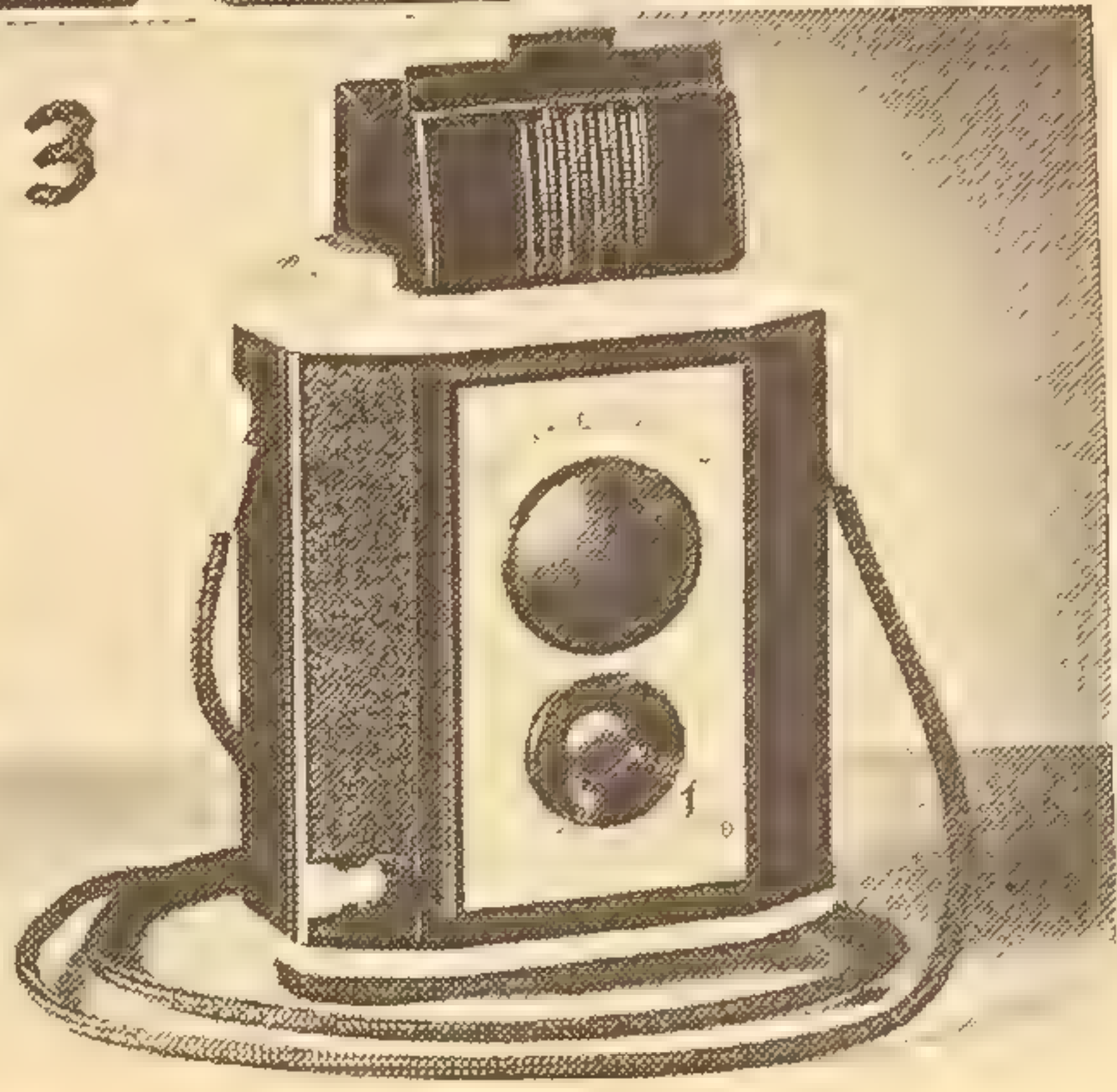
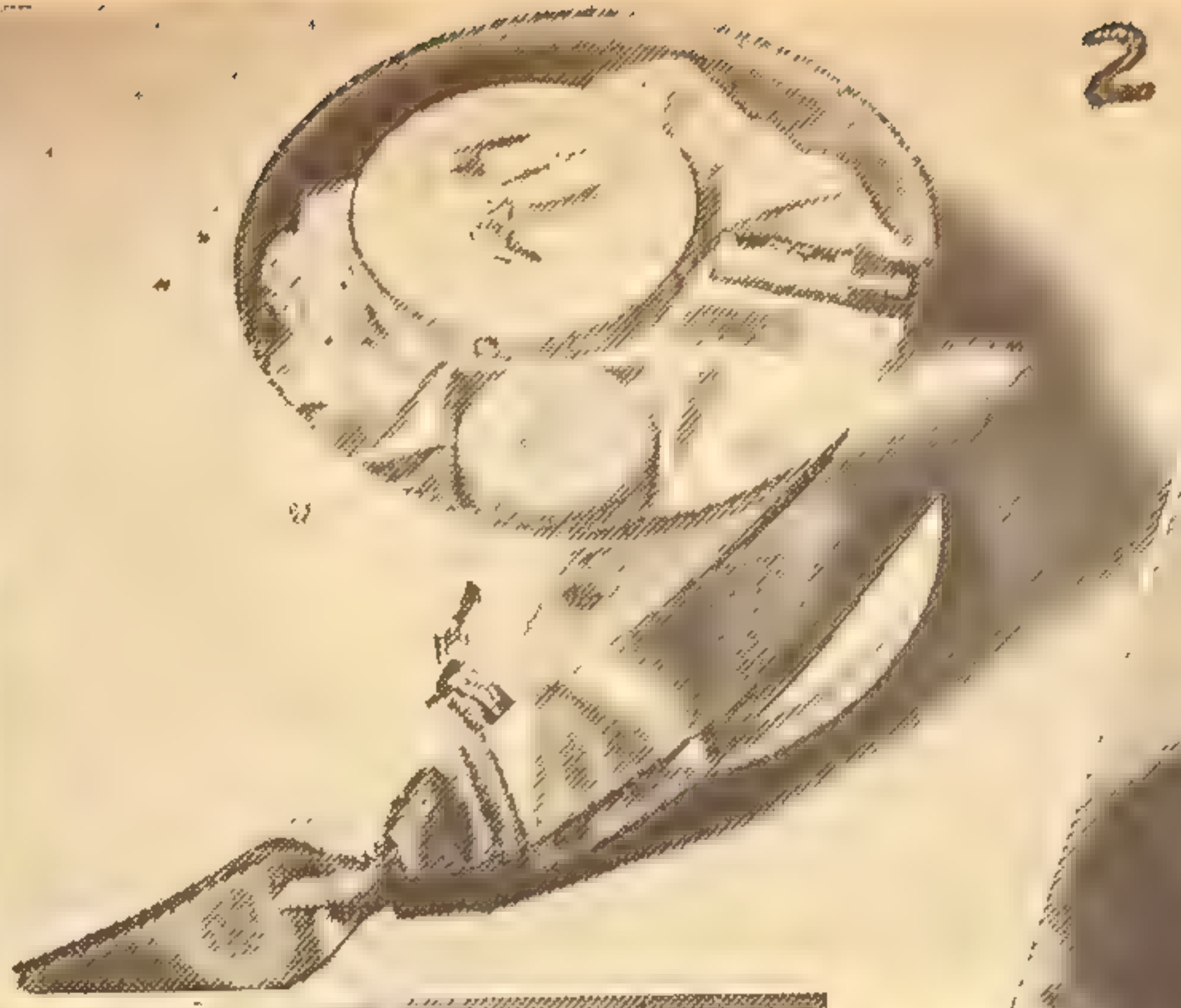
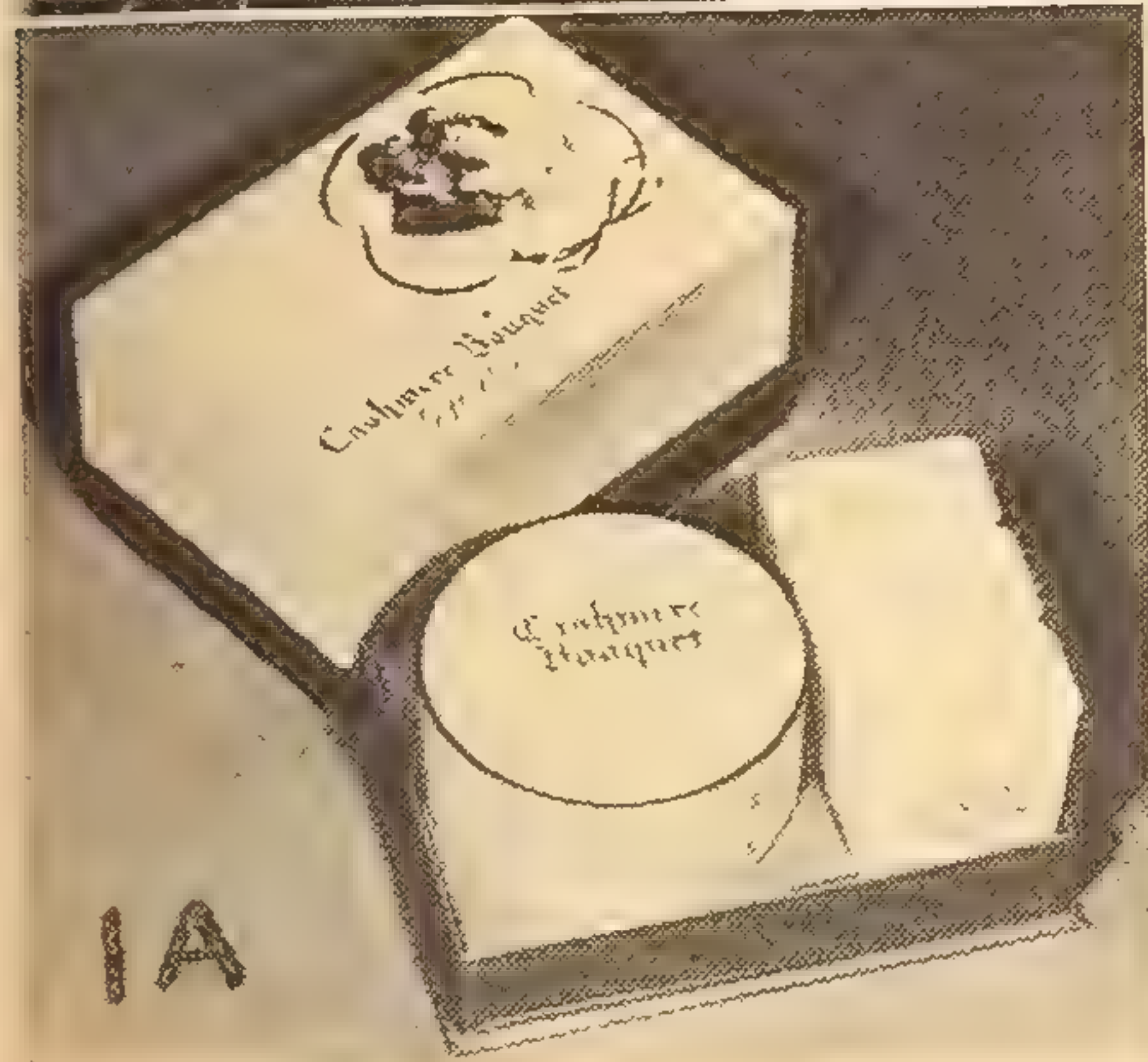
3. If gifts for the girl friends trouble you, then settle the matter with Revlon's Knapsack. It goes handsomely American, with our Eagle or Liberty Bell print holding essentials for a luxurious manicure. Later, use the zippered case.

4. Dura-Gloss got the Christmas spirit in a very new and trim little case in a variety of simulated leathers and colors for any taste. It's cute; it's complete and a blessing to any budget. And the contents get a good, big bouquet from us.

5. If she yearns for something from Elizabeth Arden, then this compact and matching lipstick, by all means. The sunburst compact brightens the Christmas horizon with its golden rays, and its smart companion lipstick is of sculptured lucite.

6. Radiant Rita Hayworth holds the beauty secret of many a Hollywood complexion in her hands—Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-Up, in holiday box. The girls swear by it; it's a glamor thought for those Christmas parties.





1. Greetings in bath beauty! Above, Apple Blossoms set by Helena Rubinstein. 1^A, lovely Cashmere Bouquet.

2. Tres chic, this Mais Oui make-up in transparent trinket box, beribboned. This jewel is from Bourjois.

3. Eastman's new Twin-Lens Brownie Reflex, at a price to please the amateurs, and with many good features.

4. Deanna Durbin in two-strand La Tausca pearls. Other styles; bracelets; with beautifully wrought clasps.

5. Dorothy Gray's "Soft Week-End Kit" holds a wealth of beauty aids.

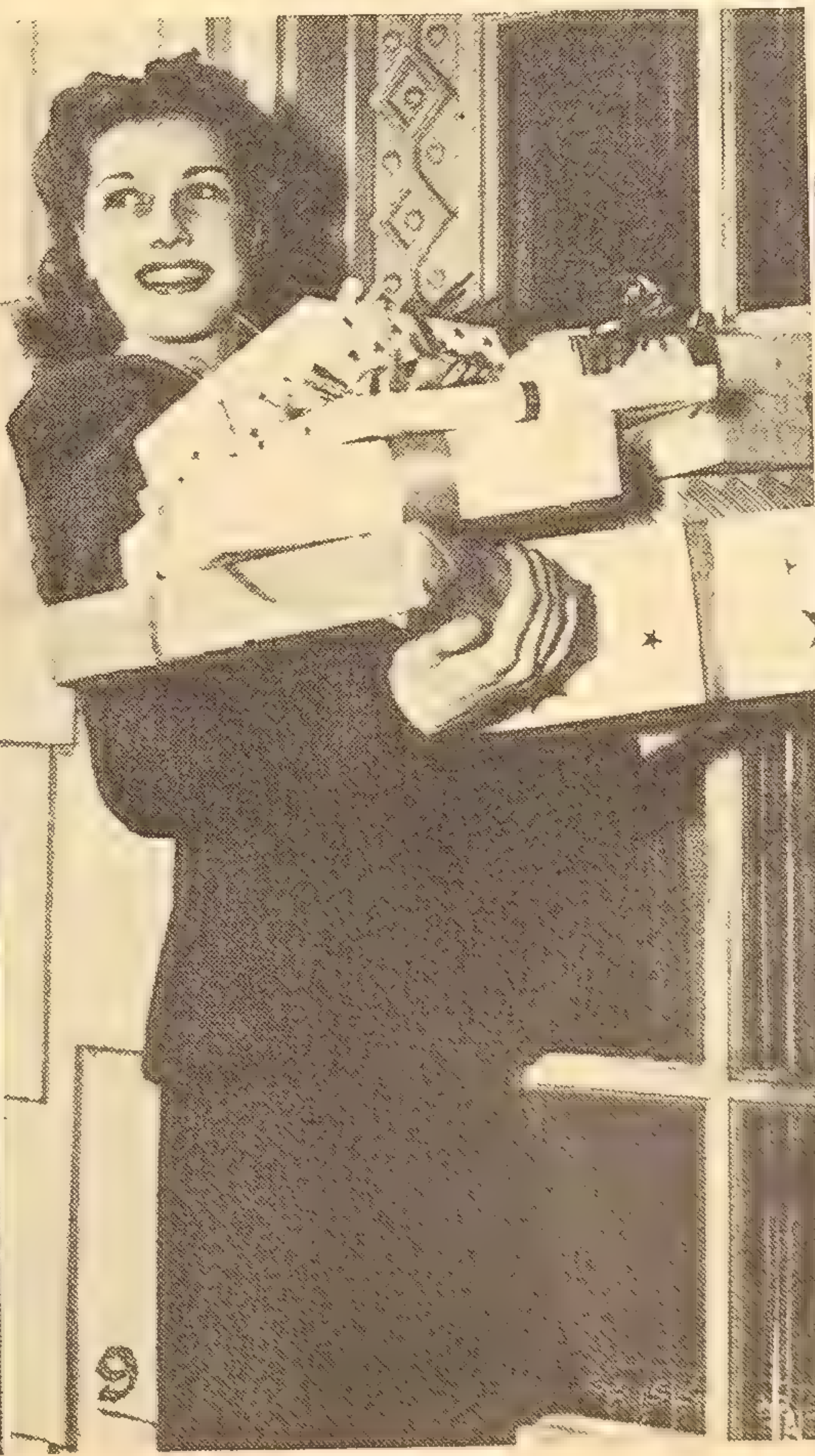
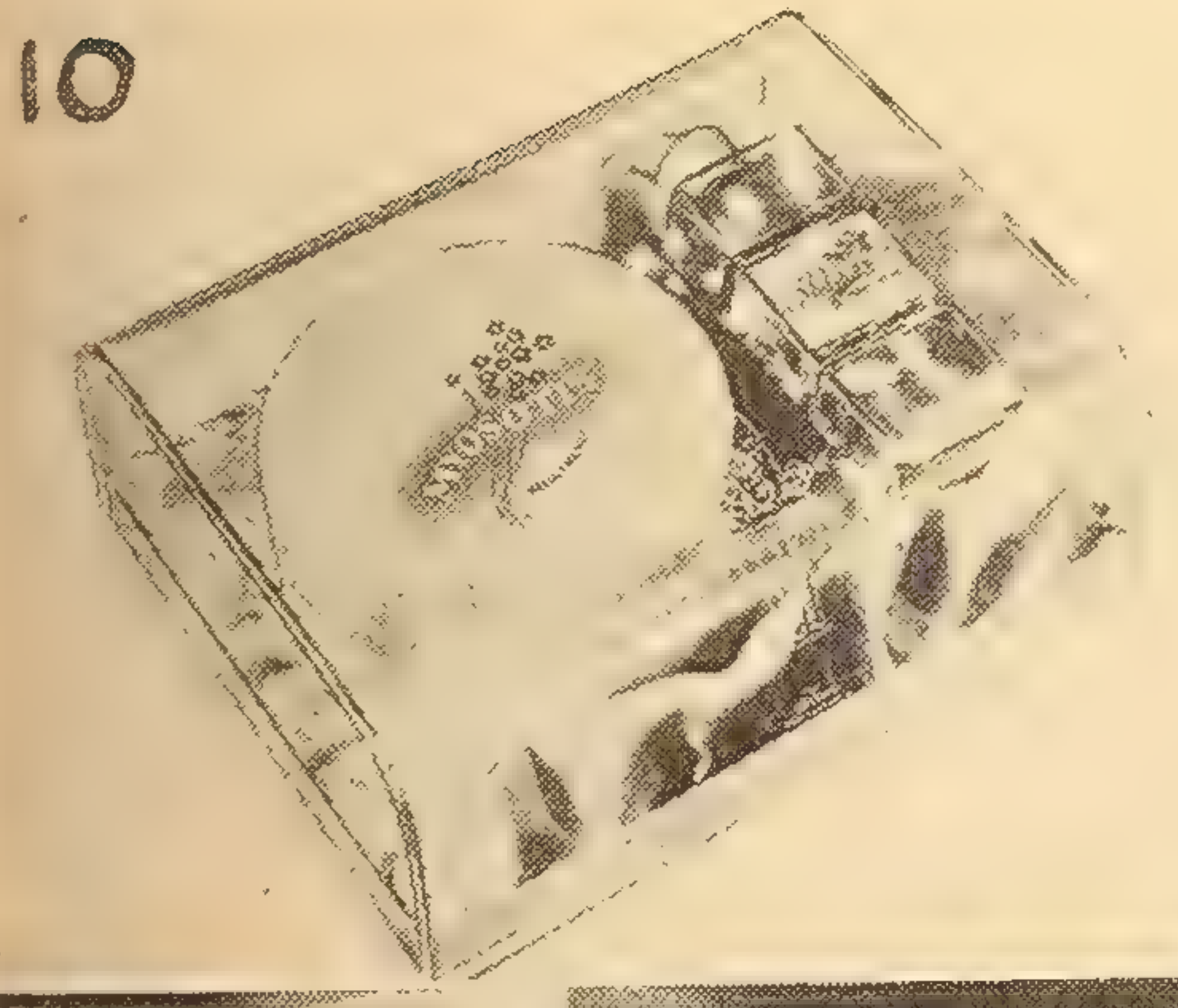
6. Fan with vanity, lipstick and rouge, by DuBarry. Petite perfume candle—a precious stocking-filler.

7. Exquisite "Remember Me" dusting powder and cologne in Safari, by Tussy, glorified aperitifs for bathers.

8. A gay Coty "Coast-to-Coast" kit holds the wonderful new Coty preparations, plus glamour make-up.

9. We nominate for the deanship of Christmas givers, Anita Louise!

10. Above, Myosotis, bath luxury by Elmo. 10^A. Yardley's beloved quintette of fragrant joys for bathers.



NORVELL

Sees=Magic=in=the=Stars!



IDA LUPINO and I were having lunch together in the gaily decorated commissary at 20th Century-Fox studios. She had just returned from Darryl Zanuck's sanctum sanctorum, and her eyes were ablaze with suppressed excitement. "Norvell, your stars were right!" she exclaimed. "In addition to my Warner contract I've just signed to do extra pictures for Fox. Remember how last year you told me Capricorn was in affliction—if I just held out I'd be on my way to the top?"

There was good reason for Ida Lupino's excitement. Long known as one of Hollywood's most capable actresses, Ida's stars had been under a pall of obscurity that threatened her promising career with complete extinction. Born on January 2, in the talented Sign of Capricorn, Ida had asked me to do her horoscope last year when she was doing a picture at Paramount. After looking at the brilliant chart she possessed I said, "Just wait a little while longer; your big chance will come in 1940 and you will become one of the screen's brightest stars." Ida was doubtful at that time, but it was written in her stars that she would have to suffer a while longer and then suddenly her stars would surround her in a blaze of glory. Now, under the masterful genius of Darryl Zanuck, I predict that Ida Lupino will become one of Hollywood's truly great stars.

For all those born between December 22 and January 19, in the Sign of Capricorn, I would like to give Miss Lupino's formula for success: "While I was waiting eternally for my big chance, I didn't sit back and just wait. I had implicit faith in astrology, but I knew that I must help my stars along. You know that famous quotation from Shakespeare: 'The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.' Well, I felt there must be something wrong with me, that I wasn't ready for success, so I set to work in every possible way to improve myself. I worked on my diction, I studied danc-

ing, singing, walking—everything possible to perfect myself for the day I knew would come when I could use those things. When my planetary afflictions were the worst I kept up my mind, my courage by reading good books, studying social and political conditions, so that I could portray modern characters with realism, sympathy, and sincerity."

How typical is this spirit of all that Capricorn represents! The next time *you* discouraged Capricorns see Miss Lupino on the screen, remember that she worked for her success—refused to be licked by life—and, what's most important, the same thing applies to *YOU*! You can use the magic of your stars to climb the high road to success and happiness. When things seem darkest, never give up!

This month we will consider the destiny of not only those born under Capricorn's rays, (December 22 to January 19) but also the Aquarius-born, (January 20 to February 19) so as to make way for our annual New Year's predictions which will be featured in next month's issue of SCREENLAND. As you now know, the clouds of affliction have rolled away for those born in Capricorn, and so we find reflected in their lives nothing but the most promising and brightest events. If you check last January's SCREENLAND, you will note that I predicted marriage for Anita Louise and for Loretta Young, both Capricorn-born. These have taken place as scheduled in their horoscopes and they are fortunately the permanent kind of marriages. No divorces for these two. A child is shown in Anita Louise's chart in the latter part of 1941 or the first of 1942. As for Loretta Young, she will make the most of a brilliant five-year cycle shown in her chart and do some splendid work on the screen.

Judy Garland is one of my favorite Capricorn subjects in Hollywood. (Indeed, according to box-office figures she is America's favorite Capricorn as well!) Judy came into her greatest cycle of good fortune this year. I see no warnings ahead for her in 1941, as her chart is well-aspected. She will continue in her popularity for years to come. I caution her not to marry for at least three years, however, as her chart is not so favorable in the houses ruling love and marriage. Her career must be set above



Norvell, above, pictured with newcomer Betty Brewer, the most promising Capricorn ever to reach the screen; top, with Aquarian Wayne Morris.

Above, Ronald Reagan listens as Norvell forecasts his future. Top: left, Betty Field, who Norvell says is the most promising of the younger Aquarius-born stars; right, Capricorn-born Ida Lupino talks things over with astrologer Norvell.

even love until 1944. That is given as the year of romantic fulfillment in her chart. Yes, a happy marriage is shown for the Garland lassie, but let's hope she can still find time for her career after she's wed.

At this point I'd like to introduce to you another little girl; one I consider the most promising Capricorn ever to reach the screen. Meet Betty Brewer! Remember her in "Rangers of Fortune," with Fred MacMurray? So clearcut is this child's destiny written in the stars that she accomplished the almost legendary feat of being taken out of the most wretched poverty into the studio. She will bear watching in the coming years. In fact you'll have to watch her, as she is going to do some brilliant work in the future.

Humphrey Bogart achieved stardom during 1940. The stars are with him now, for being a Capricorn, Humphrey has what it takes to succeed. What with a charming wife who will stick, I don't know what more he could ask of the stars.

Kay Francis will hold the position she has regained for several years, before she marries and retires from the screen. Although her stars show marriage in 1941, she will not give up her career that early. Needless to say, Kay is a Capricorn also.

Ann Sothorn is another Capricorn girl who has had

an inspiring new lease on life in 1940. She's had talent and beauty aplenty, but it did her little good when she was under affliction. Now she has scored again as *Dulcy*; her career will continue, and I am even confident that she can avoid the divorce shown in her chart.

Marlene Dietrich, heaven's gift to the escorts, kept her professional head above water and all those emeralds out of the pawnshop during her afflicted Capricorn cycle. I predict another marriage for her by the end of 1942, and further success in her career.

The options of three Capricorn gentlemen have all been taken up this year! Cary Grant, Ray Milland and Tom Brown. If these men (*Please turn to page 76*)

YOUR HOROSCOPE SENT FREE!

If you are puzzled about your life, if you feel that there must be something in your future that you should know about, consult Norvell just as the screen stars do about their romantic and professional problems. Norvell, who forecasts for the Hollywood stars, will send you your own birthdate reading FREE. Fill coupon below and send it to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. O, Hollywood, Calif., with a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS

MY ADDRESS IS

CITY

MY BIRTHDATE IS

Wreathed in smiles, cute little Gloria Jean and her pet wire-haired terrier reflect the Hollywood holiday spirit. "A Little Bit of Heaven" is Gloria's latest picture.

By
Weston
East



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

UNLESS all you girls want to find yourselves tripping about in hobble skirts before you can say Jack Robinson, you better make your protests to studio designers, because they seem determined to bring back the hobble skirts. Adrian is fitting Hedy Lamarr out in these menaces to movement in "Come Live with Me." Alice Faye wore several in "Tin Pan Alley" and became so attached to them they are now in her personal wardrobe. I should think that would look like the handwriting on the wall for all you girls who wouldn't go for this style.

THE most beautiful pair of book ends I ever saw hold a few of Clark Gable's favorite books on a night stand beside his bed. They represent a pair of exquisitely molded bronze hands. They are really the hands of Carole Lombard. From a plaster of Paris impression Carole had the arresting bronzes cast so she could feel she was always, personally, holding Clark's books ready for him to choose.

ONE of the very funniest reasons being snickered over here for Hedy Lamarr's divorce is the result of a facetious statement she made just after she was married. It's being bandied about that Hedy gave Gene the gate because he wouldn't, or couldn't, raise a sweeping, handlebar-type of mustache. That was one of Hedy's requisites for a happy marriage. It was the only request, besides undying love, that she quipped about to reporters on her honeymoon. Now that statement comes back to hit her right between the eyes.

WITH millions of people far and wide still not convinced that Hedy Lamarr is an actress, her studio, M-G-M, has just given her, and her fans, more cause for rejoicing than has been their good fortune since Hedy first managed to burn up the screen. Her bosses seem sold, at last, on her worth. Known to few people is the fact that her contract has just been sewed up without options for months to come, and Hedy will get a chance at stories until now denied her. And more important, Hedy will go along at the salary stipulated in her original contract. She doesn't get the money she was after, but at last the Viennese orchid has the assurance that her studio is ready to get back of her and push.

THE other day at the West Side Tennis Club a covey of idle society girls made themselves the laughing stock of all the onlookers who happened to be lunching on the terrace. George Murphy was there looking very tall and sleek, and he was, it seems, very upsetting to the emotional equilibrium of the group of debbs. Their brazen, combined play for him finally got to be in very bad taste. George amusingly threw a wet blanket on the whole mob's yearnings. He was in tennis togs and one girl went so far as to send over a note saying they all hoped he would play tennis later *sans* a shirt (*a la* Errol Flynn) so they could get a gander at his muscles. That was the means of a swell comeback for George. When he did step out on the tennis court he stripped off his shirt to reveal the most fantastic conglomeration of tattooing ever seen. The debbs were horrified. The fancy scroll work was all a fake for George's rôle in "Three Girls and a Gob," and was easily removable with soap and water.

YOU can count Bob Taylor's very striking appearance in his flying togs as the reason for his brand new glamor rating among his feminine fans. When Bob stepped out of the Derby the other night, looking like an overly handsome composite of a virile flying ace and a matinée idol, he was mobbed by a bunch of high school girls. They hustled him off the street and into a near-by alley and, there, those sleek-fitting togs got a going over. The girls couldn't keep their hands off him. Bob grimly bartered his way out of the alley with autographs right and left. He was more than disheveled by the time he fought his way to his car. I'll bet Barbara Stanwyck puts a stop to those quick snacks at the Derby before night-flying lessons unless the women let Bob alone.

YOU probably didn't know that the only reason that two of Will Rogers' pictures will have revival showings is because of the fact that Mrs. Will Rogers, herself, has given her permission. At the time of Will's death, the studio signed a solemn order never to reissue or show his pictures again. Now Mrs. Rogers has given 20th Century-Fox leave to tear up that restraining order. There's method behind this important news, too. It just happens that right now Mrs. Rogers' widely read biography of her famous husband is on everybody's tongue. Will Rogers interest is again at a new high. The Rogers estate should glean a pretty penny from this well-timed co-operation.

THE coyest confession of the month comes from dignified Paul Muni who shyly but eagerly confides that he is a rubber band picker-upper, and because of his concern over this idiosyncrasy his wife, Bela, has dubbed him "Rubber Bandit". . . . Remember John Trent, the T.W.A. pilot, who got into the movies and became the favorite of thousands of kids as "Tailspin Tommy"? Right now he's quit pictures cold and is flying bombers to Canada.

IT ALWAYS happens when pictures are previewed at Westwood. The undergraduates from U. C. L. A. pack the theater to the rafters and a producer never fails to get an audience reaction—sometimes not too flattering, but always enthusiastic. And that is warming to any executive's heart. Came the scene in "The Philadelphia Story" where Jimmy Stewart asks Hepburn to marry him. The audience knows she's in love with Cary Grant. A carried-away co-ed frantically begged in a pleading stage whisper for all to hear, "Say no, say no, he's so awfully thin!" Hepburn finally does decline. The relieved fan heaved a sigh that sent the entire audience into howls of laughter. Jimmy's sheepish grin on leaving the theater was, for once, completely in keeping with the situation.

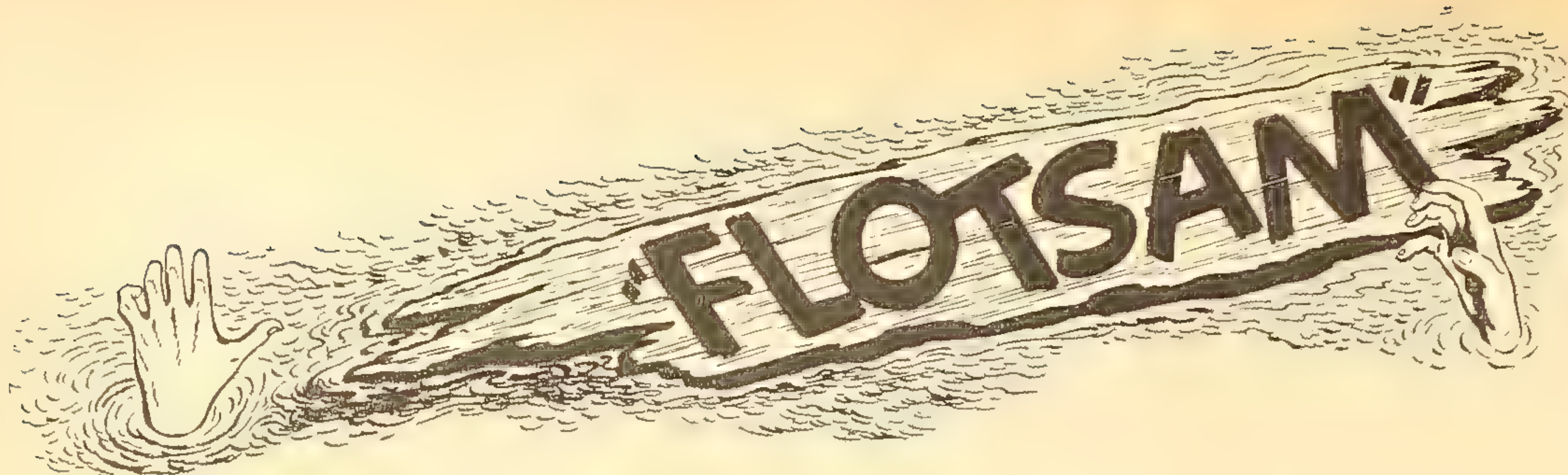
Below, from left, Vincent Price and Virginia Field in costume for a scene from Paul Muni's new starring picture about fur trappers, "Hudson's Bay"; Sylvia Sidney and Eddie Albert in a scene from "The Wagons Roll At Night," exciting film about circus life which brings Sylvia back to the screen; Charles "Buddy" Rogers, husband of Mary Pickford, also returns to the screen after a long absence in "Golden Hoofs," Jane Withers' starring picture.

A SIGHT to see is Marlene Dietrich in pants again. At the Beverly Derby she sat cross-legged at the bar in a sleek pair of warm tan slacks, with the rest of her outfit to match, and a new diamond brooch at her throat that dazzled the eye. . . . The pals of a very prominent producer went a little too far and, for a gag, they planted a flimsy pair of feminine scanties in his car. The rumblings of a divorce that you heard were caused just by that. . . . This is the absolute truth! A starlet, who has recently been touted solely because of her beauty and definitely not because of her brains, when asked to give her party affiliation when she registered to vote, glibly answered, "20th Century-Fox." . . . Now that the Charles Laughtons have decided to settle here, they have bought one of the most pretentious estates to be owned by a film couple. It was formerly owned by a mining magnate.

IN ALL probability it won't be long now before we're all asking, "Have you *smelled* that new picture down at the Strand?" Once again there is something brand new under the cinema sun and Hollywood, as always, is experimenting with a novel, slap-happy innovation to the art of motion pictures. The accompaniment of scents, electrochemically produced, will be the next addition to movie reality. The experiment is beyond the curiosity stage and soon, on the screen, we'll be smelling as well as seeing fresh-cut roses, sizzling steaks, fields of new-mown hay, perking coffee, or the tang of smoke from a camp fire. The possibilities are endless and the inventors predict that America will soon be nasally aware of their movie fare. Although, lately, some of the pictures I've seen have managed to have a decided reek without the aid of any new invention.

NOW it's Ida Lupino who is being a good girl and doing just as her bosses tell her, no matter how thoroughly she may disagree. Despite the fact that Ida is envied by every young actress in Hollywood for being in a most advantageous spot, Ida, herself, thinks all her recent ballyhoo as a dramatic actress has been overdone. Her rôles haven't kept up as high a level as all the praise warranted. But Ida played any and all parts that were handed her and never kicked, and all because she knew a most coveted rôle was sure to come her way if she didn't go temperamental. Warners promised to loan her to Fox for "How Green Was My Valley," and that rôle, to Ida, was worth wading through a lot of assignments that she hadn't her heart in.





Continued from page 29

military bearing any fool and certainly the Gestapo would know belonged to an officer. And it was Captain Steiner, hero of the World War, they were looking for.

He had planned to make his way to Austria at once but at the end he could not go without seeing her. Every day at almost the same hour she went to the market place and he went there now, in his borrowed clothes carrying a workman's box of tools, bending a little as he walked as if his back were tired from leaning over a carpenter's bench.

It was two years since he had seen her but he knew her immediately even though she was walking in front of him and he could not see her face. There was the little hollow in the back of her neck that he had kissed so often, there was the proud set to her slim shoulders and that light, rhythmic walk of hers. He quickened his step until he was so close behind her she could hear his whisper. "Don't look around. Go on walking!" And then as her shoulders trembled and she threw back her head, it was as if her whole being were concentrated on his voice. "I'm going to make my way to the border. You must divorce me!"

Her feet faltered and her whole body sagged as if age had come upon her with his words. "You must divorce me," he whispered urgently, "You must go tomorrow and say that you want to divorce me because of my political views. You must say you had not realized before what they were."

She held herself erect, as if she had reached down into her heart for the courage to thrust her head up in that gallant, defiant gesture.

"It's only to make you safe," he explained, his throat aching with his pride in her. "It would drive me crazy if they did anything to you. I love you, Marie, more than anything in the world. I won't leave until you promise. I'll give myself up if you don't. You promise?"

First she faltered. Then there was that almost imperceptible nod of her head and his voice quickened in his relief. "I'm going to turn left now along the walk between the butchers' booths. You turn right and come around to meet me. I just want to see you—once. Then I'll go. If you hear nothing it will mean I got across safely."

There was his heart beating then, sounding louder to him than all the market sounds, the women's voices high-pitched as they haggled, the thud of the butchers' cleavers on their wooden blocks, the shrill calls of the hawkers. Then suddenly there was no sound, no market. Only Marie and her small heart-shaped face, her eyes the color of the heart's-ease that grew in country meadows, her delicately curved cheekbones which his cheek had lain against so often, her tender, trembling mouth. She stood there and the wind pulled at her clothes and pressed them against her body, revealing every sweet, remembered line of her slim figure. And as he looked at her she lifted her hands and pressed them against her breast, holding herself toward him in an agonized, empty embrace. Then she turned and walked quickly away and

his heart whispered the name his lips dared not speak. Marie, Marie, Marie—over and over again so it became a litany to worship her with.

Vienna . . . 1937. Vienna still proud and free, offering of her laughter and plenty and gaiety to all those free to enjoy them. Vienna generous and hospitable to all who had passports and the right to live.

But what of those who had no passports? What of Joseph Steiner? What of the hundreds like him escaped from the Reich with no papers to allow them the right to peace and work and life? What of Ludwig Kern, the boy only nineteen with the hunted dark eyes and the haggard face; the boy of gentle birth who had once hoped to become a surgeon? They met in the prison where they were serving the fourteen days' detention imposed on all those who had entered Austria illegally. Afterward there would be the farce of conducting them to the border, any border they chose, and then again there would be the same routine to go through, furtiveness, hiding out in cheap lodging houses, trying to make a living peddling or by cards until at last they would be picked up again and then there would be another detention cell, another border, another attempt to live again.

"Why are you here, anyway?" Ludwig asked as the steel door of their cell closed behind them. "You're one hundred per cent Aryan."

Steiner nodded. "And you?"

"Fifty per cent," the boy said bitterly. "I was wondering why you—"

"I'm simply an ex-soldier who hates the gang that rules Germany," Steiner explained. "Naturally they don't like me, either." He looked up as the keeper came back unlocking the cell gate and beckoning him to follow. Steiner's hands clenched as he walked after him. He had been expecting this ever since he saw Brenner leaning nonchalantly against the wall of the court room when he had been sentenced that morning. For Brenner who had served under Steiner as lieutenant in the war was a German street agent.

Brenner threw down his cigarette when Steiner came in to the visitors' room.

"Well, Captain, so we meet again!" His voice was almost cordial and a smile lingered on his thin, brutal lips. But there was no warmth in his small, pale eyes. "May I congratulate you on your escape? It was more daring than any of your exploits at the front. I would have sworn it couldn't be done, getting by those machine-guns and through that high voltage wire without help from friends outside."

Steiner stiffened. "What do you want, Brenner?" he demanded.

"The names of those friends," Brenner said. "We are willing to pay for the information." He whipped a card out of his pocket and held it out temptingly.

"A passport?" Steiner asked incredulously.

"Precisely," Brenner smiled. "You may go wherever you please." His voice sharpened as Steiner shook his head. "Don't be a fool, Captain, no one will ever know where the information came from. After

all, the necessity of the State is above the code of the individual."

"Not mine," Steiner said.

"Then I advise you to change it. Compare our situation. Yours is hopeless. You're a living ghost, a man without a country or a legal right to live. Mine on the other hand is secure and comfortable, a pleasant little niche in the sun. And all that stands between us is this passport."

"There's a great deal more than a passport between us, Brenner," Steiner said.

"Very well," Brenner turned away abruptly. "For the moment we can't arrest you here in Austria. But the situation may change any day and when it does, you'll be glad to give us that information and on our own terms!"

It was the boy, Ludwig, who kept Steiner from thinking his own agonizing thoughts that night, the boy trying to stifle his sobs against his pillow.

"Homesick, baby?" Steiner asked Ludwig. "Where's your mother?"

"She's dead," the boy said bitterly. "She died in exile. My father's in Prague, I think. But how can I really know? How can I be sure of anything? There are people who can have their families around them, who can work, have dinner, drink a glass of wine and then go home to bed. But the spark of life called Ludwig Kern must sleep in prison or stumble through the woods in darkness, strangeness, alone, longing for company but afraid of everybody. Why? Our blood has the same temperature, our eyes are made alike, our nerves react alike and yet we're separated, it's like an abyss between us and them, a something called a passport, a scrap of paper."

It was no good for the boy to think like that, to talk like that. Only madness lay at the end of it. Steiner forced himself to speak brusquely. "When we get out of here I'll put you over the border to Prague. In the meantime better begin learning to look out for yourself. Get handy with cards, with your fists, get tough."

That was how their friendship began, there in the prison in Vienna. So that when they shook hands in the Czech woods after their dash past the customs barrier Ludwig felt he was losing his family a second time when Steiner told him he was going back to Vienna, the only place in the world he might get news of Marie.

The boy stared down at the silver Steiner left in his hand and shook his head.

"Go ahead, take it!" Steiner laughed. "I still have enough for myself. My luck at cards has been good lately. This is no joke, baby, but it might be worse. I've got a wife and you've got a father. They still care what happens to us. As long as we've got one person who does care, just one, it's all right. But don't look for favors. So long, baby."

He was gone then and Ludwig was alone again. And the aloneness grew in him on that hard road to Prague. He bought a peddler's pack and a supply of cheap perfume and soap with the money Steiner had given him and so again there was the bartering from door to door, the fear of hostile glances, the sleeping in the woods at night. Then Prague and the hope of seeing his father again to give him new courage even though that visit to the house which had been his father's last address had given him small reason for that hope. A slatternly-looking woman had only given him evasive answers but there was something in her manner that made Ludwig know she was lying.

He left his address with her and went back to his own lodging house. There at least there were others like him to turn to in hopeless comradeship, principally the man Marrill, whose bitter humor and philosophy were like a hand held out to him in the darkness. And it was then in that

"FLOTSAM" (United Artists)

Joseph Steiner.....Fredric March
Ruth Holland.....Margaret Sullavan
Marie Steiner.....Frances Dee
Ludwig Kern.....Glenn Ford
Lilo.....Anna Sten
Brenner.....Erich von Stroheim
Potsloch.....Joseph Cawthorn
Marrill.....Allan Brett

shoddy place he met the girl Ruth, who like himself was half Aryan and an exile but whose position was not quite so precarious as his since she had a permit to give her a temporary legal standing.

Even at that first sight of her Ludwig felt his loneliness lifting. This girl with her sad eyes, the luminous gray of a rain-swept sky, this girl with her hair the color of the wild honey he used to gather in his father's garden, this girl whose sweetly husky voice made music of her most casual words, this girl needed him. And because of that need Ludwig began finding in himself the strength she could lean on, the gaiety to bring the laughter back to her hurt eyes.

* * *

Baby: I'm taking a chance by way of General Delivery to say I've got a job with the Potsloch Amusements in the Vienna Prater. I'm a master magician, watchman, and dishwasher. If you ever get back to Vienna, drop in and I'll read your mind.

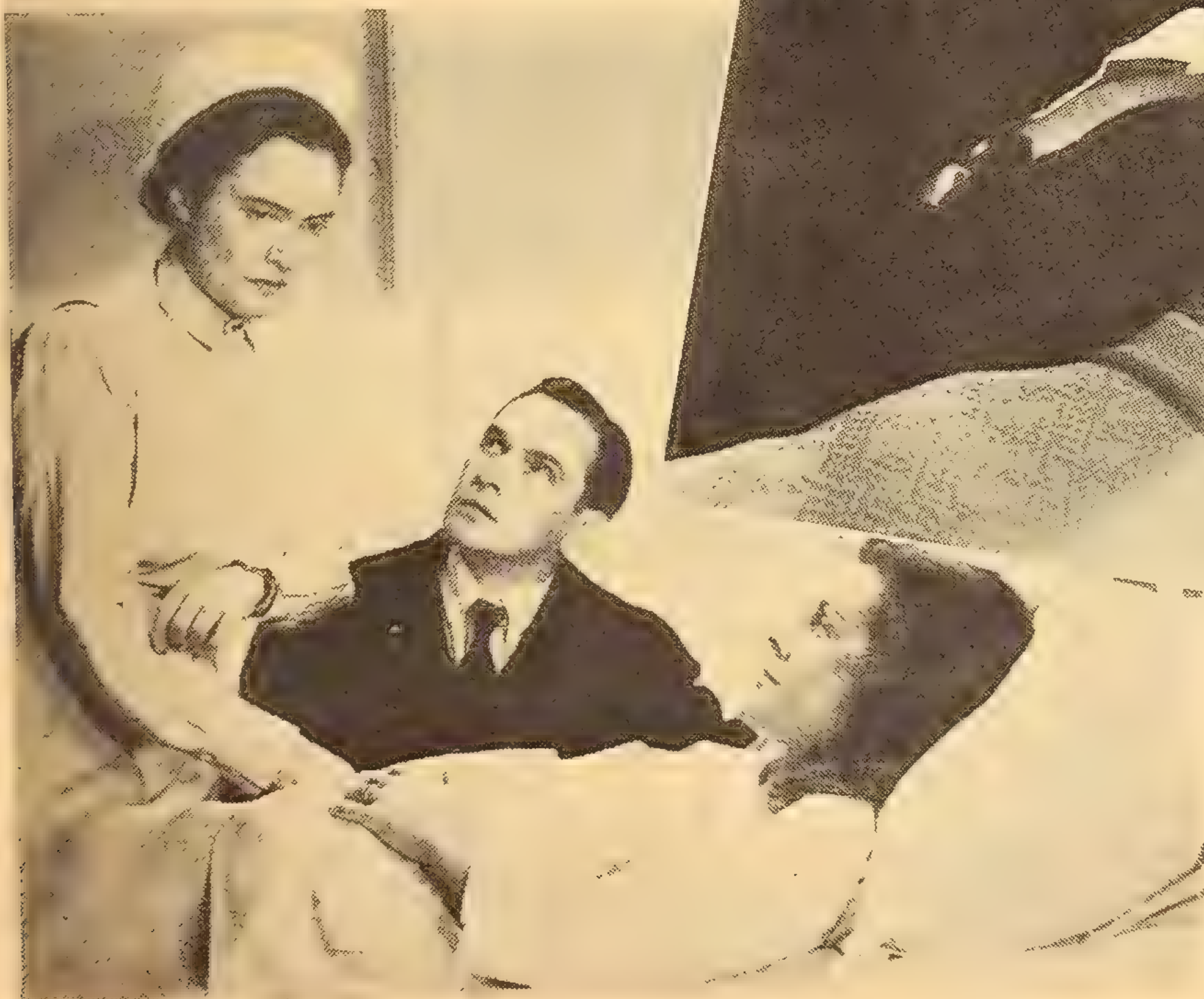
*Yours for cleaner and fewer dishes,
J. Huber.*

Steiner grinned as he signed his new name for the first time. Johann Huber! That would be his name now for the year the passport remained in force, the passport he had bought with the lucky money he won at poker. The gods had smiled at him again and so he could buy life from a dead man, for even the dead could give life when they had passports to leave after them, passports that could be sold in turn to the living dead. Maybe the dead were kinder than the living, giving their names, their right to work to derelicts like himself. But they couldn't give love or happiness. They couldn't give forgetfulness. And so there was always the memory of Marie to stand between him and the peace he could not find.

"Let me forget her, God," he prayed



Here are more scenes from the grim drama showing JOSEPH STEINER (Fredric March) as a prisoner of the Gestapo; MARIE (Frances Dee) doing her kitchen chores; JOSEPH kneeling at MARIE's bedside holding her hand; and another bedside scene with the suspicious nurse who deliberately informs the German secret police about JOSEPH's presence.



Editor's Note: Although the title of this picture remains "Flotsam" as we go to press, it may be changed before it reaches the screen. We will announce any change of title in the next issue.

once in his agony. "Marie, Marie—I've got to forget you, tear you out of my mind and eyes and blood. I've got to forget, forget!"

Ludwig had forgotten there could be such happiness in the world. It was only a week since he had met Ruth and yet that handful of days had become his life. Once, and what an extravagance that had been, he had spent all his day's earnings to take her to the movies. Then there were the museums, the aquarium, the band concerts in the park and all of them to be had for the taking.

But now it was all going to be taken away from him again. Ruth was going to Vienna. "I have to go before my permit expires," she explained. "I've been offered a place in a chemistry laboratory with an old professor of mine. It means a chance to go on studying."

"Maybe after I find my father, I'll be able to go back to Vienna," Ludwig tried to buoy himself up. "We might be able to see each other there."

He had thought of Vienna ever since Steiner's letter had come. For just as Ruth had come to mean all women and all love to him so had Steiner become all men and all friendship. Maybe soon they could all be together. Just thinking of it lessened some of his sadness that last evening with Ruth. He had wanted it to be so perfect, that farewell dinner of theirs, but now after they had ordered he knew he would not have enough to buy dessert. And Ruth was like a child in her fondness for sweets.

Then he remembered his peddler's stock of perfume. He always carried a bottle with him and his fingers closed on it now as he went over to the desk. "Would you let me have two apple strudel for this?" he asked holding it out to the proprietor.

The man glared at him. "Are you a guest here or a peddler?" he shouted. "There's just one prescription for you. The police!"

Ludwig saw Ruth's agonized eyes looking at the man getting up from the table next to her. There was no mistaking that man. He looked so typically German he could have been a caricature, swaggering toward Ludwig in that erect military walk, the duelling scar on his cheek white against his florid skin.

"You're a German exile, aren't you?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" Ludwig asked stiffly.

"I'll take the perfume and give you the coffee and cake." The man ignored the hatred in the boy's eyes. "I know you're suspicious. Let me explain. I live in Berlin

and I have to go back there, but I hate what's going on in Germany today and I'm ashamed of what they're doing to helpless people. I'd like to help you if you'd let me. It would make me feel better."

The boy hesitated only a minute. Then his hand went out to meet the other's. "I'm sorry. I thought something quite different about you," he said.

There was that memory then to help him after Ruth was gone, the kindness, the warmth, the heaped-up plate of pastry and the good hot coffee the man had sent over to them, the champagne he sent too and the improvised party hats they made for a grand occasion like this, the singing, the laughter, and underneath them all the tears that had lain there so close all evening.

For he had needed memories like that, of warmth like that when he found his father again. He was waiting for him at the lodging house that night Ludwig came back after seeing Ruth to the train and at first the boy did not recognize him, so old had he become, so tired and defeated. It didn't take long to tell what he had to say, that the slatternly woman who had greeted Ludwig so evasively was his wife.

"But why, father?" Ludwig faltered, remembering that gracious woman who had been his mother, the woman his father had adored.

"She—she nursed me, Ludwig," the broken old voice pleaded. "I couldn't stand it, living in the woods, the parks, being frightened all the time. If I married her they couldn't deport me and so—so—"

For a moment the boy couldn't speak, then he took that quick step toward him and his arms went around him. "I understand, father," he said.

There was nothing now to hold him in Prague and so that night Ludwig was on the road again. But it was weeks before he could make his secret way to Vienna again and Ruth was gone when he got there. Her old professor told him she had gone to friends in Switzerland and Ludwig waited only long enough to see Steiner and to celebrate their reunion in a café on the carnival grounds before he was on his way to Ruth again.

He thought he had remembered her, every changing color of her eyes, every cadence of her voice, but when he stood before her again he saw that she was even lovelier than he had remembered. "Why didn't you write to me?" he asked.

"I was afraid," she said slowly. "People like us have no right to anything. We've no business falling in love or getting married or having children or anything. So I thought I ought to get along by myself,

alone, with books and study as though we were in a laboratory, as remote and impersonal as science is, not caring about another human being. That's what I thought, Ludwig."

"You shouldn't keep on fighting so hard against being happy," he whispered, drawing her into his arms.

For a little time they were gay again. The friends Ruth was visiting were away and she brought out her host's evening suit insisting Ludwig should wear it even though it wrapped around him like a tent. And when she came toward him dressed in the evening gown that belonged to her girlhood friend he found himself trembling at the shining wonder of her beauty. It was almost as if it all belonged to them, in that moment, the room and the warm happiness the love holding them in that safe little secret world of their own. Ludwig lifted his brandy glass. "To you, Ruth," he said and then a longing for all the things that were gone came over him. "Do you think we'll ever have anything like this?" he asked. "A home and the right to work and to stay in the same place?"

"I don't know," Ruth whispered. "I can't even imagine it."

"Well, you wait!" he said then, and he was amazed at the confidence in his own voice. It sounded as if he believed it himself. "In five or ten years you'll be wearing dresses like this every evening and I'll be a famous surgeon in a frock coat with certificates of honorary citizenship in every pocket." He looked at her then. "I'm going to Paris," he said. "Remember Marrill in Prague? He's there. He said it was quite easy to get a permit to stay in France and find work."

"I'm going with you," the girl insisted breathlessly. "Now don't object! I've been an embarrassment to my friends long enough."

"All right, then," Ludwig smiled down at her. "From now on I'll look after you."

And so the road again, but it was easier now that Ruth was with him. Sometimes they went hungry when no one would buy from the pack slung over Ludwig's shoulder but there were the other times too, the happy, tender times. Warm fragrant nights sleeping under the stars, rainy nights in barns near the road and the sweetness of dried hay and the sound of the rain and their own voices singing and always the peace that came in just being together.

But it was over so soon, that peace. Ludwig was frightened that night he came back to the sheep fold where he had left her and found her shivering though the night was warm. It was not so hard when there



BRENNER (Erich von Stroheim), secret agent was leaning against the court room wall while JOSEPH (March) was being sentenced.



Laden with flowers for his beloved wife, MARIE (Frances Dee), JOSEPH waited at the reception room desk while he was announced.

were still things to do, running for the doctor in the neighboring town, bundling her few pitiful belongings together and helping the doctor carry her to his car with the urgency of her condition keeping him from thinking of himself. But after the hospital doors had closed behind her the aloneness closed heavily on him again.

He had told her he would come to the hospital every night at nine and wait below her window. And for nights he stood there looking up at the empty glass panes, wondering what was happening now in that dimly lighted room where he who was without a passport could not go and trying to fight down his fears as he waited. Then one evening there was her face at the window staring down into the darkness, her hands making a circle against the pane as she peered between them in that vain effort to see him. He lit a match and held it before him and he saw her smile come and the way she tried to wave at him and the weakness that came with the effort so she could only stand there holding on to the window sill. He lit more matches then, waving them at her jubilantly and when the nurse came to take her away he struck the rest of them and threw them up in the air and it was as if he had thrown his heart, afire with hope once more, up to her as she stood there.

It was that night the Nazi troops invaded Austria. And so when all the waiting was over and they made their way to Paris at last, Steiner was already there in Marrill's miserable quarters on the Left Bank. But there was no work in Paris after all. For France overrun with the new exiles from Austria was issuing only a few permits and Ludwig was unable to get one. But they pulled together all of them, sharing with each other whenever a few chance francs came their way. And Ludwig was happy until he learned one day from Marrill that a young Frenchman wanted to marry Ruth.

The boy urged her to do it. Through marriage she would become a citizen of France, she would have a home, a husband who adored her.

"My poor darling," Ruth only said. "What crazy things go on in your head! I love you, you idiot!" And then she was laughing that tender, husky little laugh of hers and sitting on his lap, kissing him. "Now do you believe me?" she demanded.

Steiner coming into the room felt the hot tears press against his eyelids. So it had been with Marie and him once, this tenderness, this closeness. And now it could never be there for him again for a refugee friend he had met that day had given him his long looked for news of Marie. She was dying in a hospital in Berlin.

He left telling only Marrill that he was going back to her, looking to that bought Austrian passport to see him through safely, but leaving some money that was to go to Ludwig and Ruth if he did not come back at a certain date. And so he was gone before the news of Ludwig's arrest for illegal entrance into France struck the little group with a new anxiety.

Marie looked so still lying there on the bed in the hospital room, then she saw Joseph kneeling beside her and her thin hand reached out and touched his cheek. "I want to feel you're really here," she whispered. "I've so often thought I've seen you, and then—"

Joseph's arms went around her and his tears came with her nearness. The nurse looked at him with sharp questioning eyes before she went out closing the door behind her but Joseph did not see her. So he was not prepared for the shock when he went out of the room at last and found Brenner and two storm troopers waiting for him.

"I presume you're planning a long stay, this time." His old enemy swept him a

mocking bow. "We have a new pleasure resort in Dachau, every conceivable, modern convenience."

This time Steiner held back his bitterness when Brenner questioned him at the Gestapo headquarters. There was no fight, no pride left in him. Only the desire that Marie should have peace in that little time left to her. He begged that the news of his arrest be kept from her and that he could be with her until she died. It would not be long, a day, two days at the most. "I won't escape," he said desperately. "The room's on the seventh floor and you'll have the door well guarded with the reliable nurse to listen to everything that's said."

"Will you tell the names of your friends if I make it possible for you to visit your wife for two days?" Brenner asked. "Will you give me two names today and the rest the day after tomorrow?"

"I will tell you all the names the day after tomorrow," Steiner promised.

It was on the second day that Marie looked up at him as he sat beside her bed. "Now, just when I am happy, when I could be with you, I must go," she whispered.

He leaned over and kissed her and he felt her lips growing colder and the thin arms holding him suddenly relaxed. "We will go together," he promised. But she had not heard. There was still that little half-smile on her lips, that tenderness in her eyes when the nurse looked at her startled and drew the sheet over her head.

Brenner was waiting at the door but Steiner did not speak as he walked beside him, the two storm troopers following a few paces away. Now that it had come he felt a strange happiness sweeping over him. He had never known such exaltation since the day long ago he had stood beside Marie at the altar. It took less than a second, that quick move forward, his fist catching Brenner under the chin and knocking him over the stairwell. And then himself jumping and his body making that sickening zig-zag before it crashed beside the other on the stone floor those seven flights below.

* * *

Marrill looked up as Ruth came into the room. For days she had kept up her fight to free Ludwig and her hope had given hope to all of them. Now there was only defeat in her eyes. "I've talked to a lawyer," she said wearily. "He could help Ludwig get a temporary permit but it will cost money, a lot more money than we have."

Marrill looked at her and from her to the calendar hanging on the wall. "You'll have enough," he said slowly. "Steiner asked me to give you this."

And so again it was the dead who gave life to the living.

Ludwig stared down at the permit Ruth brought to him in the visitor's room in the prison. But for the moment it could not bring him happiness, only that agonized sense of loss.

"He saved the money for us," Ruth whispered. "He said he wanted to help us stay together."

The boy looked at her and suddenly he no longer was ashamed of the tears he had been fighting so desperately. "Steiner wasn't afraid to hate evil," he said slowly. "He wasn't afraid to love and he wasn't afraid to die. That's all one has the right to ask for. I'll never run away again, even when this permit is through. God gave us the right to live, not a piece of paper. And from now on my passport's going to be inside me. Ruth," he held her face between his hands and looked deep into her eyes, "we'll get married now, while we have the right. Understand? Married! We won't have a home but we'll be together. We'll always be together."

"That's home enough, darling," she whispered. She took his arm then and they walked through the prison door into the free, brave world outside.

Lucky 13 Girl!

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the throbbing novitiate did two bits. In "The Women" she politely remarked, "Goodbye, Mrs. Haines; I wish you weren't going." In "Dancing Co-Ed" she was asked, "Are you going to have a baby?" and made the thrillingly dramatic response, "Uh-huh."

Even so, the casting director of Twentieth Century-Fox had by now seen a lot more than uh-huh in her, and in two shakes of a lambkin's contract whisked her from Culver City to Westwood Hills. After small parts, his discernment was far more than justified by her vibrant Czech wife in "Four Sons." Then she was put to work—and that meant plenty of rough work—as John Barrymore's leading woman in "The Great Profile." One of these days she is to be made the star of "Christobal." Her swift progress, like her tearing beauty, is enough to take your breath away.

If, by some strange magic of the spirit world, Jean Harlow and Thelma Todd were to return as one, their single lovely embodiment might well believably assume the shining bloneness of Mary Beth. Her vivid beauty hits you right between the eyes, just as it hit me across the table where we were having tea (alas, she drinks nothing stronger!) together.

"I was born with red hair," Mary Beth was saying, "but at five it turned white, then at seven I was a platinum blonde, and at eight, when I had measles, my hair turned yellow as butter, and ever since it has worked out from there." This was all so kaleidoscopic that there seemed to be a catch in it somewhere, most likely at the turning-white point. "Oh, that? My head was shaved on the wrong side for a mastoid operation, then on the right side, and afterwards the hair on both sides was white. You can see the scar." She bent her head and pulled back a creamy ear. But I saw no scar—wouldn't have admitted it in any case, even though the denial left a scar upon my truthful soul. "People think of a blonde as a heavy—oh yes, they do," she enlightened me, "and that's what I want to be. I don't care anything about playing a sweet part, because then I can't feel a scene I'm doing. Being blue, my eyes are black on the screen, and that helps a lot, gives them more expression. I've always wanted to play meanies. Guess it's because that's the opposite of what I am, for I've never had a temper spell in my life. But on the screen I want people to hate me."

As a subtle gesture, I passed the sugar. But Mary Beth deliberately mixed the bitter with the sweet. "At the premiere of 'Star Dust,' a woman I'd never even seen before turned to me and said, 'I don't like you.' 'I beg your pardon,' I replied, stiffening at the nerve of her. 'No,' she went on without turning a hair. 'You surely were nasty to Linda Darnell, and I don't like you at all.'"

It was useless to protest that at premières you never know who is next to you—no double meaning intended—for Mary Beth now was delighted to say: "On the night of the opening of 'Four Sons' at the Chinese Theatre my mother made a holy show of herself. In the scene where Don Ameche is in the barn when the soldiers come in to shoot him and I'm about to tell them where he is hiding, mother jumped up and yelled, 'Keep your mouth shut, don't tell!'"

Evidently strong emotion ran through the family, and with it, possibly, luck. "Yes," agreed Mary Beth. "I've told you how

lucky it was to have that agent follow me home the night before we intended leaving Hollywood for good. But I didn't tell you that I believe all the luck was due to the day and the date. I was born on Friday, the thirteenth. Thirteen is my lucky number. I was signed for pictures after having been in thirteen plays at school in Washington, D. C., and in Clifford Brooks' stock company. I did thirteen bits in pictures before getting my present contract. The only time I ever bet on a horse race I picked Number 13 and won \$96. It just seems that thirteen is always a winner for me."

In view of her whirlwind screen success, this thirteen-girl certainly qualified as Hollywood's luckiest. "When I played with John Barrymore, my luck was running true to form," she pointed out, "for his name has thirteen letters. Surprising as it may seem, I sort of saw this coming. You see, my grandmother, who went by the name of Flora Fosdick on the stage and in grand opera, was in a play with Ethel Barrymore, and at that time she said to me, 'All I want is to have you in a picture with John.' Already I have learned more about acting from him than I'd learned all the rest of my time in plays and pictures. And he's very gentle with me in this respect. No, he doesn't put me across his knee and spank me. That's out because it's copyrighted in the play we're burlesquing. Among other things, Jack takes me aside and talks to me before I do what he calls a thinking scene. 'Just think of it and how it makes you feel,' he tells me, 'then the camera will catch your thought and put it over.' Thanks to him, I've found this method not only successful but easy."

As to the hardest thing she had done in picture work, Mary Beth said surprisingly: "Smoking a cigarette. I'd never smoked before making a test for a Mickey Rooney picture. Not knowing how to do it, I just puffed. The director said I was clouding the scene and told me to inhale. I drew in a lot of smoke, but the strange part of it was that it never came out. So far as I know, that smoke's still inside me somewhere."

Gravely studying this potential human volcano, I was solicitous as to the possible effect of the inner smoke screen upon her health. "Oh, it couldn't be better. All I have to do is to keep going. I'm up at 6:30 whether working or not. And even when I'm in a picture I have neither breakfast nor lunch—just dinner. That's all I need. When at the Holy Cross Academy in Washington—though I'm not a Catholic—I ate four prunes every morning. The other girls called me Prunella. I kept on with prunes for thirteen years. You can see how that number came into my life at an early age and is staying there now that I'm twenty. (She doesn't look a day more than eighteen.) Food doesn't matter so far as my weight is concerned. It keeps about 120 pounds, which is all right for my five-foot-four. But if I stay in bed till eight for three or four days I gain ten pounds. Maybe that's because I've danced nearly all my life. That started when I was a little child and we moved from Alton, Illinois, where I was born, to St. Louis. There my dancing teacher couldn't remember my name of Elizabeth, so she called me Beth, and it's stuck to me ever since. At three I could dance on my toes. This was only natural, perhaps, as my grandmother, who is 76, can still do a toe-dance in her bare feet. She's a wonder. It's lucky for me that I did learn dancing early, for indirectly it got me into pictures. On the night of Friday, the thirteenth, when that agent noticed me—and nearly scared the life out of me—I had gone to Earl Carroll for the thirteenth time. That fact probably explains why, a few days later, he offered me the job of star dancer and mistress of ceremonies in



Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Mike Frankovitch (she's Binnie Barnes, you know) are pictured dancing at New York's Stork Club.

his popular night club at a nice salary."

And by now Mary Beth was drawing down a more than comfortably plump salary, with stardom staring her straight in the face. But she wasn't throwing her weight about, putting on any side. No, indeed. She was living in a little bungalow in West Los Angeles with her mother and no servants. Nor was there a swimming pool on the premises, only a narrow-chested garage and a car (old) in which to make the trip to and from the studio, a couple of miles away. Taking her all in all—and who wouldn't?—just a nice, simple gal.

"Going broke here has taught me to save my money," was her sensible way of looking at it. "Being broke, I didn't know how to get into the movies, but thought that you had to buy your way in. It certainly never occurred to me that, in dashing away from that man who was waiting for me, I was actually running right into them. That experience has made me believe, more than ever before, that I must keep physically active."

It developed that Mary Beth likewise keeps mentally active. "Learning lines has never bothered me. When I was three I memorized *The Night Before Christmas* and recited it at a church entertainment not only word for word but, and she laughed, "comma for comma and period for period. I put 'em all in! It's still like that with me—I remember everything. After reading a script three or four times, I know not only my part but all the parts. In 'Fast and Furious' they had no need of a script girl because I remembered everybody's lines as well as the clothes they wore and how they had worn them in previous 'takes.'"

This was no beautiful but dumb girl speaking matter-of-factly without any boasting. Here, over a cup of tea, was both beauty and brains.

Mary Beth smiled at something in her mind. It came out with: "Now and then, when the cameras were grinding, I whispered a word or two of his part to John Barrymore. Coming out of a scene one day, he said, 'My dear child, you will never know what a great help you have been to the poor nut sometimes flatteringly referred to as my head.' But don't think for a moment that I never lose mine. Not long ago I went completely haywire. For half an hour after getting the part of Anna in 'Four Sons' I screamed and cried. My two dogs felt even worse than I did, poor spaniels! When I got through throwing a fit their eyes, like mine, were wet from crying. But though I forget myself at times, I never forget my lucky thirteen."

Those Lovely Lines of Lamour's—and How She Keeps 'Em!

Continued from page 31

A daily dozen would bore me to death. If I had to do so many twists, so many one-two-three-kicks, so many rolls, thinking: 'This is for my hips, this is for my thighs, and this will slim my torso,' it would slay me!" she declared, from the other side of a plate of Canadian bacon, scrambled eggs and toasted muffin.

"I do what I enjoy doing, I eat what I please," she elaborated. "If anyone says to me: 'Do this and it'll do you good,' three-fourths of the benefit is gone for me. I don't want to do things that will do me good!"

"In a way I'm lucky, because I'm not fond of sweet things and I don't like breakfast. I begin every morning with a glass of hot water and lemon juice. I like the clean taste. If it happens to clear my complexion (as someone's just told me) that's okay by me! Then I have a cup of tea and that's that. No matter whether I'm working or on vacation, I can't eat first thing in the mornings."

If the working schedule is strenuous, Dorothy may drink a glass of milk with two egg yolks beaten up in it during the morning, or she may have a glass of fruit juice—pineapple, prune, orange or grapefruit. But as a rule, she eats breakfast dishes at noon, as she did today.

"I'll have fruit compote after my bacon and eggs," she told me. "Sometimes I have a yen for waffles and eat them. Sometimes, it's just a big salad. Oh, I have days when I think I'd like something rich and sweet, and when that happens, I eat it. I believe if you eat the food you like and enjoy it, it can't hurt you. Of course, you must be reasonable. You can't hope to stuff yourself three times a day and not gain weight. You must keep a rein on your appetite."

That's where technique comes in. When Dorothy goes dancing at night, she seldom eats her way through a dinner. She may swallow an *hors-d'oeuvre* before a dance and manage a single course between dances later on. But she has such vitality and enjoys dancing so heartily that no boy friend remarks about her light appetite.

"Sometimes at parties a hostess presses special dishes on her guests. When I'm not working and go social, I may attend a luncheon, a tea, a couple of cocktail parties, a dinner and a round of nightclubs in one day. If I ate much at each affair, I might have to worry about other lines than those in my scripts, so I've formed the habit of taking just a little food and making it last a long time.

"If you tell your hostess: 'I can't possibly eat that. I wouldn't dare!' she is offended, no matter how much she knows about Hollywood and how anxiously she eyes her own scales. The thing to do is to exclaim with rapture about each dish and tell her that you wouldn't miss her marvelous whatisit for worlds! Then take one, or a piece of one, taste it and make a big fuss about it so she knows you like it. You needn't eat four-fifths of a devil's food cake in order to show your friendship—a forkful will do."

We're a nervous people, according to Dorothy, and one result of nerves is that some of us eat more than we want. "We eat so fast when we're excited or nervous that we find ourselves sitting before an empty plate while the rest of the party is eating. Then we take more food so as not

to seem conspicuous and that vanishes. We don't want the extra food, but we don't know how to stop eating."

That's the time for technique. But if you can't get the hang of it and are beginning to agonize over the scales and the boy friend's attitude toward diet, Dorothy has a fresh hint for you. "A girl you all know who worked on the Paramount lot while I was making 'Moon Over Burma' had that problem," she remembered. "She was engaged to a prominent man not in pictures who simply couldn't understand studio rules about weight. She felt that her romance was more important than her career, but like a lot of girls she wanted both. I happened to be at her house when the boy friend called for her one evening. We were in her room and she was struggling to get into a dress he especially liked. It simply wouldn't come together at the waist. Do you know what she did? She marched downstairs, holding the dress at the belt with both hands and showed it to him, looking too pathetic for words."

"George," she said (his name isn't George but it'll do), "you must help me! You're so strong-willed, this couldn't happen to you. So I want you to keep me from eating too much. From now on, when we're out, you're the boss. It's up to you to make me over. I've simply got to be beautiful for you!" It worked like a charm. From that time on George has taken great pride in ordering nicely balanced meals, not letting her eat desserts and so on. I suppose you'd call that 'psychology,'" laughed Dorothy.

If you think the lovely Lamour has never varied a pound or even an ounce—*surprise!* Overweight piled up on those luscious contours just once—sixteen hearty pounds of it. "It was after my appendicitis operation," she recalled. "They kept me quiet and made me eat for so long that the scales scared me. My mother said I looked marvelous, but I felt like Man Mountain Dean. While I was gazing appalled into my mirror, I must have swallowed too hard and taken in a germ, for next thing I knew my throat hurt. I had my tonsils out, but a 'strep' bug bit me and pretty soon they were giving me intravenous feedings and building an oxygen tent around me. When I came to, I'd lost fourteen pounds over the original sixteen. I was so thin and ill that I had to go to Honolulu to recover."

Nobody, naturally, can recommend that Lamour method of overcoming poundage.

Script writers usually see to it that the young star gets plenty of exercise in pictures. They have her racing through jungles, running over beaches, leaping up hills or climbing trees. "In 'Moon Over Burma,'" she recalled, "I was chased by a cobra. First it ran me into a corner of a room and I had to climb a trellis to get away. When I was about as high as this ceiling, I felt myself losing my balance. I knew I couldn't fall on my back—a gorilla fell on me last year and nearly broke it, so I seized the side of the trellis and almost jerked my arm from my shoulder, but managed to fall so as to land on my feet. In another scene, they threw me up on a howdah on an elephant's back, and in another dunked me in an urn. I can't avoid that sort of exercise, but it's not the dull kind."

One of Dorothy's current admirers insists that Dorothy's chief trouble is nervousness. She admits it. "I used to dash through my days like a comet chasing its tail," she smiled. "I'd plan to do more things than I could manage and while I was planning I'd forget that it takes time to get from one place to another, and my list would run:

Hair-do—9 A.M.

Fitting—10 A.M.

Business date—11 A.M.

Brown Derby luncheon—12:30 P.M.

Lesson—1:30 P.M.

and so on with conferences, cocktail parties, dinner. I was always late, always nervous, overtired and tied in a knot inside. The first appointment might be all right, but I wouldn't be on time for the second because I hadn't left room to get there, and I'd be trying to catch up all day, maybe skipping lunch altogether and having a doughnut in my car or a hot dog or a coke. Then I'd stay up late and find I couldn't sleep for thinking of things I hadn't done.

"My friend talked to me quite seriously one day and told me I couldn't last in Hollywood unless I learned to relax. He was right. For me, sunbathing is the great relaxing agent. I can stand as much as four hours of it without harm. Some people can take only a little, so check with your doctor on this. At night, if I need relaxing, I drink hot milk and take a hot bath, hot as I can stand. Some people find a long walk at night induces sleep, but not me. It wakes me up. The night is so beautiful and I'm so stimulated by it that I can't let down afterward."

"I love to walk. Perhaps the only rule for figures that I ever follow is never to sit down after a meal. Somewhere in my childhood I heard that women who sit around after eating get fat, and it must have made a deep impression on me because I have the habit still of leaping up and doing something when I finish a meal. That's easy when I'm working, and it's easy to get up and dance in a night club. When I'm home, I usually take my Scottie for a run and we go from eight to twelve blocks, or I get his ball and throw it for him and we play together. Sometimes my mother and I play croquet. We have a set on our lawn and we're rather keen on it. No one can call it a strenuous game, but it keeps us from sitting down. Now and then I play a game of darts, which is also set up at home, but I don't play these games for exercise, I play for fun."

Dorothy recommends learning dances to records. She keeps dance records at home and in her studio dressing room and when she has a spare moment, she practices steps.

"I learned the hula in Hawaii, and I try to do it correctly and not just wriggle. I learned the rumba, too, and jitterbug dances, mostly for professional equipment, but dancing gives me pleasure and tones me up."

Sleep is a good weight barometer. If you're losing weight, sleep longer hours. If you're gaining, be an early riser. Dorothy sleeps from six to nine hours a night, according to how strenuous is her day.

"If I'm tired or upset, I don't eat," confided the star, "I wait till I've calmed down. I know violent emotion turns food into poison."

But Dorothy's most important tip, she thinks, is to do all your figure sculpturing in secret and never, never let the big romance know you aren't perfection!

Judy Garland's Gay Life Story

Continued from page 33

it was just like his words were dynamite. They blasted Mother and me right out of that hotel and onto the train and home. I kept saying, "Oh, he'll forget it—oh, he didn't mean it—oh, they won't want to see me!" but between us, in my bones I felt this is IT! It was what you call a premonition. I believe in premonitions.

And why not? For the call came. My first studio call! It just so happened that Mother wasn't home, so Daddy took me to the studio. It was the first time he'd ever done anything in a business way with us girls. He'd always left bookings and interviews and such to Mother. I'm glad, now, that he did go with me. I like to feel he brought me luck.

Well, we got to the studio and went into the casting office and there they stopped me, dead in my tracks! They said "No Babies Today!" I told them I was Judy Garland (they looked blank). I told them I had been sent for (they let me in).

I sang for half a dozen people. And finally I was sent to Mr. Mayer's office. I sang everything I knew for him, every song I'd ever heard in my life. Like always, you couldn't stop me! When I had exhausted my repertoire, and myself, and Mr. Mayer, he asked me: if I could sing *Eli, Eli*. I said yes, and proceeded to wail my head off. When I got all through, Mr. Mayer didn't say one word, good or bad. He didn't smile or he didn't frown or *anything*. He just said, "Thank you very much," and I walked out. And I thought, another false alarm!

When I got home and told Mom where I had been, she gave one loud, piercing scream, and said, "You *didn't* go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer looking like THAT?" I said I did and I think she would have fainted, had she been the fainting kind. But three days later, the phone rang. I was told to come to Metro and sign my contract. I was just thirteen then. And it was the biggest day in our lives. I remember how, that evening, Mom and Daddy and I just stayed at home. We didn't even have one of our usual celebrations. We didn't need ice-cream and store cake to make *that* evening a party! We were too happy to celebrate. I'm glad we were like that, that night, just the three of us, alone. For it wasn't to be the three of us, much longer.

Of course I went around in a daze, thinking, What will my first day be like? Will I play love scenes with Clark Gable? Who will I meet? Will everyone realize I'm a movie star? Where will I go first?

Guess where I *did* go first, for Pete's sake? Right to *school*! Much to my rage and disgust and amazement (I've always just detested school) that's where I went! It helped a lot to have Mickey there. "Hi, you again!" that's the way we greeted each other. And Deanna Durbin was there, Gene Reynolds, Terry Kilburn, quite a few of the kids. But especially, of course, it was fun to be with Mickey again. I remember how, that first day, he took me on a tour of the studio lot.

On our tour we saw Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Bob Young—and *Clark Gable*! Mickey practically had to support my tottering footsteps after I saw Mr. Gable. I remember him saying, "Gosh, dames are awful silly!" just because I acted up over Mr. Gable, as who wouldn't?

But to jump ahead a little (I told you I wouldn't be able to write a proper autobiography) my first real beau was Jackie Cooper. My first real crush. The first time I ever counted daisy petals and read poetry and sang sad songs with a "meaningful" look in my eyes was over Jackie Cooper. I had to maneuver ways to get to see him. And I did. Just the way I maneuvered with Galen Rice, when I was *very* young. Like I found out that Jackie was going to a party at Edith Fellowes' house. Now, I hadn't seen or talked with Edith for *ages*. But I soon fixed that! I called her on the phone and was just too chummy for words. And I talked and I talked. Every time it looked as though we'd just have to hang up, I'd think of something else I just had to tell her. I talked until I am sure she invited me to her party just to shut me up.

Well, Jackie took me home from the

party! It took me all evening to work that, lots of songs and sad eyes and such acting as I have *never* done on the screen! And boy, when he took me out to his car and I saw it was a chauffeur-driven car, did I ever feel like Lady Vere de Vere! Whoops, I thought, this is the life, a boy with a car and a chauffeur. We got home and, Jackie being a perfect gentleman, he escorted me in. What was my horror to walk into the living room and find my Mother and Dad *down on the floor*, counting the nickels and dimes which were Dad's box-office "take" for the evening! Jackie said, in a whisper, "What do your folks do, run a slot-machine?" I was SO mortified!

My first grief came soon after I'd signed my movie contract. It was my Dad's leaving us. Something I never thought could happen, something I know never would have happened, for any lesser reason than Death. He had meningitis. He went away in three days. One of the things that hurts now is knowing that if it had happened to him a little later, he might have been saved. Because now sulfanilamide is a cure for meningitis. But then, there was nothing they could do for him, they didn't know what to do. I had thought I was heart-broken many times before that. Now I knew what heartbreak *really* feels like. It makes you grow up, a thing like that, a loss that's deep and forever.

I did my first broadcast the night Daddy went to the hospital. We didn't know, of course, that he was anything like as ill as he was. It was on KHJ, Big Brother Ken's Program, and I recited "Boots" and sang *Zing go the Strings of my Heart*. I didn't have any mike fright at all. I never have any fright, mike or camera or stage. Anything that's entertaining, anything that's *theater* makes me feel right at home.

Well, my first screen appearance, as I am *afraid* some people will recall, was a short called "Every Sunday Afternoon," which Deanna and I made together. Deanna sang opera. I sang swing. We would both like to forget that sorry little shortie—but as I am putting down all the first things in my life, I can't skip that, much as I should like to. Then I made my first, full-length picture, "Pigskin Parade." I should also like to have amnesia when I recall *that*! I was loaned to 20th Century-Fox for that picture and it was in that I saw myself, for the first time, on the screen. I can't TELL you! I was so disappointed I nearly blubbered out loud. I'd imagined the screen would sort of "magic" me. Well, I never got over it, I hated it so badly! I'd expected to see a Glamor Girl, as I say, and there I was, freckled, fat, with a snub nose, just little old kick-the-can *Baby Gumm*! And I tried so hard, I acted so forced—ohhh, it was revolting! It didn't help a bit that Mom and the director and lots of people said I was good.

But I get over things pretty quickly. Someone once told me I have a "volatile element" in me, whatever that means. Anyway, I started to work very hard. The studio began "grooming" me, I learned how to walk, how to carry myself better, I got to know the other players on the lot. And I began to work with Mrs. Rose Carter, who was engaged by the studio as my private tutor.

For the first time in my life, school-work became a pleasure. For instance, I had never been able to do geometry, it was plain nightmare to me. Well, Mrs. Carter found out how I love art, drawing and all, and she explained that geometry is nothing but a series of drawings worked out in figures instead of colors. I soon discovered I could solve angles, no matter how intricate. Then, thanks to Mrs. Carter, I learned to appreciate Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Verdi. Now I have a collection of 2500 records, including the classics and

swing. It was Mrs. Carter who put me wise to the fact that modern fiction is pale stuff compared with history. She encouraged me not only to love art but to *do* something about it, to sketch and paint and draw. That first year, on Mother's Day, my gift to Mom was a portrait of Dad that I made from an old tintype.

It's skipping way ahead to tell you about my graduation—anyway, last June, right after I was eighteen, I went into my dressing room (which was also my schoolroom) one day and there was Mrs. Carter, packing away books and portfolios and things, like mad.

"What are you doing, Rose?" I asked.

"Doing!" said Rose, "why, I'm getting rid of these pesky school-books! Isn't this a sight your eyes have been sore to see? Don't you realize you are through with them, forever?"

And then, of all things, I began to cry! If anyone had ever told me I'd cry at sight of some vanishing school-books I'd have committed them to the loony-bin. But I just blubbered, "I'm sorry I'm through and—but—well, if I *have* to be through, I want to graduate with a—with a *class*. I want to be like other girls my age, at my graduation, anyway!"

So, I did graduate with other girls, like other girls. On June 26th, 1940, I was a member of the graduating class of University High School. And I wasn't one speck different from any of the other 249 girls! I wore a plain blue organdy dress, like they all did, and carried a bouquet of sweetheart roses, just like the others. The flowers were provided by the school and I've got one of them pressed in my scrap-book. I almost missed my place in line, too, because Mother sent me a lovely corsage of mystery gardenias and Mickey sent me a cluster of *orchids* and I had to dash into the audience and explain to Mom that I *loved* the corsages but I just *couldn't* wear them. "I can't be different from the other girls, Mom," I said, "please don't be hurt, but that's the way it is." Mom understood, like always. I wouldn't even let Mickey come to my graduation. I certainly *would* be "different," for Pete's sake, if I'd had Mickey Rooney at my graduation! And I wouldn't have any cameramen there, or anything—and it was all wonderful.

But now I have to go back three years, just a little hop, to the lots of first things that began to happen then. The first time I met Mr. Gable, in particular! Well, the way it happened, I was in Roger Eden's office one day (Roger is a musical coach at the studio, and my instructor) and I



When Chaplin came to New York for the premiere of "The Great Dictator," he managed to visit some of Manhattan's gay night spots. Charlie is pictured at the Stork Club with cafe society's Nancy Mae Woodbury.

begged him to let me sing *Drums in My Heart* which he had arranged for Ethel Merman. He told me I was too young and unsophisticated to sing a song like that. Now, I have a quick, fiery temper and you know how a girl *hates* to be told she is "unsophisticated," not to mention "young," migosh! So I just stormed out of his office and then cooled off, *right* off, like always, and came meekly back again. And Roger suggested that we compose a song just for me. He said, "Now, what or whom, would you like to sing about?" And I said, quick-like, "Mr. Gable!" And Roger looked as if he was trying not to laugh and so then we made up the song, *Dear Mr. Gable*.

Well, it was Mr. Gable's birthday, the first day I met him. Roger took me on the set of "Parnell," which Mr. Gable would like to forget but I have to just mention it, and I sang *Dear Mr. Gable* to him—and he cried! Imagine making Clark Gable cry! Imagine being *able* to! And then he came up to me and he put his arms around me and he said, "You are the sweetest little girl I ever saw in my life!" And then I cried and it was simply heavenly!

Just a few days after this, came my first pieces of real jewelry—my charm bracelet from Mr. Gable. It's all tiny, gold musical instruments, a tiny piano, harp, drums, violin and so on—and the only other charm is a teentsy golden book which opens and there is Mr. Gable's picture in it and an inscription which says: "To Judy, from her fan, Clark Gable." As long as I live and no matter how many jewels life may bring me I'll always keep that bracelet, along with the little diamond cross my Dad gave me on my last birthday before he died, and my first wrist-watch which was from Mother.

My first premiere came along about this time, too. It was "Captains Courageous" and it was at Grauman's Chinese Theatre and I went with Mickey! I wore my first long dress and my first fur coat, a gray squirrel which I wore for daytimes and evenings, too. When I was seventeen, Mom gave me a ruby fox which I was only allowed to wear on special occasions and when I was eighteen she gave me my wonderful, white fox cape, full length! I got my first car on my seventeenth birthday, too, a *red* job, like I'd dreamed.

But I was talking about my first premiere—Mickey sent me a pikaki lei instead of just a commonplace corsage. Pikakis are like small, white orchids, only with a heavenly fragrance, and they grow only in the tropics and Mickey'd had them flown over by Clipper from Hawaii!

I suppose I'd call that first premiere my first date, too. And if there is anything more important than a first date in a girl's life, I don't know what it is.

Here's what I think about a first date: first of all, a girl should *act her age*. I mean, if you are fifteen or sixteen, you shouldn't go out looking as though you had just graduated from kindergarten, of course, but neither should you try to look like a Senior in the Glamor Girl School. If you are wearing your first long dress, or even any new dress, I think it's a swell idea to try it on several evenings before your date, just to sort of get acquainted with it. So that you can practice being nonchalant. So you won't fall on your face when you go into a theater or restaurant. And I don't think First-Daters should overdo the make-up stuff, either. I know I used just a little, thin powder, just a touch of rouge because the excitement made me look like the ghost of my grandmother. And a very light dash of lipstick. And NO MASCARA! 'Cause if you forget and rub your eyes or laugh until the tears come, your face gets all smudged up. Most of all, on a date, I think a girl should *be herself*. It's a temptation not to be, I know. I've had my moments when I thought I'd try

to act like Marlene Dietrich or even Garbo. And then I'd figure that it was my natural self, such as I am, that attracted my date in the beginning, so why take a chance on changing into something *he* might not like as well?

Well, anyway, lots of first things were happening, three years ago, like I said—I played in "Broadway Melody of 1938" and that was the first *real* step forward in my Career. Not to mention that it was then that I first met Robert Taylor!

Then I made "Love Finds Andy Hardy" and I really believe that's my favorite of my pictures. Mickey and I had lots of fun together while we were making that, same as we had fun making "Strike Up the Band"—we'd tear down to the beach week-ends and "do" the amusement piers, and we'd come home loaded to the gills with Kewpie dolls and Popeyes. Mickey is an expert shot with the rifle and I'm a dead-eye aim with baseballs, so we'd be pretty even-Stephen on prizes.

We had our "crowd" by this time, too—Mickey, of course, Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Bob Stack, Rita Quigley, Helen Parrish, Ann Rutherford, Leonard Suess, most of them were in our gang then and are now—and in the evenings we'd get together at my house or one of the other kid's houses and we'd play records, dance, "feed" on hot chocolate, chili and beans, wienies, brownies, pop-corn, cokes, our favorite items of "light" refreshment!

We had jolly times, we still do—it was mostly all fun and nothing very serious. We'd all sort of date each other, I'd go out with Mickey, with Jackie, later with Bob Stack; the other girls would go out with them, too; there were very few jealousies—we were pretty deadly in earnest about our work—of course, I often thought I was in love—but I used to worship people from afar more than those who were dunking their doughnuts in my hot chocolate. I'd have crushes on people who thought I was a little girl—my doctor, for instance, I was *insane* about him—he's fifty, I think! And every time I'd have a crush, I'd think, this is real love! But in saner moments I know I have never *really* been in love, I always recover too quickly. Columnists and gossip are always trying to make out that I'm serious, about Bob Stack, for instance, or Dan Dailey, or this one or that. But *I'm not, I never have been and I don't intend to be*, for quite some time to come!

Now, let's see—dear me, I *hope* I'm getting what serious biographers call "chronology" into this manuscript! Well, after I was fifteen, first things happened to me so sort of fast and furious, I get *addled*. Anyway, two very important first things come in here, I know—I played *Dorothy* in "The Wizard of Oz" and *that* was a dream I'd dreamed ever since Daddy read the "Oz" stories to me, back-stage, when I was just a kid. And just before I stopped being Judy and became *Dorothy*, I built—my own home! It's sprawling and it's white and it's surrounded by trees and flowers and a tennis court and, this year, we put in a swimming pool which is the rendezvous, every Sunday afternoon, for the crowd. My bedroom is all done in chartreuse and brown and the walls are lined with my favorite books. I have my own dressing room and bath, too.

Well, when I made "Wizard of Oz" not only did I actually live in the Emerald City, not only did I pinch myself black and blue every day to make sure I was awake, not dreaming, but also *Dorothy* won me my first Academy Award for a performance by a Juvenile Actress! And Mickey presented me with the golden statue. Mickey and the statue looked like they were swimming, because of the tears in my eyes.

Next I think of "Babes in Arms" and, especially, of the preview which was at



With this smartly styled coat-dress which she wears in "One Night in the Tropics," lovely Nancy Kelly dons a beige felt pompadour turban, edged with mink in halo fashion, and she carries a large muff of matching mink.

Grauman's Chinese and which was the first premiere of one of my pictures that I ever attended. Again with Mickey, naturally. And that was the night I was invited to put my foot-prints and hand-prints in the forecourt of the theater. Mickey's were already there and, of course, Clark Gable's, Harold Lloyd's, Shirley Temple's, oh, all the *big stars*!

I wanted to look glamorous that night, as I had never wanted to before, or since. Well, I bite my fingernails and I felt sick because I couldn't have long, glittering ones like Joan Crawford's. So the manicurist fixed me up with artificial ones. After I placed my hands in the wet cement I went into the theater and after awhile I thought a creeping paralysis had set in, beginning with my fingers! They felt all numb and heavy. I was in a cold sweat until we left the theater and then I realized some of the cement had got under my nails and *hardened on the false ones*! I went to a party afterwards feeling like Dracula's daughter, with talons! The next day I had to have them *chopped off*! That was my first and last attempt at being glamorous.

After "Babes in Arms" the studio sent Mickey and me to New York on a personal appearance tour. We did six shows a day so, of course, we didn't have much time to sight-see. Mom said 10:30 was curfew and Mickey kept to that schedule, too. But we did manage to spend one evening at the Rainbow Room. We wanted to know how it felt to dance "on top of the world." That trip was the first time I really shopped in New York, too. Boy, did I sweep in and out of Fifth Avenue's finest! It was the first time I bought semi-grown-up clothes.

And that was the time Fred Waring asked me to appear as a guest on his radio program. Of course I accepted, thinking he just wanted me to say "hello." Do you know what he did? He had his entire program dedicated to *me*! And his theme song for the evening was *Over the Rainbow*, which happens to be my favorite song. So I sang all the songs from "The Wizard of Oz" for him and a good time was had by all, most especially by me!

Oh, and I must tell about my sixteenth birthday. We had a party at my house and my brother-in-law, Robert Sherwood, brought along his La Maze orchestra. Mickey was master of ceremonies and we staged an entertainment program of our own. I sang two numbers, and Jackie, Bonita, Ann, Helen, Buddy Pepper, all of them did turns. We had a ping-pong tournament, too, and Mister Rooney walked off with the honors! At midnight we served

a buffet supper. I wore a new, white shark-skin sports dress, with flowers applied on the pockets. And in my hair I wore the gardenias which Mickey sent me—oh, and in the midst of the festivities, two blue lovebirds in a blue and white cage were delivered to me. And the card attached read, "Happy Birthday to My Best Girl, Judy—Clark Gable."

But I guess the *most* important first thing that happened in 1938 was that, for the first time, I became an aunt! Jinnie says it's really a little more important that *she* became A Mother than that I became an aunt. I wouldn't know about that. I only know that I always wanted to be an aunt. And that the circumstances of my aunt-hood befell me under circumstances which were pretty extraordinary! 'Cause I was in the hospital, too! It was right after my automobile accident. One bright morning, a few days later, my nurse told me she was going to take me "visiting." She bundled me into a wheel-chair and we headed for the "baby floor." There, for the first time, seen under glass, so to speak, I first beheld my first niece, Judy Gayle Sherwood, my name-sake as well as my niece! Born in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital while I'd been recovering from my accident—both of us under the same roof!

So now, I guess, I'm pretty much up to the Present. I made "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante" and then "Strike Up the Band." And did we have ourselves a time, Mickey and I, while we were making that. After doing our "Conga" number, talk about being in a lather! Between scenes, Mickey'd mostly play the songs he was writing to me, and I'd make recordings for him and all. I was *just* like the character in the picture, where Mickey was concerned.

And now I'm playing my first grown-up, dramatic character part in "Little Nellie Kelly." I even *die* in "Nellie." And—and this is a VERY important first in my life, *I play my first grown-up love scene* in this picture, too! I'm really blushing even as I write about it. I, who have said I was never embarrassed on the stage, in front of a mike or a camera, take it all back now. George Murphy plays my sweetheart (and my husband, I play a dual rôle, too!) in the picture. And he was certainly the most perfect choice, for he is so kind and tender and understanding—and humorous, too. But just the same, after we made that love scene, I didn't know what to *do* or where to *look*. I'd just kind of go away between scenes because I *couldn't* look at him. He kept kidding me, too, saying he felt like he was "in Tennessee with my child-bride!"

And—well, my goodness, I guess that's about all! I guess a girl hasn't *much* of a Life Story when she's just eighteen because, of course, she hasn't had much life! Although I do think I've had quite a Past and I know I'm old enough so that it's been fun to Remember. And I also know that, at the end of my first eighteen years, as I write "Finis, The End" to my First Life Story, I'd like to say some Thank You's, quite a lot of Thank You's—first of all to Mom and Daddy, of course, for all the things they did for me, for everything they were and are to me; and to my sisters for their patience with me, and the fun we had; and to Mr. Mayer for believing in me; and to Mrs. Carter and Roger Eden and all the directors who have helped me and all the people who have worked with me—and to Mickey, naturally—I don't know what *for*, just for being Mickey, I guess—and to all the magazine and newspaper people who have been so kind to me—and to my fans, who are my friends, and who have made me what I am today—to—well, to just about everyone and everything—yes, to everything and everyone who have made my first eighteen years of being alive so swell, and such fun!

The Dice Are Rolling for Dennis Morgan

Continued from page 34

about it. Suddenly he was cast in the picture and given that song to sing. Here was his chance to show the studio and the world at large that Nelson Eddy and Allan Jones hadn't the only voices in pictures. Here was his chance to really get going. When the picture was released, only long-shots of him were shown—and the voice that issued from the microphone was Allan Jones! "I still don't know what happened," he says. "I made a good recording of the number and they never used it—never told me why." (And let me say here, there is no one more critical of his own voice than Dennis—no one quicker to admit when he's not in good voice.) "Dick," he finished earnestly, "let's not talk about it. That's the one period of my life I want to forget. No one can imagine what a nightmare I lived through."

I said he had been signed because of his voice. He'd been singing around Chicago in churches and on the radio when Mary Garden heard him and signed him to appear with her in "Carmen." He knows little French but learned the score and text in three weeks—learned it sufficiently well that La Garden, who lived for years in France and speaks French like a native, complimented him on his French accent. For some reason she never gave the opera but when M-G-M later engaged her as a talent scout she got Dennis a contract.

To date, with the exception of two songs in the relatively unimportant "State Cop," he has never sung on the screen. But I have heard him sing in private and the reports of his voice are no press agent's idle dream. Every time I see him or think of him I'm reminded of that old story of the man who couldn't decide between the beautiful girl and the opera singer. He finally married the singer. The next morning he awakened, glanced at his bride, saw the ugly face and stringy hair and, thinking of the beauty he might have had, woke her and yelled, "For God's sake, *SING!*" And that's how I feel about Dennis. So much has been written of his voice I want to hear him really cut loose.

Dennis seems singularly unconcerned about singing on the screen. "I don't care much for opera," he admitted. "I like to listen to the music but the plots and the acting are so blamed *passé*. Once in a while I like to sing one and really ham it up. The part I'd like most to do—and have never done—is 'La Bohème.' The studio talks constantly of reviving 'The Desert Song' and casting me in it but even that seems a little dated. The operetta I'd really like to do is 'The Student Prince.' I don't believe a more beautiful light opera score has ever been written."

A cursory glance at him would lead you to believe he was a good-looking, self-centered kid. Actually, he thinks less of his looks than almost any man I know and, inside him, he is as sentimental as a debutante over her first corsage. That's another paradox!—his ancestors were Scandinavian, Scotch and Dutch—and whoever heard of any of those races being cursed with an overdose of sentiment?

Born in Prentice, Wisconsin, on Dec. 20, 1910, the son of Frank and Grace Morner (the former a lumberman and banker), his childhood was fairly uneventful. It was not until he entered Carroll College and started playing football that he really began to live. Summers, to keep in condition, he worked in his father's lumber camps, felling trees, working on the booms where the logs are unloaded and go skittering down a ramp into the water, driving mule teams, etc.

"Oh, a mule-skinner, eh?" I jeered.



Dennis Morgan and Ginger Rogers in a tender love scene from "Kitty Foyle," film version of Christopher Morley's novel.

"Well, we used horses," he temporized, "but I guess it's the same difference."

During his college career he was soloist on the glee club. "In order to get my degree," he explains proudly, "I gave the entire 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' reading all parts. I had done some dramatics but I got no degree in that."

As soon as he finished college he married Lillian Vedder with whom he had gone to high school. It was just after this, when he was wondering what to do next, that his singing teacher, Alexis Baas, gave him a letter of introduction to the casting agent of the Chautauqua Circuit. Dennis was engaged and went out in a tabloid version of "Faust." "I think," he volunteered, "my company was probably the last that ever toured that circuit. There were five principals, a pianist and no chorus in the troupe. Each principal sang two or three parts. I had to lead, but that wasn't all. We couldn't afford to take regular scenery—'flats,' etc.—so we used drop curtains. It was also my job to hang them, as the local talent in the houses we played never seemed to catch on to the art of hanging drops—particularly not for the first performance."

When the tour was ended he walked into one of the broadcasting stations in Milwaukee, introduced himself and sang several numbers. He remained with that station on a "sustaining program" (a program that fills in time but which has no sponsor, the pay being necessarily small on account of it) for a year and a half. "I not only sang," he elaborates, "but I also ran one of those horrible programs where the man not only accompanies himself on the piano or organ, but recites poetry as well. You know, *Let me live in a house by the side of the road* —."

Finally he got a job singing at the old Palmer House in Chicago. The Palmer House is a sedate old hotel with a "name" and class patronage. Their *Empire Room* had never been open later than 9:30 (for the dinner trade) but one New Year's Eve they turned it into a night club and put on a floor show that Dennis opines must have cost four or five thousand a week, with himself as featured soloist.

"One act after another came on and died on the vine," he chuckles. "Everyone was hilarious and no one was paying any attention to the entertainment. Finally it was my turn. I came out and wondered what the deuce I should do. No one even noticed me so I got sore and thought, 'I'm not going to wreck my lungs and vocal chords

singing to this bunch, so I just mouthed the words of my song, gesturing as I went. A couple in front of me stopped dancing to watch. They saw my lips moving but they couldn't hear anything. At the end of the song I hit a high note, hit it true and held it. By that time a lot of other couples had stopped and were looking, too. I guess it was finally hearing something and realizing they weren't as far gone as they believed that did the trick, but they cut loose with applause such as I have seldom heard. I sang seven numbers before I finally got off the stage and you could have heard a pin drop during any one of them. The manager told me it was the greatest piece of showmanship he had ever seen—and all I had in mind was that I was sore and wouldn't ruin my voice trying to drown out the noise! I stayed there over a year and it was during that time I met Mary Garden.

"Another funny thing happened to me since I came to Hollywood. Every year, you know, there is a charity baseball game between the comedians of the screen on one team and the leading men on the other. Last year after we played in Los Angeles we went to San Francisco. It's always been one of my secret ambitions to play big time baseball. Well, the first time I was at bat Bob Hope was pitching. Bob's pitched balls are not as fast as his wise-cracks and by the time the ball got to the plate it was going so slow I could have caught it bare-handed. I caught it right on the nose and lammed it into the center field bleachers for a homer. Next time I was at bat some ex-pro from San Diego was pitching. He struck me out one, two, three but it was a gag game, anyhow, so I yelled, 'Come on, give me another.' He did and darned if I didn't knock it right into the same place! Babe Ruth was never more leisurely than I, trotting around those bases. Of course, playing ball on a professional diamond was a kick but some sports writer who had discovered DiMaggio wrote it up and addressed an open letter to the managers of the big leagues: 'I gave you DiMaggio, now I recommend Morgan!'"

Dennis used to read omnivorously—novels, biographies, poetry, anything. But he says these late novels that run from five hundred to a thousand pages when they could be advantageously condensed to half their length, get him down and he hasn't read a book in two or three months. He shoots golf in the seventies, plays a swell game of tennis, swims, rides, fishes and hunts. Unfortunately, there never seems room for but one enthusiasm in his life at a time. He used to prefer tennis to golf but shot a good round of golf once and gave up tennis entirely. A couple of months ago someone inveigled him into a tennis game and now he's given up golf.

He likes to dance and goes to the Coconut Grove frequently, passing up the more fashionable Ciro's and Victor Hugo's because, he says, people who go to the Grove go there because they want to dance, whereas those who go to the other places go because they want to be seen.

One of his closest friends is Big Boy Williams and he waxes vehement on the subject because he thinks "Big" is a swell actor who's never been given a decent chance and because he thinks Big is not only a sophisticate but "a fine fellow who isn't appreciated."

At the moment of our interview he was all hot and bothered because he was "up" for the lead opposite Ginger Rogers in "Kitty Foyle." "Wouldn't that be a swell break!" he exulted, and then sobered up: "I hope I get it but whether I do or don't isn't important. The fact that I'm even being considered for it is what counts. It shows the dice are rolling for me."

P. S.—He got the job.

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Why Can't Glamor Queens Hold Their Men?

Continued from page 27

all, lost her bridegroom after a few weeks of marriage. Dottie Lamour lost Herb Kaye and, later, Bob Preston. Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund have *phffted*, after one year, one secret year, of marriage. Alice Faye watched Tony Martin do a fade-out from her life. Or Tony watched Alice fade-out, what does it matter? Joan Crawford said goodbye to young Douglas Fairbanks, later to Franchot Tone. Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas F. dated briefly, and then no more; ditto young Doug and Marlene. Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson are 3000 miles apart. Bette Davis and George Brent romanced but briefly. Ann Sheridan, whether she cared or not, didn't hold her first husband. Dolores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons are dividing the books. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres have gone far distant ways. Lola Lane and Lew Ayres were briefies. And if you want to go farther back into hysterical history, you will recall that Gloria Swanson, such a *femme fatale* as makes all others look like raw recruits, lost three or four husbands along the line of march . . . that Estelle Taylor, richly and darkly provocative, lost Dempsey from her ring . . . and Kay Francis, also darkly and richly beautiful, dropped some four spouses by the wayside . . . Pola Negri, so far as we know, is not exactly geared for a Golden Wedding Day . . . and while the majority of these white witches, brewers of Black Magic, you would think, are married again, sometimes more than once, or have found happiness several elsewhere—the amazing thing is that in almost every case, the husbands or the boy friends, far from being rendered disconsolate by what you might suppose would be their irremediable loss, have also gone on to other marriages and other romances!

If these Glamor Girls are distillers of all the desirabilities; if they are, as they appear to be, philters of maddening seduction, why don't the men-they-do-not-hold cry out, "I would give all other bliss and my worldly worth for this, to lose my whole life in one kiss upon her perfect lips!"? But they don't. If just a *few* among them went slightly berserk, made some little, decent show of breaking their hearts—but no. Tony Martin is now "hearting" with Lana Turner. May be hearting elsewhere on the morrow. Gene Markey's social life, with feminine companionship, continues suavely apace. Franchot Tone has certainly not gone into emotional eclipse since he and Joan rifted. And so it goes, like crazy.

If anything, it seems to be the girls who carry torches and break their hearts. I can't think of a single Romeo who has got silver in his hair or dances with tears in his eyes after having lost, or been lost by, a Glamor Girl. On the other hand, it's said that Ginger Rogers has never married again, is practically a recluse, because she is still carrying the torch for Lew Ayres. Lew, who has carried so many torches since Ginger (Helen Gilbert, Greer Garson, etc.) that he can practically see to read by them at night. It is said that Dottie Lamour took it hard, and to heart, when she and Herb Kaye first said their last goodbye. Herb, on the other hand, just carried his new bride across the threshold. I'm told that Alice Faye is still in love, very much in love, with Tony Martin, that her idea of the End of a Perfect Day is to sit at home, alone, and listen to his records! It's rumored that Lana Turner was really in love with Greg Bautzer and it just doesn't seem *reasonable* that a Turner, turned out like Lana, couldn't hold a

Bautzer—and now Dot Lamour and Bautzer are beaving and it's all too interlocked and confusing. And Olivia de Havilland, Virginia Peine, Sonja Henie know the remembered taste and smell of heartache.

Now, there are, of course, explanations given for these riftings. There are reasons *why* the starry sybills couldn't, or didn't, hold their men. In the case of Hedy and Gene, the Judge probably summed it up when he asked Hedy how long she had known Gene before they were married. And Hedy replied "six weeks." And the Judge advised, "That's the trouble. Next time you get married, *take more time to it!*" Hedy's own explanation was that Gene didn't want to stay at home nights, and she did; that Gene didn't want domesticity, and she did. But that's no explanation, for pity's sake. Because WHY wouldn't a man want to stay at home nights with Lamarr? My head hurts when I think about it. There was, also, Gene's deep attachment to his, and Joan Bennett's, little daughter, Melinda. Now, one siren can fight another siren and the odds are fairly even. But when a siren has, for a rival, a little child by a previous marriage, the siren's goose, to be coarse and crude, is liable to be cooked.

It is said that Lana and Artie eloped, by spontaneous combustion, after a gay party; that neither was really in love with the other and that when the excitement ebbed, two strangers looked each other in their alien eyes.

It is said that Dottie Lamour and Herb Kaye divorced mainly because their different lines of work parted them so much, and so often. It takes time, time *spent together*, Dottie once said, to knit hearts together. Perhaps, she speculated, *that's* why the Hollywood girls do not hold their men, or the men their girls, for more than a few "sequences." Because they don't take time to it, here in Hollywood, time together. "Because we live our lives in 'sequences,' one picture after another, one part after another, one screen lover after another, one emotion after another, until we do not know the meaning of continuity."

The same reason, too much time spent apart, is given for the separation of Alice Faye and Tony. Moreover, there may have been some professional jealousy there. Tony at the time of his marriage to Alice, was hitting a low in his career. At such times, a man goes sour on many things. And Tony, resentful, perhaps, worried, certainly, wouldn't go places with Alice, wouldn't take her to premières she had to attend, to dinners, wouldn't help her with her career. But that's what I mean—*why* wouldn't he? In days of old men gave up kingdoms, gave up their lives for their ladies: For these Hollywood hamadryads a man will not give up even a radio broadcast!

Bill Powell, shortly after he and Carole Lombard parted, told me: "I have been married twice and twice it has failed. Now, it may be my fault, it may be Hollywood's fault, it may be the fault of the life we live when we are in pictures. Whatever it is, it has failed twice and I shall not risk it again." (He *has* risked it again).

Bette Davis, never mincing words or evading issues, once said that her career definitely broke up her marriage with Harmon Nelson. "No man," said Bette, "wants to be known as 'Mr. Bette Davis' or Mister Anyone but his own name. And he shouldn't want to be." But the old saw that movie marriages fail chiefly because a man will not be labelled "Mr. Gloria Swanson" or "Mr. Marlene Dietrich" doesn't answer

the question, either. There are too many cases where that aspect doesn't figure in at all. Bill, for instance, ran no risk of being known as "Mr. Carole Lombard." Douglas Fairbanks, Franchot Tone, had no reason to lose sleep lest they be tagged "Mr. Joan Crawford."

It is said that Pat Lane's mother disapproved of her marriage to Oren Haglund. And that the maternal disapproval caused the break. I don't believe it. Fancy a Marc Antony or a Caesar leaving Cleopatra because of a mother-in-law!

Not only do the Hollywood Queens not hold their men, as you'd suppose they would, but even when there's a man lying around loose, they don't get him. At least, no one has yet. I refer to Cesar Romero, Bachelor-at-Large. Now Cesar really and truly wants to get married. Cesar has recently built a new house, has furnished it all *except* one empty suite which, he says, will remain undecorated and unfurnished until he brings his bride home to do with it what she will. Cesar has dated Joan Crawford, Ann Sheridan, Dietrich and others. Thus far the suite remains tenantless!

A young actor of my acquaintance, a well-known young Man About Town who has dated all the girls, and was once married to one of them, gave me this explanation: When a man is attracted to a Lana Turner, a Dietrich, a Lamarr, a Crawford, he is attracted to her, not because she wears a gingham apron or can whip up an apple turnover, but just because she *is* glamorous, just because she does seem to promise enchantments, provocations, allurements that are out of this world; the Seven Sins, perhaps; experiences of such an exotic nature as no other woman could offer. In a word, Ecstasica. Then, said my informant, the bewitched man marries a Glamor Girl. And he finds that once she removes the make-up, the enticing gowns, the professional manner, she is *just another woman!* But the bewitched man didn't *want* Just Another Woman. He wanted, and thought he had got, someone super-human. When he discovers, as he *does*, insisted the source-of-my-information, that she isn't any more exciting, any more provocative, doesn't know any more tricks than does little Mamie Smith back home, the disappointment causes a recoil which lands one of the pair in Reno.

"In the dictionary," said my young man, "the word 'Glamor' is defined as meaning 'a delusive enchantment.' Glamor," he continued, is, quote, 'a delusion that distance creates and contiguity destroys,' unquote. And when a man who has been deluded comes to his senses, he just plain gets mad and walks out!"

I argued this point. I reminded my source that Clara Bow is the only Glamor Girl on record, trace the records as I will, and did, who has held her man, her marriage, her home and her happiness for any substantial length of time. I've often thought, I said, that Clara has held her man because, just because she *is* warm and folksy and human under the "It." Clara, I said, may well have held her Rex because she made a home for him, gave up her career, bore him children, was a *woman*, not a few gestures. But that, my friend reminded me, in turn, isn't the answer, either. Clara is, if I like, the Exception. Because no one can say, no one does say that Hedy didn't try to make a home for Gene. A *real* home, too, not a plate-glass show-case, with chickens and ducks and garden vegetables, dinners served "family" style and a baby in the house! Hedy, as I knew, had often said that her career came second to her marriage. And Hedy, certainly, offers Clara no competition.

Another young man I know, who has also made the glamor rounds, who was also

*KATHERINE ALDRIDGE and
BUDDY ROGERS in 20th Cen-
tury-Fox hit, "Golden Hoofs".
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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

"Glass fascinates me," observed Ann. "See, the wall lamps all have crystal pendants to match the chandeliers. And this is my new glassware—modern American glassware. Did you know they used to make glass in this country, but about forty years ago the craft died out, and it wasn't until Central Europe got itself into this present mess that the old glass furnaces here began to produce? I'm enchanted with mine. Each piece is hand-blown."

"My favorite food is stuffed cabbage. My cook will tell you how to make it."

STUFFED CABBAGE

2½ lbs. ground steak
½ cup uncooked rice
2 well-beaten eggs
Burnett's pepper; Salt
Pour boiling water over cabbage and let stand 5 minutes.

Add 3 large onions, chopped and browned; mix together and fill cabbage leaves, fold and fasten with toothpicks.

In bottom of greased pan lay 2 lbs. point brisket cut in small pieces; add 8 onions cut not too small. Lay the cabbage rolls on brisket and onions. Add 2 cups water; cook 2 hours; then add sauce made with

1 cup sugar
½ cup Heinz vinegar
Juice of 2 lemons
2 small cans Del Monte tomato sauce
Cook ¾ hour.

Ann's menu for a formal luncheon is:

Royal bouillon	Shrimp goulash
Green salad	Tiny hot biscuits
Cooked pears in hard sauce	
Petit fours	

ROYAL BOUILLON

To make 3 pints of rich bouillon, take 2½ pounds of lean beef, finely chopped, and cover with 2½ qts. cold water. Let stand for 1 hour; then cover and place on moderate fire, just simmering for 3 hrs.; add 1 small onion, 1 carrot, a sprig of parsley, 1 bay leaf, 2 cloves, 4 peppercorns and 2 stalks of celery, all cut into dice, and simmer until vegetables are tender.

Strain into earthenware bowl and let cool without covering. When ready to serve, remove any grease and place in a granite saucepan with the white of 1 egg, stirring until it boils; then strain again.

SHRIMP GOULASH

(Cooked in roasting pan in oven 2½ hrs.)

1 lb. Beech-Nut bacon
3 lbs. shrimps
6 onions, medium size
1 lb. each mushrooms, bean sprouts,
wild rice
1½ qts. hot water
1 #2 can solid pack tomatoes (Heinz)
2 small stalks celery
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper
¾ cup A-1 sauce

Cut strips of bacon in 3 pieces and fry. Pour off half of bacon fat. Chop onions and fry in bacon fat remaining. Sauté sliced mushrooms in 4 tablespoons butter. Add wild rice which has been half-cooked. Add celery, bean-sprouts and tomatoes. Mix.

Just before removing from oven, add sauce made of 3 tablespoons celery seeds, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, ¾ cup of A-1 sauce.

"For an informal winter luncheon, I sometimes serve a cooked vegetable salad with a tomato-French dressing," said Ann. "With that I have sultana rolls and a baked prune pudding that Roger adores."

married to one of the Girls, told me that he would never, *never* take another Glamor Girl out, he'd be eternally damned if he did! As for marrying one of them—why, if you'd suggested that he espouse a hand-maiden of demonology, he couldn't have looked sicker! He much prefers, said this young Eligible, to take out "little Nobodies" because little Nobodies are grateful for dates, strive to please instead of perpetually having to *be* pleased, make him feel that a date is *his* evening. But when you make a date with a Glamor Girl, he said, you have to make the date weeks in advance. Because a G. G. would think shame to admit she wasn't dated up weeks in advance. You have to send her flowers. You have to make reservations at Ciro's. And if, on the appointed night, you happen to have been working hard all day, feel dog-tired, would like to call her and say, 'Look, d'you mind if we call it off tonight, I'm whipped,' the ice congeals around you and never thaws again. If you do keep the date, he says, you are often more ready for a mausoleum than for a night-spot. The chap told me that of all the Glamor Girls he has taken out in his time, and if he missed one, he says, it must have been because she was playing Hare and Hounds with him—of them all, Ann Sheridan was the most fun, the most regular, the least chi-chi. If you called Annie at eight o'clock some Sat'day night, he said, and asked her for a date at nine, she'd be there. She wouldn't even ask you to pick her up, she'd drive half-way. She'd just as soon eat at a Drive-In as at Ciro's. She didn't suppose a man, just because of being male, never needs sleep," said Mr. Blank.

Yes, there are reasons given, sound enough reasons on the face of them, for all these lost romances and broken marriages. But just the same, it's still inexplicable to me, *because*—because you would suppose these women, these Lamarrs, Crawfords, Turners, Lanes, to be so glamorous, so desirable, so maddeningly worth having and holding "in perpetuity" that the men involved with them would not allow ANYTHING, no matter what, neither their own careers nor mothers-in-law nor pride nor anything in life, to come between them. You would imagine they would scale the highest mountains, cross the most endless deserts, shake the very earth to its roots to keep them. And they do nothing.

Maybe there are *too many of them*—maybe when a man, mere man, rotates between, or among, a Lamarr, a Dietrich, a Shearer, a Landis, a Turner, he just sort of loses his way, doesn't care where he is or, much, with whom he is, maybe.

None of these answers seem conclusive to me, none of the explanations suffice in all instances. It's obvious that they lack something, these Glamor Girls, that "something" that makes a man "forsake all others." It's nothing visual they lack, God knows. Yet it's obvious they haven't got what Cleopatra had. Men do NOT give up their kingdoms for them, nor their lives, nor even their jobs. Why, Herb Kaye could have saved his marriage to Dottie Lamour, friends say, if he had been willing to give up his band. He wasn't willing. The same is true of Tony Martin. *He* wasn't willing.

Not only do the men not give up their kingdoms, lives, or jobs for the women who are supposed to be the very richest cream of charm, but they do not even give up night-clubs and other girls for love of the Glamor Girls—who-didn't-hold-them. It's really rather frightening to see a Tony Martin, a Franchot Tone, out dating and dancing, fresh out of the arms of a Faye, a Crawford. Yet you *do* so see them, and often. If they carry a torch at all, it's a very little light, which soon goes out and is lit again by the next pair of limpid eyes. *Men do not die for love, in Hollywood!*

Store Directory

Fashions featured on Pages 54-55 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Pajamas by Miss Swank, Inc., 112 Madison Avenue, New York.

Halle Bros., Cleveland, O.
J. J. Haggarty Stores Inc., Los Angeles, Cal.
B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc., Memphis, Tenn.
Franklin Simon & Co., New York
The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.
Livingston Bros., Inc., San Francisco, Cal.

Leading Lady Handbags by Elanbee, Inc., 17 East 22nd Street, New York.

Howland Dry Goods Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, O.
Federal Dept. Stores, Detroit, Mich.
Bon Ton Cloak & Suit, Louisville, Ky.
Shartenberg's, Inc., New Haven, Conn.
Strawbridge & Clothier, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sibley Lindsay & Curr, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.
H. S. Barney Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Cascade Jewelry by Nat Levy-Urie Mandle Corp., 411 Fifth Avenue, New York

Burger-Phillips Co., Birmingham, Ala.
J. A. Kirven Co., Columbus, Ga.
Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Cal.
Powers Dry Goods Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Gimbel Bros., New York
Meier & Frank Co. Inc., Portland, Ore.
Denholm & McKay Co., Worcester, Mass.

Shoes by Ansonia, 677 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Mode, Ltd., Boise, Idaho
Demery & Company, Inc., Detroit, Mich.
Palace Clothing Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Ansonia De Luxe, Miami Beach, Fla.
John Flynn & Co., Omaha, Neb.
T. W. Mather Co., Pasadena, Cal.
T. S. Martin Co., Sioux City, Ia.
De Younge, Inc., Washington, D. C.

Monte Cristo Jewelry by Silson, Inc., 392 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Milgene, Chicago, Ill.
Lindner & Coy, Cleveland, O.
Ernest Kern Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich.
J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Lord & Taylor, New York
Bonwit Teller, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Frank Murphy Store, St. Paul, Minn.
Vogue, San Antonio, Tex.

Scuffs by I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Wm. Filenes Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
The May Co., Cleveland, O.
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bloomingdale Bros., New York
Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.
Barnard Summer & Putnam Co., Worcester, Mass.

Smart Set Gloves by Shapiro Bros., 185 Madison Avenue, New York.

Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
Bailey Dept. Store, Cleveland, O.
Ernest Kern Co. Inc., Detroit, Mich.
B. Altman & Co., New York
Lit Bros., Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Rosenbaum Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.

Norvell Sees Magic in the Stars

Continued from page 61

have not especially distinguished themselves this last year, the fault indeed lies not in their stars but in themselves. They have four more years to go in the lucky cycle for Capricorn, so I urge them to make hay while their stars shine.

Here is something to remember about those born in Capricorn, if you are in love with one or married to one. They were born at the time when the Sun is at its lowest ebb. They do not possess the dynamic personalities of those born later in the year. They are not ardent lovers, but they make excellent husbands and wives from the more practical angles. If you are a girl who is going to marry a Capricorn, you must prepare for a quiet life. However, what your husband lacks in ardor he will make up in devotion.

If you are a boy who is going to marry a Capricorn girl, you are indeed lucky, as they make wonderful wives, concentrating as they do on the home. Recently I ran into Jane Wyman, born in this sign, and she was busy knitting on the set. I am quite used to seeing the glamor girls engaged in occupational therapy, but the variety of colors in the object the new Mrs. Reagan was working on fascinated me. "It's a pair of socks for Ronald," Miss Wyman informed me. All I could say was: "How Capricorny!"

Aquarius is something else again. They are not always the reliable, steady type—but what a thrill while it lasts! They have charm and personality; they are provocative and enticing—and yet they are often heartbreakers of the worst sort. More famous persons in the Hall of Fame are Aquarians than of any other single sign. It has given us such great men as Lincoln, Edison, Lindbergh, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and (ah, there, Republicans!) Wendell Willkie. It has given us the greatest actress of our time—Katharine Cornell. Naturally, it is also well-represented on the screen. Clark Gable heads the list of Aquarius-born in Hollywood, and is typical of this sign—three marriages and all. Once Aquarius subjects reach their goal they cling to it, as Clark's ten years of stardom indicates. 1941 begins another favorable cycle for this sign, so there is no reason why Clark cannot go on close to the top for another five years. His marriage to Carole is destined to last their lives out.

Ronald Colman is another perennial born in this sign. Although one is always slightly shocked when looking up the year of Mr. Colman's birth to find him still playing romantic leads, one understands it when looking at the month because nothing is impossible for an Aquarian. It wouldn't surprise me to see Mr. Colman, who thrilled our mothers, living to enchant our daughters.

Nor must we forget that self-made legend, Mr. John Barrymore. I have been issuing warnings for years regarding Venus and Bacchus to John, but I have come to the conclusion that he is beyond influences that affect the rest of us. Only an Aquarian could be so gifted as Barrymore and so out of this world. Needless to say, (if his strength holds out!) he will marry again as soon as his divorce jells.

I would choose Betty Field as the most promising of the young stars born in this sign. This young lady is destined to be one of the greatest of our actresses and five years from now she will be mentioned in the same breath as Davis, etc. Her future is slightly clouded by several romantic failures, but this will not bother her too

much because, true Aquarian that she is, all she asks is a life that is not dull. She will get her wish.

When you look at the mild mien of Jeffrey Lynn, you think, there is a nice quiet boy, but don't let his countenance or his New England background fool you, for Jeffrey, like all Aquarius persons, will kick over the traces and it is probable that the reflection of animation that ensues will probably project him into stardom.

Robert Young, who is handed all the thankless chores on the M-G-M lot while his brothers cut glamorous capers, should take advantage of the new cycle of good fortune for his sign and assert his Aquarius nature to demand better casting.

Wayne Morris is another Aquarian who is in for a merry life. When I visited Wayne and his wife, Bubbles, in their elaborate mansion, I thought here is one boy who has everything. Wayne's stars are temporarily in affliction now and he has lost everything he had a short time ago: his wife and baby, his home, his stardom and even his waistline. He is due for a thumping comeback in 1941.

Lana Turner is Aquarius and must also learn self-discipline before she achieves a full measure of happiness. Being young she is entitled to several mistakes but she should not be careless about her future by running around in circles. As to marriage with Tony Martin or Victor Mature, Miss Turner, your stars say, "Nay, nay!"

Ronald Reagan is an Aquarian who will go far. His talents have not been fully exploited yet. His marriage with Jane Wyman, while not insured by his horoscope, can last if they both make adjustments in their very diverse personalities.

No matter what YOUR sign, you too have stellar influences at work in your life that will bring you success and happiness, or that might cause confusion and discontentment. By checking below you can find out, just like the movie stars do, what your destiny is for this month.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Use caution in everything you do this month, for there may be complications that arise through your own carelessness. Business affairs may not turn out as you expect; if employed in a public position, you may be irritable and touchy. Keep calm and these irritations may fade away around the fifteenth of this month. Concentrate on the love life this month—one or more of these may engage your attention. A good time for engagements or marriage. Seek favors from superiors in the last two weeks of the month. The month favors artistic professions such as: interior decorating, writing, music, singing, acting.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Favorable vibrations from Venus, planet of love, dominate this month. Your attractions to the opposite sex may lead you a merry chase; be careful not to take them too seriously, however. Not the best month for engagements or marriages. Be sociable, go to parties and dances, entertain and be entertained. Give time and attention to matters connected with the home; moving, decorating, even going to another city to live. Change is the essence of the month, with Uranus acting on your behalf, and Jupiter out of affliction you must make the most of this fortunate cycle. In money matters your stars give you ability to make money but you are apt to spend it too lavishly. Cut down some this month, and concentrate more on future financial independence. The health may be somewhat delicate, owing to suppression of glandular secretions, (a Saturn influence) and if you are typical you may suffer from some unknown disorder, lack of pep, sleepiness, etc. See a doctor if you need one.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Some slight disturbances are noted in your chart at this time. They may be concerned mostly with financial and business matters. Your love life is always, of course, under some doubts, for the force of your personal magnetism attracts many, many strange romantic experiences. Do not worry about the outcome of romantic problems, but begin to watch your pocketbook. You will be inclined to spend beyond your means at this time, to contract unnecessary debts, and to mortgage your future. Think twice before acting. Travel, change the home, even go into some business venture, if you choose, for Mercury favors progression, change, and moving. Things connected with printing, writing, radio, newspapers, etc., are favored.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

A fortunate month for general business activities. Not a month for risks or speculation, however, but one in which your usual conservative nature should dominate. Avoid rushing into a business change, or into partnership, for you may be influenced negatively by some person close to you. Money matters may be slow, advances in business may hinge on your own initiative. Seek favors from those in high positions, and promote your welfare by being more aggressive than you usually are. The love interest in your life is due to change radically. Don't hold on to an old love if you feel that you should make a change, for progress can come in your life only by change. Surprises from distant places may reach you through letters or by telephone; relatives may visit you or you may take short trips. The month brings caution in matters of diet, watch the stomach, avoid overdoing and overeating.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

A month of warnings in regard to business and romance. Your own impulsiveness and rashness may take you into a business venture that ends disastrously. A month in which you should avoid changes. Even

if dissatisfied stay where you are until better planetary aspects arrive. Avoid investing in wild-cat schemes. Good for meeting the public, also favors the following professions: medicine, law, banking, insurance, and the artistic professions. Avoid entanglements with friends or relatives this month. If married, there may be some friction in the home. Keep your temper and watch your tongue. The month ends on a favorable note, with progress in a quiet way. The love interest of your life should be protected—keep away from gossips for others may carry unpleasant tales to someone you love.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

A good deal depends on you this month. You are ready for real progress now, but you must take the initiative and put yourself into a position where you can use the wonderful talents you possess. You are more capable functioning as an executive, where you can give orders or supervise others. You are good in a position as private secretary, bookkeeper, research librarian, or in work where you are required to use your higher intellect in conjunction with your skilful hands. Better your lot this month; make changes, if you so choose, and put your money in safe investments. Avoid carrying a financial burden, for others take advantage of you sometimes. Romance leads to fulfillment this month. Marry if you choose, or continue in single bliss—there is no hurry, for your stars promise happy love affairs.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

You emerge from semi-obscurity this month. Look for new and interesting developments in some project you have recently undertaken. Money may not pour in, but you will be making enough to meet your needs and, what is more important, your plans for the future will be quite extensive and comprehensive. Associate yourself with large corporations dealing in bonds, insurance, banking, financing, automotive trades, and cosmetics, if you wish to rise in business. Romantic changes may cause you concern this month. Choose between two persons in love with you; avoid fickleness and insincerity. Be cautious of your tongue, for you are apt to use it sharply and cause a loved one mental suffering. Make no sudden decision to marry. Choose someone born in Gemini, Aquarius, Virgo, or Aries. These signs are good for Libra-born. Avoid losses of personal property at this time. Be careful of dark places.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Slightly better vibrations govern this month than last. Your mind will be calmer, you will be ready to take advantage of any business opportunities that may come your way. Go into business for yourself, if possible. You would be good in operating a dress shop, millinery shop, beauty parlor, tea room or restaurant. Work connected with travel is also favored. Mars, your ruling star, has brought war to the earth in the past year. It may also cause your own life to reflect some unpleasant incidents, especially in the love department. Use tact and diplomacy rather than force. You can win out in love if you try. Those married and unhappy are better off by breaking up such a disagreeable union, for love happiness is the sum total of living for those born in Scorpio. Do not spend too much time alone this month, avoid moodiness and depression for you are on the road to better things.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Your stars shine brightly this month. Jupiter and Saturn afflict you less than formerly, and some real progress should be made in your work and finances. Your talents are more numerous now and recog-

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Screenland, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940. State of New York, N. Y., County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul C. Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Screenland, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Paul C. Hunter, 45 West 45th St., New York City; Editor, Delight Evans, 45 West 45th St., New York City; Managing Editor, Delight Evans, 45 West 45th St., New York City; Business Manager, D. H. Lapham, 45 West 45th St., New York City. 2. That the owner is: Screenland Magazine, Inc., 45 West 45th St., New York City, whose stockholders are: Victor G. Heimbucher, 45 West 45th St., New York City; Matteson Industrial Corp., 1 LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Paul C. Hunter, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1940. Edward A. Geelan, Notary Public, Rockland County. Certificate filed in New York County No. 996. (My commission expires March 30, 1942. [SEAL.]



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nition should await you in the business world. The women of this sign are good at mixing marriage and a career, for they are well-balanced mentally and know how to manage their homes and careers at the same time. This sign so often finds unhappiness in the wrong union that it is wise to caution you to avoid an unhappy love affair. Choose those born in Aries or Leo for the greatest success in love. They can also marry those born in Libra or Gemini, although these are not quite so favorable. This month favors literary efforts, artistic and creative work; also good for meeting the public, selling, and advertising. Travel is favored, especially short trips for pleasure. It is not advisable to make radical changes in business, love, or the home, for the month favors conservatism rather than extremes.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

The opposition of Saturn may be felt a little this month, but it is not serious enough to interfere with your financial plans. It may affect your romantic life, however. Go ahead with the utmost confidence in financial matters; expand, change your business location, and seek favors from superiors. The first two weeks are apt to present you with a problem in the love life. If you find there is any reason to doubt the one you love, wait a while before breaking off an existing romance. You may be hasty and do things you will later regret. The cycle you are now in should prove fairly profitable for financial transactions. Consider investments in real estate, and substantial things, but take no chances in risky ventures. Travel, visit friends or relatives, make changes in the home environment. A sum of money may come unexpectedly after the 15th of the month. Watch out for accidents in the home, especially to the lower limbs, ankles, and feet. Rest and relax, avoid nervousness and overdoing, for you may have a tendency to haste this month.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

Watch the heart and purse strings! That is a warning that fits you every month of the year, but especially more so this month. Venus, planet of love and sociability, is very active and may cause you to act in strange and unconventional ways. You may alarm your sweetheart and family. Do not give in to the impulsiveness of Uranus, for you will have to pay the price later. Avoid an open break in romance, for the old love is, no doubt, better than the newer, more tempting ones. Your sign should choose those born in Gemini, Libra, and Leo for happiness in love. You can also get along fairly well with Aries, Taurus, and even Virgo. Try to attain a more practical attitude toward finances, and you may be able to overcome the disquieting experiences shown in your stars this month. You can earn more by using your talents fully; you are more creative than practical, and if you apply yourself to writing, acting, dancing, singing, or music, you can go on to a great goal.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

No sudden or radical changes may be expected this month, but steady, slow progress may be noted in finances and business. Your independent nature chafes at restraint; concentrate on a career, for you are happy making your own way. Women in this sign often delay marriage for years because of this love of independence. The month brings you good conditions for love, engagements or even marriage. The decision must rest with you, for you can truly become engaged if you so choose at this time. Venus will be active for some time in your chart, and this month may bring some vital decisions for future happiness. Try to lighten your financial burden, (if you are typical of this sign you are carry-

ing someone close to you along financially.) You deserve more from life than you have had for about seven years, but this change must occur in your mind before it shows itself in your outward situation. A favorable month for writing letters, signing contracts, investing in substantial things, and for buying a home.

How a Mormon Girl, Laraine Day, Conquered Hollywood by Faith!

Continued from page 20

pression that just because a girl's religious she can't be regular—can't have fun," said Laraine when I went over to her house for a Sunday afternoon. "But having faith in God gives me faith in myself and my ability—helps me get what I want most out of life."

Faith is the motivating force and power of all religion. But to Laraine and to me and all the younger generation of Mormons, it has been strongly instilled and exemplified by our pioneer forefathers, who left their homes and properties, as shown in the picture, "Brigham Young," to seek a new refuge in the west. Perhaps that's why Laraine's exercised so much of it. It was inborn.

We often discuss the picture which portrays the Mormon pioneers braving the heat of the desert and the blizzards and blasts of winter—even starvation and death—because of their faith. We were both considerably enlightened by the film and Dean Jagger as Brigham Young. It was remarkably like our grandparents had told us.

Both Laraine and I have visited Brigham Young's home in Salt Lake City, which was sectioned off into apartments for each of his twenty-seven wives and their children. But polygamy, which was adopted in the early history of the church to protect and care for the widows of the members killed in early day mob violence, resulting in a surplus of women members—and later to increase and strengthen the dwindling group who settled in a comparative wilderness—served its need and was abolished by the church many years before Laraine and I were born. That is the way we understand it and how it has been explained to us. Although our grandparents had plural wives, it is no longer a custom for Mormons to have more than one wife.

Rather today Mormon people and their religion differ little from any other sect—unless it be the practice of sending Mormon missionaries out into the world to make converts; our word of wisdom, which is a health measure and forbids the use of tea, coffee, tobacco or intoxicants; and our obligation to pay one-tenth of all our earnings to the church as a tithing.

"And when you take ten percent of your pay check each week—that *does* take faith!" as Laraine says. Laraine's check is growing into the proportions of four figures—but she's still firm in her conception of duty. "To be perfectly frank, I've just never had a reason *not* to believe. When I was six years old I made up my mind to become an actress. I just *knew* I'd be one. I never doubted for one moment that I wouldn't," Laraine continued. "When I look back now I realize that faith in God, prayer, and in myself—and faith in that maxim Mother taught me as soon as she taught me to walk and talk, 'Faith Without Works Is Dead'—are completely responsible for my being where I am now.

"I was born in a little town of 3000 population, Roosevelt, in the northeastern section of Utah. We had one movie a week—

and I remember I was so impressed with Billie Dove. It is natural that when I'd childishly tell people I was going to be an actress like Billie Dove when I grew up they'd be skeptical, even amused. For what chance had I without the remotest contact with Hollywood—or opportunity for dramatic training? No one in my family was ever theatrical, either.

"But I had one valuable asset—faith in prayer. One time my mother was very ill. So ill that only my older brothers and sisters were allowed to enter the bedroom to see her. My twin brother Lamar and I, being the youngest, weren't permitted to see Mother. We were told that if we'd pray hard enough—she'd get well enough so we could see her. Mother recovered—and I reasoned that if faith would work one way it would another. I began secretly applying it to my chosen ambition—to become a great actress some day.

"I learned to dance and sing—and I'd spend hours a day play-acting and going through a self-arrangement of expression and pantomime. By the time I was ten I was giving readings in churches and clubs in the community. Then we moved to California.

"My first really big public appearance came when I was asked to give a reading at the dedication of the Mormon Temple grounds in Westwood. I was twelve—and thrilled and awed beyond words. I wanted it to be so good that everyone would remember it. I worked feverishly over the words and lines for three weeks. I prayed about it, too.

"All I can say is that it was the most inspired thing I've ever done. For into it I poured all my hopes, my aspirations, all my adolescent longings and ambitions. When you're twelve you're so serious about everything! At least I was. Everything has to be perfect—or you think it's the end of the world. I was always riding the clouds—or buried in deep dark ones.

"My brothers and sisters found their vocations and interests. Some of them married. My twin brother took an interest in the printing business. My dramatic yearnings were solely my own. We lived in Long Beach when we first came to California and I learned of the Long Beach Players' Guild. Every minute away from school hours I was at the Guild house—watching rehearsals, hoping that they'd take me in as a member.

"One day they needed a fourteen-year-old—and because there was no one so young in the company the part fell to me. I had dreamed of being a beautiful lady on the stage, with graceful gowns, speaking lovely lines. But my first rôle was that of a bratty, smart-alecky kid sister. Instead of curls and makeup, I had braids and freckles. That part won me a membership in the company.

"I played everything—all sorts of rôles from then on—keeping up with my dancing all the while. Someone suggested a good actress really should be a singer, since Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore were all the vogue on the screen. But that was one place where even faith couldn't help! Because I couldn't have faith in my singing voice. I just didn't have that kind of throat!

"A booking agent saw one of our Guild plays and suggested that we take it on tour. That was my first really professional experience. I shall never forget when it reached Salt Lake City, Utah. Even though I only had a tiny part it was a case of 'Local Girl Makes Good.' There was my name up in marquee lights. But it wasn't a sensation—for after the tour we all came back and settled down to our Long Beach audiences.

"Between plays I practiced dance routines with a boy member of the Guild. For four years we formed a dancing team. We danced anywhere, everywhere, and for anyone who

would ask us. Sometimes we'd dream about being a famous dance team, dancing at the Grove or the Astor Roof way off in New York. Neither of us had ever been East of the Rockies—but we could picture it.

"From time to time movie agents would see our Guild plays. One night one signed me to a contract to represent me for motion pictures. I was as thrilled as though I'd already signed a studio contract. I went dancing home and told mother. We called up my married brothers and sisters and had a family dinner by way of celebration. Since I am the baby, the family liked to humor my ambitions.

"My first rôle in a picture was a tiny one in 'Scandal Sheet.' I'll have to admit I didn't set the screen on fire!" Laraine's eyes were laughing, remembering. "It was then I met Lew Ayres. I thought he was perfectly terrible—not as an actor—but he wouldn't cooperate with me in any of the scenes. All he'd do was get up before the camera—say his lines—and go away and hide in a corner. I didn't realize it at the time, but he was having all of his separation troubles with Ginger Rogers, which naturally made him quiet and morose. He was so unhappy! I never dreamed that I'd ever be playing opposite him one day in a whole series of pictures like the 'Dr. Kildare' series. Today, he's just about the finest person I know. Lew's happy and helpful—and we have a lot of laughs together.

"After my one picture, my option was not taken up by the studio—so I went back to the Guild. After a series of plays a Hollywood talent scout invited me to take a screen test at Universal. First thing I was given a lead with George O'Brien in 'Border G-Men,' then 'The Painted Desert' and 'The Arizona Legion.'

"Billy Gordon, the assistant casting director at M-G-M, offered me a test—and glory be, I was signed to a contract! My first picture was the leading lady in a Wallace Beery film, 'Sergeant Madden.' Then came a good rôle in 'I Take This Woman' and the beginning of the 'Dr. Kildare' series.

"Aside from the studio, I kept up with my drama activities at church—putting on church plays and drama skits. My dancing partner, who was also a church member, but not very active, one day happened to ask me just how I had such faith in everything I did. So we began discussing religion. I told him, 'You're entitled to believe it or not. Religion is not forced on anyone. But if you believe and have a duty to perform—something to uphold and think about—it makes everything easier. I don't know exactly why, but he became more interested in religion than continuing with a dancing career. He wanted to go away on a mission for the church. Since right now I have to spend every minute of my time working I offered to do my share by sending him.'

That's the true story of Laraine and the missionary. When she made her first trip to New York City this fall this missionary boy was given permission to call on her. The press wove a beautiful love story out of their meeting "which is not true," Laraine said. "We are friends, naturally, but we're not in the least bit romantically interested. After the newspaper stories, two of my boy friends complained that maybe they were just 'fill-ins' after all. We all but quarreled over the whole thing," Laraine laughed.

New York was exciting—and Laraine's picture, "My Son, My Son" was playing on Broadway with the Day girl's name up in the Neons—a distinct thrill for her, or anyone for that matter.

"That picture was a faith-promoting example for me," said Laraine. "I was told that I'd be given the lead with Bob Taylor in 'Florian.' I was given three books to read for background material. I studied the script for weeks. It was naturally the big-

gest thing that could happen to me. Then, without explanation, I was not allowed to even test for it! Bob Taylor was replaced by Bob Young and the feminine lead was given to another girl. I went home so angry about it I could hardly contain myself. In fact, I shed bitter tears. I wondered if God *does* remember after all. But like the Bible says, 'God Moves in a Mysterious Way His Wonders to Perform.'

"The very next morning I was called and given Frances Dee's rôle in 'My Son, My Son'—and loaned to a different studio. Miss Dee had suddenly been taken ill. That picture did more for me than any other to date—unless it's 'Foreign Correspondent,' with Joel McCrea."

There is nothing so effective as an ideal in action. But there's another side of Laraine Day too. As she said, "Just because you're religious doesn't mean that you can't be regular and have fun!"

As drama director of her vicinity, Laraine is very active. She'd been rehearsing a group for a skit called "Goldilocks and the Three Bears"—done to swing time. And can Laraine dance and rumba! We have regular sessions at her house—roll up the rugs and turn on the phonograph.

Because Laraine's a Mormon she observes the Mormon word of wisdom. There's neither drinking nor smoking at her house. Some young people would think her parties would be dull. But on the contrary there's never a dull moment. "Sardines" is a favorite game we sometimes play there. The lights are turned off—everyone hides—and one person is selected to start it out by finding the others. As soon as someone's discovered they're secretly packed away in the powder room—until everyone's jammed in like "sardines." Laraine enjoys action games, and gay music—and there's lots of good home-cooked things her mother makes. All fall she and Sidney Guilaroff (he's the Hollywood hair stylist) and several others have been making a 16 mm. colored movie film for this winter's showing. Laraine and Sidney, who's her most frequent escort, have the leads. The scenario was written by Laraine.

"If it should ever happen that I should have to choose between a career and marriage and a home of my own, I'd take the latter and a husband. But I don't think I'll ever have to make that decision," Laraine says. "For you can have both if you believe firmly enough in both."

Charlie + Paulette = Movie Mystery Number One!

Continued from page 23

a whirl at Hollywood's night club life—sans Charlie. With scandal at a very low ebb in Hollywood, and more space than ever to fill, the gossip writers welcomed Paulette's *Ciro* whirl like manna from heaven. Before she left for Mexico with a gay party of friends she had become the most talked about star West of the Rockies. Hardly a dinner party was given but what Paulette was dished up right along with the carrots and spinach.

Her fellow Glamor Girls, naturally, were the ones most eager to put Paulette on the pan. Ever since "The Women," when the Goddard figure first came into view, Paulette has become the most publicized girl in pictures. Newspapers, fan magazines, national magazines, month in and month out, are full of her. This, of course, irks the other stars. But while they are in the process of being irked they should remember that it is like pulling eye-teeth

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to bring *them* into the gallery to make stills and portrait sittings—but Paulette *loves* to have pictures taken of herself and willingly poses by the hour for the publicity cameras. She's number one pet with the lens boys.

Charlie's friends, and they are legion, were the next to take a crack at Paulette. They said that Paulette had deliberately "used" Charlie to further her career and feather her nest with jewelry (Paulette has a great passion for beautiful jewels), and now that she had become a star in her own right, and had no need of him anymore, she was ready to walk out on him. They pointed out that Paulette now has a collection of jewelry insured for \$400,000. She has been wearing recently the last important piece to come to this country from Cartier's in Paris. It is 150 carats of blue and yellow sapphires made into a necklace. One of Paulette's favorite gags is, "My mother told me when I was very young that it was bad luck to buy jewelry for oneself. So I never did. And look at how lucky I have been!"

Charlie's friends, loyal to their hero, sat around Chasen's night after night eating Dave's famous barbecued spareribs and playing "gin rummy," while they assured themselves and everyone else that Charlie had never been so happy in his life. That Charlie, the intellectual, had been bored with Paulette, the ambitious actress, for years. Friends, as you know, always go overboard. (Personally, I don't think Paulette has ever bored Charlie.)

According to Hollywood the Chaplin divorce was in the bag. It will be one of those quiet Mexican divorces, where it never comes to light whether you are or aren't married, Hollywood said, obligingly arranging everything for Charlie and Paulette. Yes, decided Hollywood, *this* rift is permanent.

So no wonder Hollywood was all aghast when Charlie up and did a little deciding on his own and introduced Paulette as his wife at the gala première of "The Great Dictator" at the Astor Theatre in New York!

Despite all talk to the contrary Charlie very definitely wanted Paulette back! He knows that nothing pleases her so much as to be called his wife. The piece of jewelry she admires most is a gold bracelet given her by Charlie, which has the letter "W" on it. "The W," Paulette tells you, "stands for wife."

Well, I hate people who say "I told you so," but I could have said just that to Hollywood, and to Charlie's close friends gabbing away at Chasen's night after night. I knew weeks before that Charlie was carrying the torch, and how, for Paulette. That unusual gaiety that all his friends had noted in him of late was simply a cover-up of his real feelings. "It's like old times," his friends had said. "Charlie hasn't been so gay in years." But I've got feminine intuition, or something, and I think I recognize the well-known torch when I see it carried—not to mention Laugh, Clown, Laugh.

I was with Charlie the night that Paulette left him! With several friends she had sailed on the S. S. Manhattan that morning, and Charlie was "celebrating" at the home of a producer-friend. There were only five of us there that evening, including Harry Rosenthal, that musical genius without the breaks of Oscar Levant. When we walked in Charlie was just beginning his famous impersonation of Feodor Chaliapin. "He hasn't clowned like this for years," a director whispered to me. "He used to be like this in the old days."

Well, I have met Charlie several times since I have been in Hollywood, but he was always so serious and so intellectual that he always frightened me. But tonight was different, tonight he was the clown.

We sat in this producer's playroom for five solid hours, and for five solid hours Charlie entertained! Thousands of dollars worth of entertainment, I kept saying to myself, and he is giving it to the four of us. For his impersonation of Chaliapin, Charlie sang several baritone numbers including the famous *Largo Al Factotum* from the "Barber of Seville" and *The Volga Boatman*. When he sings songs in foreign languages he simply makes up the words, but he does it so cleverly that you'd never catch on, unless you are awfully fussy about your opera. Having exhausted Chaliapin's eccentricities he next decided to do John McCormack. He stuck his stomach out, and his chin in, consulted his little black book in the McCormack manner, and sang *Mother Machree* and *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* in as good an Irish tenor as you can find in Hollywood.

Heifetz, giving a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, next came in for a gentle ribbing. Charlie assumed the Heifetz deadpan, grabbed a billiard cue for his bow, walked three times around the billiard table to show that he was in the Bowl, and after much bowing to his imaginary audience pretended to play a Bach prelude.

To do his impersonation of pianist Paderewski he asked for two grapefruit. There were no grapefruit in the house but the butler brought two oranges, and then Charlie did as neat a trick as I have ever seen done on the piano. Simply by rolling the oranges over the black keys of the piano in quick tempo he created a miraculous piano concerto. "Anybody can do it," said Charlie, pleased with our applause. "But it's better with grapefruit."

Stokowski next—and naturally for "Stokie" Charlie went into quite a to-do over his hands. Then with Harry playing *Poet and Peasant* and giving it everything, Charlie pretended to conduct a symphony orchestra, and having quite a time of it with his first violinist. His "Stokie" was a great success, so encouraged by our hysterical laughter he suddenly grabbed a scarf and with the greatest abandon treated us to a dance to Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*.

Charlie was a little tired by then, so while he sat down to catch his second wind, Harry started playing old songs of some twenty and thirty years ago. Charlie knew the words, and perfectly, of nearly all the songs. Among his favorites seemed to be *Whispering*, *Little Grey Home in the West*, *Poor Butterfly*, *Margie*, *Am I Blue*, and songs that haven't been revived in years. These old songs seemed to mellow Charlie quite a bit, and from then on he wasn't quite so gay. "They don't write songs now as beautiful as those old songs," he said wistfully. Then as he started on a Jerome Kern cycle of songs he turned to me and said, "Isn't it wonderful that we can sing and forget Hitler?"

"And Paulette?" I wanted to add, but didn't.

From songs Charlie turned to poetry, reciting reams of it. I simply don't know how he can remember so much. One of his favorite poems is Oscar Wilde's *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, which he thinks is the most beautiful poem ever written, especially those lines,

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,

And,

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

The Ballad of Reading Gaol recalled

a poem he had written at the age of seventeen, called *The Autopsy*, which he recited for us in that beautiful flowing voice of his. A sort of sadness had injected itself into our little group by then, and the conversation turned to shyness. Charlie said that the reason he had left the stage and gone into pictures was because every time he had to face an audience he died a thousand deaths. Even now, he admitted, he is so shy that he will drive for blocks and blocks out of his way rather than stop and ask someone for a direction. I believe I have met only one really shy person in my life—and that is Charlie Chaplin. And I believe I have met only one really great genius in my life—and that too is Charlie Chaplin.

We dropped the little man, who simply exudes sweetness, (imagine, he thanked *us* for being so patient and listening to him all evening!) at the door of his mansion in Beverly Hills, and he suddenly seemed awfully lonely. Not one word about Paulette had he mentioned all evening.

Is that torch-carrying, or isn't it?

At the request of Paramount, Paulette appeared at a broadcast in Chicago of "North West Mounted Police" (the picture in which she "sizzles" in a hayloft with Robert Preston) and casually announced to the Press that she was returning to Hollywood, to the Chaplin mansion, but of course, where Charlie would join her soon, and together they would entertain for H. G. Wells who was expected in California on a lecture tour. (No two people in the world ever got as big a kick out of having celebrities as house guests as Paulette and Charlie.)

Following the broadcast she returned to Hollywood, but *not* to the Chaplin home. Instead she rented the Myron Selznick beach house. Here she moved her clothes and her jewelry. Her first night in Hollywood (and other nights, too) she had dinner at Chasen's with millionaire Jock Whitney, writer John McLain, and agent Myron Selznick, while Charlie's friends went "tut tut" in very definite disapproval.

There are those who think (those "some people" again) that the Chaplin-Goddard "divorce" is only a matter of a few weeks now; that as soon as Charlie returns from the East things will happen, and happen fast; that he acknowledged her as his wife at the New York première of "The Great Dictator" simply to make the divorce easier. They say that Charlie this time really "has a mad on."

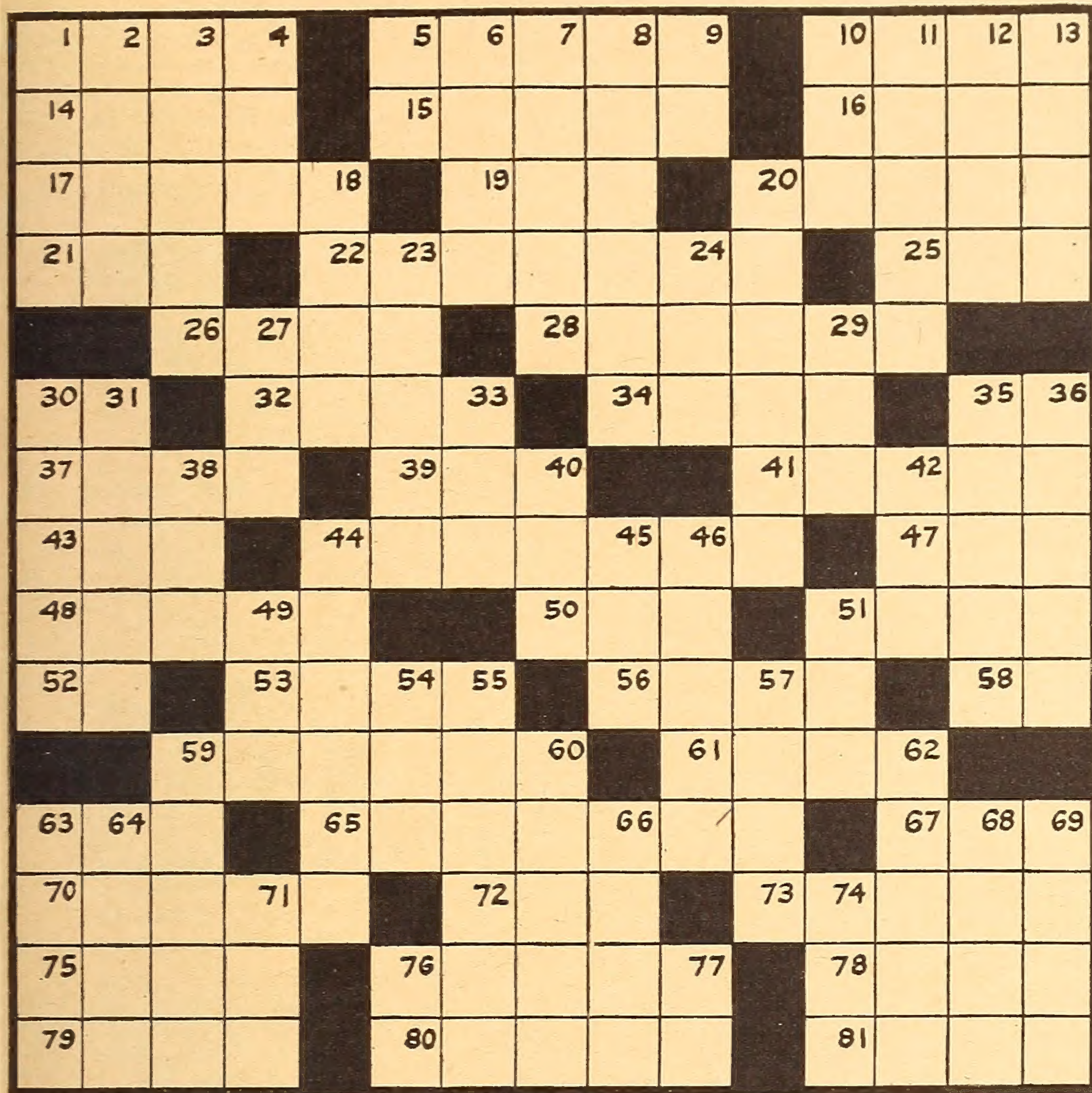
But those "other people," the sentimentalists of Hollywood, and I'm afraid that includes me, think that Paulette and Charlie will patch up their misunderstanding this time, just as they have done before. Previous to Paulette, Charlie's loneliness was famous in Hollywood—he wandered around alone like a lost soul. Paulette is gay and alive. She loves fun. She has brought about a great change in Charlie's lonely house, and in Charlie's lonely life. To us, perhaps, Paulette is a fine example of the head ruling the heart, but to Charlie, the dreamer, the shy genius, the guy who has tears in his eyes and a choke in his voice when he reads *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, she is youth, laughter, and romance.

So, what next with the Chaplins? Together again, or divorce?

Charlie, with his good friend Tim Durant, is busy in the East opening up "The Great Dictator" in the key cities. Paulette is in Hollywood busy preparing for her next picture to be produced by Jimmy Roosevelt, called "The Pot of Gold," and for which it is reported Paulette will receive \$50,000 for five weeks, which is \$10,000 for a week, which is indeed a pot of gold for Paulette. So Hollywood waits, all agog! H. G. Wells, the house guest, has not been heard from to date.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. He starred in "Rangers of Fortune"
5. She's Mrs. Ralph Forbes
10. Barley, processed for brewing
14. Officer's assistant
15. Passed around, as playing cards
16. To the sheltered side
17. She stars in "He Stayed For Breakfast"
19. Southern state (abbrev.)
20. Her new one is "The Letter"
21. And so forth (abbrev.)
22. His new one is "Second Chorus"
25. A long-eared, stubborn animal
26. The end of a dog that wags
28. A loud sleeper
30. To proceed
32. To hit with the hand
34. Rim
35. Ma's husband
37. The curve of a pretty star's eyebrows
39. "The - - - Hawk," with Errol Flynn
41. His new film is "The Santa Fe Trail"
43. "Romance of the - - - Grande," with Cesar Romero
44. His new one is "The Great Dictator"
47. To be obligated
48. Co-star in "All This, and Heaven Too"
50. Part of the head
51. A timid animal
52. "Dancing - - a Dime," with Grace McDonald
53. Decays
56. To dare
58. Right (abbrev.)
59. Harasses; obstructs
61. Christmas; also a carol
63. One and one
65. The mother in "Maryland"
67. "Dreaming - - Loud," a Lum and Abner film
70. Andy - - - - - , otherwise

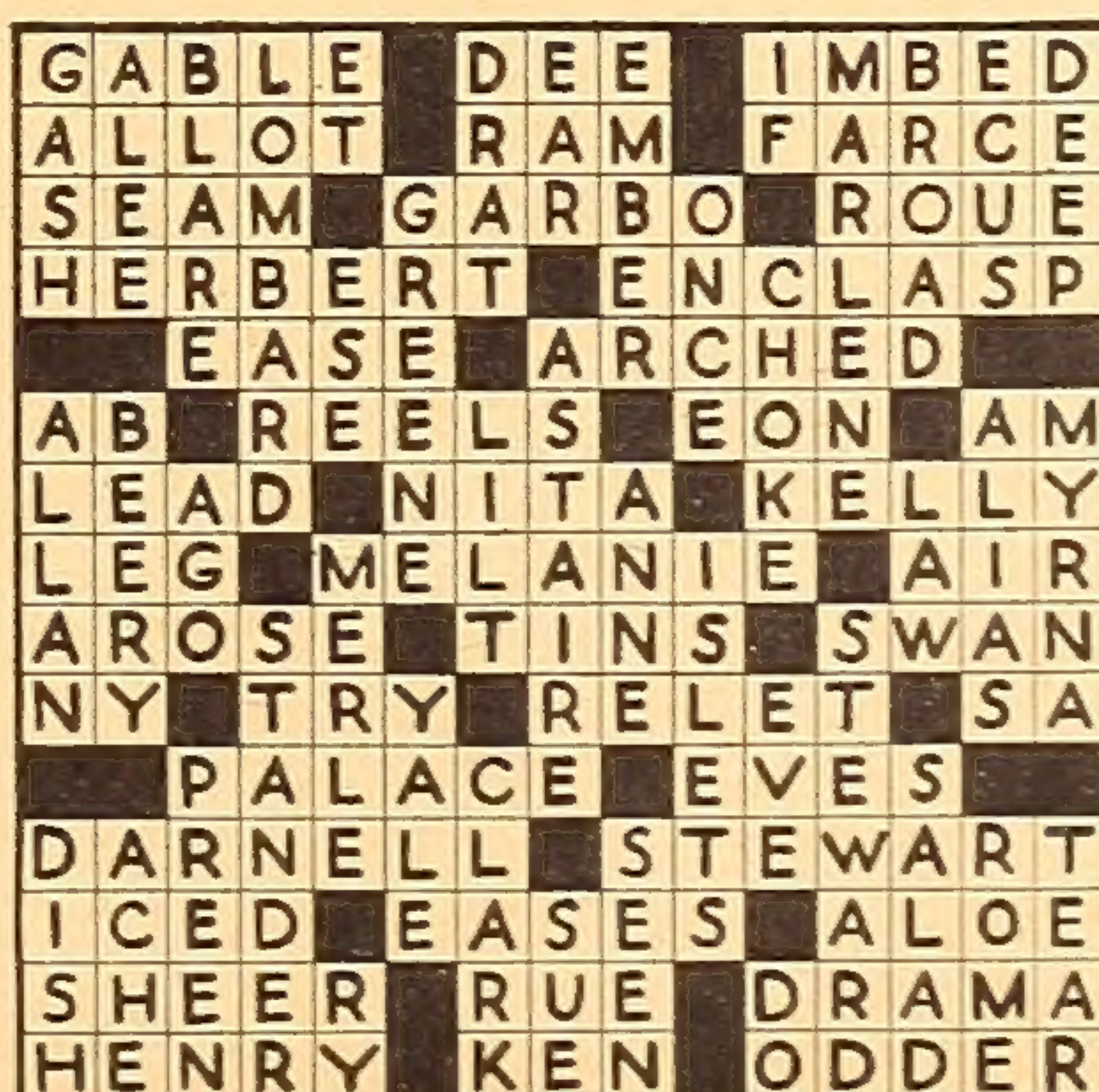
72. Mickey Rooney
73. A charge for service rendered
75. Star of "Third Finger, Left Hand"
76. One of the Great Lakes
77. You sometimes do this at a dull movie
78. Ireland
79. Soldiers' meals
80. Conditions (of a contract)
81. Movie backgrounds

DOWN

1. Her new one is "Tin Pan Alley"
2. Uproar
3. A substance extracted from another
4. A cozy room or study
5. Printed notice (abbrev.)
6. Trim, tidy
7. Festivities
8. John Barrymore's on-again, off-again wife
9. Army officer (abbrev.)
10. Co-star of "My Little Chickadee"
11. Part of a church
12. Allows
13. Golf mounds
18. The other woman in "My Favorite Wife"
20. The voice of Charlie McCarthy
23. To cut
24. He plays *Tex* in "The Quarterback"
27. A kind of tree
29. Ever (contraction)
30. Our famous Swedish film star
31. Constellation
33. A vegetable
35. Star of "Brigham Young"
36. Vigilant
38. Coquettish
40. To imitate
42. Fish eggs
44. Star of "Rhythm on the River"

45. Boy
46. She played "My Favorite Wife"
49. Before
51. Many stars use this on their hair
54. A favorite English beverage
55. To choke, smother
57. Shape
59. He's famous for horror rôles
60. To jeer
62. Star of "The Stranger on the Third Floor"
63. Those people
64. Manufactured article
66. Full to overflowing
68. A single thing
69. Browns in the sun
71. French possessive article
74. Affirmative
76. A thoroughfare (abbrev.)
77. Afterthought on a letter (abbrev.)

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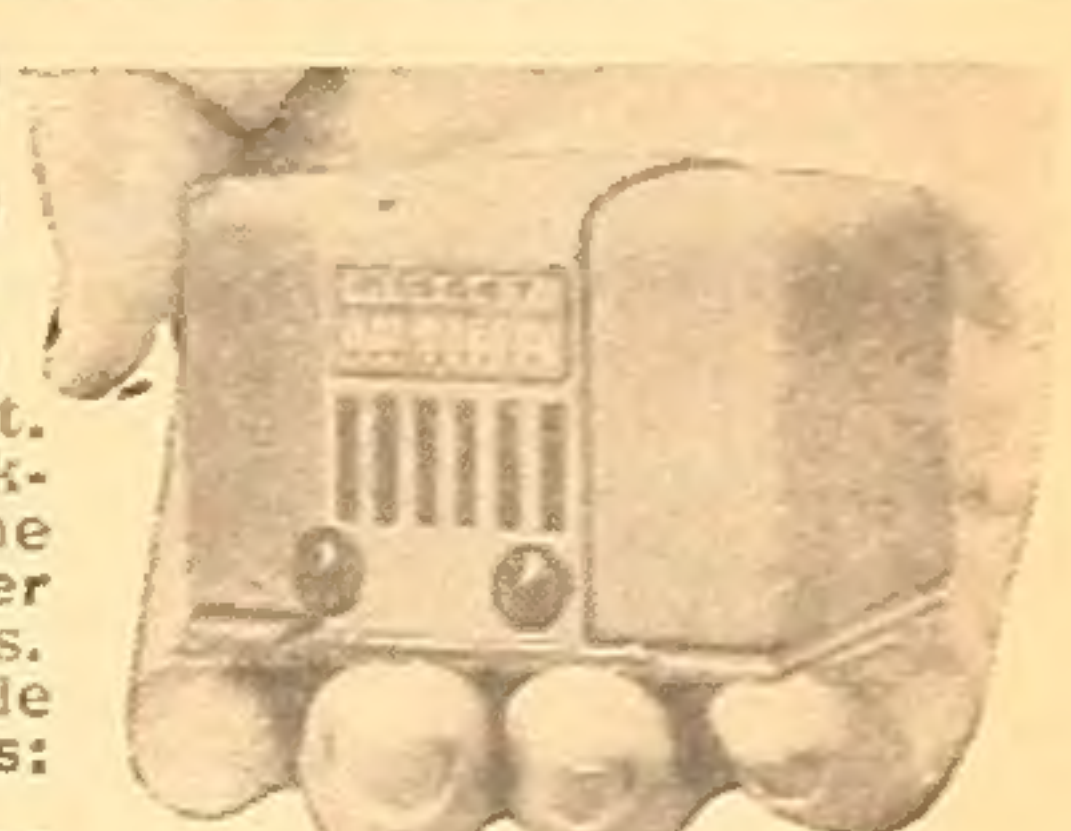
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"Little Men," Louisa May Alcott's classic of post-Civil War days, has reached the screen with this group playing some of its beloved characters. From left: Jimmy Lydon and little Richard Nichols seated on footstool, Ann Gillis with Ann Howard standing behind her, Kay Francis, Charles Esmond holding Casey Johnson, and Francesca Santoro.

"I Hate Hollywood!" says Fred Allen

Continued from page 25

was just another picture that was being shown to the trade which meant that tourists were clambering upon circus seats outside to gape at the visiting stars who, in turn, were gaping at one another and exclaiming 'Sensational' into microphones placed advantageously in the lobby.

"But all the previews are not of movies. Hollywood's enthusiasm isn't limited to movies. It stages previews also of new drug stores, new butcher shops, even new undertaking parlors. It's always exerting itself frenziedly to achieve some unintelligent end. After six months there you're ready for a cave and some pebbles and some concentrated mumbling to yourself. Everybody there is pressured high to sell you something. Newsboys almost knock you down trying to sell you a newspaper. Cult founders swoop down on you. Spiritualists, real estate salesmen, faith healers, truss manufacturers all press in upon you."

One night, Fred explained, he was riding in an automobile when suddenly a huge Neon sign loomed up on a spacious lawn with the inscription: "God Wants to See You. Come Right In." Outside an undertaking establishment he observed another brightly lighted sign. It read: "Free Music With Every Funeral."

"I don't know what good free music is to a corpse, but I hope for the latter's sake it isn't Jack Benny and his violin giving out *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie*. There are so many weird sights in Hollywood that you get groggy taking them in. Near the NBC studios a colored fellow has a shoeshine stand and while he shines your shoe he turns on some swing music and beats time with his polishing fingers on your instep. By the time one shoe is one-quarter finished a crowd has gathered, and you are on exhibition. Close by is a drug store with a sign over the soda fountain: 'Your Horoscope Free With a Lucky Sundae—Both for 15 cents.'"

Curiously, Fred heard no exclamations of superlatives about his forthcoming picture. Instead, the comment was singularly restrained, just a few "It looks like a good picture," "It's okay," "I think we've got something." The very absence of adjectives makes him believe that maybe Paramount has got something in "Love Thy Neighbor." If the time and labor Fred put in on the picture mean anything it should prove a comic masterpiece. He wrote all

the dialogue, all the scenes in which he appears. Of course, he carries on his phony feud with Benny. People have come to look for a spirited wrangle between them, he says, 'And I'm not for letting 'em down.'

The feud almost took on a real aspect over the barbecue affair, but their better natures prevailed. As Fred explains: "Jack turned on his heel when I said I wouldn't come, and I turned on mine. No knives were drawn. The next morning at the studio life was as pleasant as it's possible for Hollywood to make it."

The film studios' determination to shoot the works, regardless of the expense, fascinates the comedian. "There are some very fine craftsmen in the film colony," he adds. "They insist upon their ideas no matter what the cost. In one sequence of our picture I had to wear a sports coat of a special pattern and texture. There was nothing in Hollywood available. The studio called New York, explained what was needed, emphasized the urgency of the matter, and in a couple of days the material arrived by airplane."

At the same time he is equally struck by the seemingly endless concentration upon detail. He still cannot get over the fact that he would arrive on the set at 8 in the morning with a gag which he thought was pretty funny but which after an hour's rehearsal seemed to him and all his associates the dreariest piece of business ever conceived.

"The worst of it is I would still be rehearsing the same five minute piece of business at 5 p.m. You can imagine how I felt, to say nothing of those around me. You work all day and at the end you've accomplished but five minutes of film and sound track. Talk about a treadmill! Those old dog acts at the Palace had nothing on me this summer."

He found, too, that the screen limited his freedom of action. He spoke of a scene in which he proceeds literally to make a bum out of Benny by tearing up his clothes, leaving Jack, as "He should, of course, be left, with but a tattered pair of trousers and an old shirt." He had to go over that scene for hours, he said, in order that the tearing business might be brought within range of the camera.

"I couldn't tear the clothes, naturally, as I would on the stage, ripping them outward horizontally as far as my arms could reach. I had to tear them vertically, with something of the gesture that you use in dealing cards. It had me homesick for the stage. It had me homesick for New York. It even had me homesick for cards."

Homesickness, incidentally, is another of Hollywood's commodities, according to Fred Allen. Even the tourists are homesick. It's because, he explains, they be-

come disillusioned quickly. They arrive in Hollywood expecting to see Dorothy Lamour parading around in a sarong or Bing Crosby serenading them at the station. When these spectacles don't materialize, "They fall back upon the synthetic sights of the boulevards, with their bizarre drive-ins, their grotesquely shaped restaurants, their gaudy motor chariots, their many-hued slacks which other tourists are wearing, together with dark glasses, in the hope of being mistaken for movie stars," Fred explains.

The longer they stay, says Fred, the more bewildered they become by the color, the jargon, the artificiality of the scene, of this Bagdad in Technicolor.

"The longer they stay the quicker they get an appreciation of what caste, as distinguished from cast, really means. They begin to see what star is who and how much, and if they remain long enough what group of extras is snubbing another group. There is caste even among the extras."

"While dozing around the Paramount lot the tourist's plight bothered me no end. I wondered what the tourist was going to tell the folks back home. I wondered if Hollywood wouldn't be just a jumble to him, an incoherent splash of Neon and stucco, of palm trees and arc lights, marked by endless waiting outside previews and restaurants for the inevitable autograph."

Fred had his own technique for the autograph seeker during his sojourn in Hollywood. "When anybody waylaid me at my fruit salad and asked me to autograph a postcard or the back of a letter I said, 'I'll do it if you'll tell me what you intend to do with it.'"

"Why," the man would say, 'why, I ... I'll keep it.'

"Keep it for what?" I would ask.

"Well," the fellow would stammer, 'I'll just keep it.'

"I asked them all the same thing. They couldn't answer it. They wanted an autograph and they really didn't know what they would do with it after they got it."

There isn't any phase of Hollywood life that isn't incomprehensible, that isn't fantastic to Fred Allen. Even in its sports activities Hollywood, he found, unlike any other place in the land.

"Hollywood makes a Roman holiday of a football game. It takes football as seriously as Washington takes politics. As for swimming, it is more than a sport, it's a fad. You can almost figure the income of a movie star by the size of his or her swimming pool. The stars rarely use their pools for swimming, but they have found them very helpful in magazine publicity."

"The latest sports rage is softball—played by girls. There are any number of girl softball teams in and around Hollywood, and the populace goes crazy rooting for and at them. You'd think that old debbil sex appeal would be the inspiration for the attendance. But, strangely, it isn't. I can't figure it out, but it just isn't. It's another of the mystifying things about Hollywood. People actually crowd into these games because they're wild about the game. Their behavior is the same as that of the fans in the bleachers at baseball games back here."

There's no doubt about it, Hollywood is a strange place to Fred Allen. He doesn't really enjoy himself there even when he runs across a native, by whom he means a Broadway actor whose option wasn't taken up back in 1926. He doesn't really enjoy himself there no matter how many closeups they make of him.

"If this photographic device for giving an actor a big head in pictures were used in every foot of every film in which I appear," he said, "I still wouldn't like Hollywood!"



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